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COINCIDENCE.

A NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

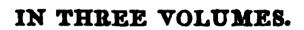
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COINCIDENCE;

OR,

The Soothsayer

A NOVEL.



BY

PAUL SEBRIGHT.

With one ampicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole.
SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

London:

Printed at the Mineron Press for

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1820.

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COINCIDENCE.

CHAPTER I.

Say, ancient edifice—how long upon the hill has stood. Thy weather-braving tower, and silent mark'd. The human leaf inconstant bud and fall? The generations of deciduous man, How often hast thou seen them pass away? HURDIS.

TOWARDS the close of the last century there stood upon a high hill, which immediately faces the Goodwin Sands, the remains of the ancient Castle of Kingsdown. It was a noble and an interesting fragment — interesting from the scenes of which it was a memorial, and noble from the lofty and venerable aspect which it reared above the land and waters. It gave the title of baron

to

to the heir of the family of Kingsdown; and at the time of which we are writing, the castle and its lord were perfect but melancholy semblances of each other—falling—falling; they were the ruins of strength, nobility, and grandeur—the crumbling remnants of pride and power.

The name of Kingsdown had, from the time of the Conquest, been of high consequence in the county of Kent; but for three or four generations that name, as if it had gained its height but to decline—as if it had grown into a rock but to dwindle into sand—had been gradually sinking from its eminence, and losing its splendour. Evening had found it in its glory and brightness, and now the obscurity of a long night hovered above its fall.

The present lord had, at his majority, aided his father in cutting off the entail of his estate. Bonds of loans and interest had been presented to him of so distant a date, and so weighty an amount, that he had agreed to the sacrifice

fiee of his prospects, and had yielded the wealth which earlier care might have preserved, to mercenary creditors, and to the people of the law. He had been left, indeed, in the shell of grandeur, with much radiance about his head, but with little comfort at his heart—with many duties crowded in a narrow space —with very little of the means by which much was expected to be accomplished.

With exemplary prudence he had determined to do, what with customary weakness he had left undone. He had often resolved to circumscribe his views, to live on the wreck of his fortune, to discharge many of his followers, to rid himself of the cumbersome appendages of state, and, in truth, to contract his expenditure within the narrow limits of his income. Nor had he been unfaithful to this determination through its whole extent. He had continued to live at Kingsdown—to be the lord of one mansion and of one wife. But his

soul was high; he had ever remembered the power of his family, and the importance of those rights which they had bequeathed to him; and he had, found it difficult to surrender the privileges which he knew to be his due.

There had existed for many years a rivalry between the families of Kingsdown and St. Malo. The opposition of elections, the collision of personal dignity, and the contrary assertion of local rights, had matured a species of animosity, which in earlier ages would have broken out into acts of outrage and bloodshed, but which in more modern times had sought its gratification in display, in shows of inconvenient munificence, and in exhibitions of ostentatious parade. Each house had been fond to entertain suspicions of the decline of the other, and, in its zeal to expose the poverty of its neighbour, had become careless of its own ruin. Both were tottering; but one of the members of St. Malo

Malo having seen the hopelessness of prosperity at home, had betaken himself to commerce in the West Indies. In a critical moment the profits of his industry arrested the ruin of his house. He died, leaving a large fortune to his nephew, the representative of his family.

Now this interposition of fortune in favour of the house of St. Malo had had a strong though an acknowledged influence on the mind of lord Kingsdown. A report of the expected appearance of the rival heir in his renovated splendour had often prevailed with the old nobleman to the abandonment of all his prudent purposes; still had his hall echoed to the voice of revelry—still had troops of servants propped his grandeur, but diminished his resources—still had the exterior of state been drawn in its ruin ous career through prodigality and waste towards poverty and want.

But now the day was come when B3 thought-

thoughtlessness and extravagance were to find their fields unsown, and their garners empty—were to seek corn among stubble, and oil in the running brook.

Sarsden, the steward, was before his master with his statement of affairs. It was seen that if the worth of Kingsdown should prove the correctness of the steward's calculation, that then there would remain to the old lord but the sum of four thousand pounds, for the support of himself and Emily, his daughter and only child.

The old lord was sitting in a large chair in his library, with the final statement of his fortunes in his hand. In a solemn voice he was humming a very old air, which one of his ancestors had chanted in the front of battle; and every now and then his eye glanced from the detested statement to his steward.

Lord Kingsdown was verging towards the age of seventy, and his appearance

was

was that which we are apt to associate with the idea of an ancient warrior. Years had visited him unaccompanied by infirmity, and had left him with only such traces as induced respect and reverence. He was towering and athletic in his form; while his eyes retained so dark yet piercing a lustre, as seemed fitted to guide the stroke, and to deal the fury of death. His hair was of the white of age, and it fell from his head in such strength and thickness, that scarcely could it be restrained from hiding a brow which needed no diadem to make it kingly; yet was it thrown aside, so that his grand and elevated presence was left to his own nobleness, without disguise or ornament.

The prejudices of lord Kingsdown were nearly allied to his virtues. Next to his God and his country he valued the honour of his family; next came his child within the scope of his affections, or she indeed lay in a separate chamber B 4

chamber of his heart, from which there went a narrow but direct communication to the abode of his pride; and at this moment, in this hour of trouble, the tenderness of the father, and the pride of the Kingsdown, combined in the war of violent emotions. Emily must suffer as well as himself—the ruin which had fallen upon him must visit her; and when he should be no more the memorial of departed greatness, she must suffer more than the pain, in the neglect of poverty.

The old lord was of a hasty but a yielding temper. The circumstances of his fortune had quickened his feeling; his irritability had increased with the difficulties of his station. He fancied now that there was a particular necessity for the assumption of a composed dignity, and it was painful to the old steward to perceive him quivering through his large frame with the intensity of feeling, and yet endeavouring to conceal

conceal what he panted to express. continued still to hum the martial air of his ancestor.

- " May it please you, my lord," at last said Sarsden, "to give me my instructions?"
- " Yes," returned lord Kingsdown, quickly; "go, call all my servants together, and give them a discharge."

Sarsden hesitated.

"Why do you delay?" inquired the old lord.

Sarsden murmured the name of Luton.

Now Luton was his lordship's domestic chaplain. His father and grandfather had served the father and grandfather of lord Kingsdown in the same capacity. Castle, fortune, consequence, might be swept away, but Luton must remain. Once this good man had looked with an interested intention towards a neighbouring widow of mature age; but he had been induced to relinquish his design, and to spare all provocation, by this simple sentence of his lord—"Luton, there will be no more Kingsdowns to require the sacred functions of your son."

It has been said that the chaplain bowed, brushed off a tear with the finger of his glove, and forbore to look towards the widow.

Lord Kingsdown started at the name of his chaplain. — "Luton!" said he, "Luton—yes, I will speak to Luton. But, Sarsden, let me inquire whether you think you have performed your duty, in suffering me to proceed to this extreme of poverty?"

"Alas, my lord!" began Sarsden.

But his lord was not in a disposition to hear. He again commenced reading —"To principal and interest," on one side, and to — "Probable amount of estate," on the other. His hands trembled—he put down the statement, and turning to his steward, he spoke like one

one who was making a proposal, of which he was ashamed.—" Sarsden," said he, "we must delay these matters—we must not yet attempt their adjustment. This Trickwell, this man who is the most urgent, we must silence him for a little while. I have most pressing, most powerful reasons for desiring to retain Kingsdown a few months longer."

"It is impossible, my lord!" said Sarsden, energetically.

"You think it impossible, do you?" exclaimed lord Kingsdown, with a look and tone of anger. "You think it impossible; but I will prove to you, that if you be not a fool, you are an ignorant calculator."

Sarsden bowed agreement to whatsoever his lord might think him.

Lord Kingsdown continued—"I will shew you that what I desire is very possible. I will not only prove to you how it may be accomplished, but I will shew

to you how it shall be accomplished. I am fixed as to this point; and the shaking of your head shall weigh no more with me than a feather. You have for forty years echoed ruin in my castle, and taught the people of Kent to expect my fall. Do not deny it, Sarsden; I know you very well; I will yet lift up my head in my country, to your disappointment."

"Heaven send that you may, my lord!" exclaimed the steward. "It has for forty years been my prayer, that I might so be disappointed."

"Well, well," cried the old lord, as he leaped from his chair with youthful activity, and gave his hand to Sarsden; "well, well; I know you desire the prosperity of my family, and that I have no cause to doubt your affection. I am to blame—very much to blame. But, my good Sarsden, you have a little partiality for gloomy accounts—you must confess that. You are very fond of making

making long faces—you must acknow-ledge that. Had you lived in the age of Puritans, you would have out-preached and out-groaned them all; and yet you shine among the gloomy ones. However, Sarsden, we must fold up these sad stories for the present, and think of some escape from the tearful times—what say you?"

- " Alas! my lord," said Sarsden.
- "Do not begin with alas! ah! and alack! I will not hear them. Tell me at once, what means have you of deferring the importunities of these men?"
- "None, without the means of paying them," replied Sarsden, with unremitting gravity.
- "Then I must seek some more complying spirit," said lord Kingsdown.
- "I think, my lord, you will scarcely find a more willing one," answered the steward.
 - "Sarsden, this is no time for trifling."
 - "It is not indeed, my lord; it is a time

time for seriousness and resolution," said Sarsden.

- "Now," cried lord Kingsdown, "for your dearly-beloved sighs and tears and groanings. Like dame Quickly, 'there's no telling where to have you.' In one moment you brighten up at the presence of a hundred pounds, and in another you cry grievously at the sight of a thousand. Go and borrow me four thousand pounds, and let my estate be pledged to its full value. It is not entailed, you know; I can sell to the last acre."
- "My lord! my lord!" cried the steward, in despair.
- "I will not hear you!" exclaimed the peremptory nobleman. "Your senses are upset by the quivering of a straw. Have I not timber?"
- "Do not deceive yourself, my lord," enjoined Sarsden; "you have not a tree for the wind to whistle in."

"What,

- "What, are they leafless?" asked the old lord.
- "And lifeless, my lord, to you—and fallen," replied Sarsden.
- "How can you tell me so!" exclaimed lord Kingsdown. "This avenue must be worth many hundreds. I will have every tree cut down, and the woodmen shall begin their work to-morrow."
- " You forget, my lord," said Sarsden, "that this avenue forms a part of the estate which I have estimated. If you cut it down, the estate will be so much diminished in value, that instead of the small remainder which I have drawn from your possessions, it is likely that your possessions will not be sufficient to answer the claims which will be made upon them. Then will there be nothing left for your lordship's...." The old steward hesitated; but he felt it to be his duty to pronounce the word, so "Then he recommenced the sentence. will

will there be nothing left for your lordship's support—nothing left for Miss Emily."

- "This is plain speaking, Sarsden," said lord Kingsdown.
- "It is sad speaking, my lord—but it is truth," replied Sarsden.

Lord Kingsdown went to a window, and looked upon the venerable and stately—the contested avenue. The trees were of oak, with an adjacent interlining border of flourishing beech. They looked very fresh and beautiful in their verdure, and the wind was playing among their branches, and curling their high heads with the familiarity of long acquaintance. There appeared two persons walking between them; they were Emily, and her old friend and tutor, Luton.

Lord Kingsdown gazed at his daughter, as with a light and nimble step she now preceded, now followed, the clergyman in joy and liveliness of heart. The father

father turned away his glance, and rested it upon an opposite tower of his castle. As he looked upon it, a mass of the parapet, which the wind, or some strengthening shoot of the ivy, had deprived of its cement, fell, with a thundering crash, upon the lawn. Emily stopped, and pointing the attention of Luton to the breach, she appeared to be laughing.

"Wild girl!" exclaimed lord Kingsdown, "to laugh at the ruin of thy father's house. Well, it is all ruin!—we must fall together!" He turned round to his steward—"Go, Sarsden," said he; "go and request Luton to accompany you to the library."

Sarsden left the room, while the old lord walked leisurely and calmly towards the opposite wainscot, upon which hung an ornamental cross of swords. These weapons had met in mortal conflict in the field of Cressy, though now they were suspended together, without a show

a show of hostility. The one had been the property of a sir Edmund de Kingsdown, a fellow-warrior of the Black Prince, and the other had been wielded against it by the duke of Alencon.

Lord Kingsdown took from its rest the sword of his ancestor; and after two or three flourishes, in the mode of ancient attack, he looked at it very earnestly. Again he stretched out his hand, still grasping the sword with much firmness. He felt up inconvenience from its weight...." We shall have broils with the French," said he, "and old Kingsdown must wield the sword of his ancestor in fields with which it was once familiar. Something must be done for Kmily!—something in the way of honeur and profit!"

For a moment the old man brightened into uncommon energy of spirit; his eyes flashed glances of daring resolution, and his majestic frame widened to a height and portliness which seemed beyond yond its mature. In another instant his recollection dwelt upon his age, and the great insecurity of advanced life was acknowledged in his fears; he fancied the feebleness which he did not feelhe suffered his arm to drop, and resting the point of his sword upon the floor of the apartment, he was surprised in that position by the entrance of Luton and the steward. He had just then delivered a soliloguy on the incapacity of age, when his chaplain appeared before him. -" Well, Luton," said he, "you are come in good time to pronounce a funeral oration over your fallen lord-your fallen friend, Luton; ay, your fallen friend. It is something sudden, you will say. Sarsden will give you every satisfactory explanation. He is in great haste to have done with me-to make 'worms' meat' of me. He is bent upon my immediate ruin; and he will give you excuses, which shall be so like rational causes, that you will not know but but that he ought to be obstinate, and that I ought to submit."

The fears of Luton told him at once, that there remained for his lord no further means of avoiding inevitable ruin. Long had the good man suspected its near approach; and the dread of its fall had for many years disturbed the serenity of his mind.

Lord Kingsdown put Sarsden's papers into the hands of the chaplain, and so relieved him from the painful necessity of seeking some answer to his address. He continued—" I have particular reasons for wishing this exigence to be delayed; but Sarsden not only has no further funds, but he is resolute to provide no more. I suppose he is satisfied of his necessity, and that I must not resist the obligation which he is pleased to impose."

"My lord! my lord!" exclaimed the steward, "the duty which is mine I endeavour to perform. Let not your lordship

lordship be offended by my candour; my compliance with your wishes has been often criminal, but resistance of them had been equally guilty. If I had done less than that which I have done now, my duty, and not your sorrow, would have been left uncompleted."

Luton put down the papers, and held out his hand to the steward.

Lord Kingsdown perceived the action.—" Well, Luton," said he, "I suppose your advice will be given in a few words, and will agree with Sarsden's disposition of things. You will say, there is but one road, and as your lordship has no coach in which you can travel, you must pack up Miss Kingsdown upon your back, and tramp along. Agreed! agreed! It is plain advice, and it must be followed. Sarsden, come to me to-morrow morning. Till then, let affairs remain as they are; then you shall have my resolve."

Sarsden

Sarsden moved towards the door. He turned round again to make his reverence to his lord, and a tear was seen to glitter on his cheek.

Lord Kingsdown instantly left his chair, and putting one hand on the shoulder of the steward, with the other he grasped his arm—" Sarsden," said he, "I am quite satisfied with your intention; forget my anger; we are both old men, and for myself, I can tell you that I count more years than acts of wisdom."

Sarsden again bowed before his lord, and in grief he hastened from the apartment.

No sooner was Sarsden gone, than the favourite purpose of lord Kingsdown was laid before the chaplain—" It appears," said he, " most necessary, Luton, that I should, preserve my rights in this county a little longer; it is a time of danger to the country; my influence may be now, more than ever, necessary; the turbulence of our neighbours, the French,

French, must induce cautionary preparations here; Orland St. Malo returns from the Continent, and if I resign my privileges in Kent, he must become the first object to the government, and the Kingsdowns fall for ever."

The old lord fancied that this was a strong case; but Luton knew it to be a weak one. Lord Kingsdown fancied that these were new reasons for the delay of an urgent necessity; but Luton knew them to be very old and very feeble ories—that their consequence was the result of their tenacity, and that they were only powerful, 'because they were favoured. The good man would have spoken boldly-but it was not his habit: he would have spoken openly-but it was not his privilege; he would have given excellent advice—but he had generally suffered himself to be advised; he knew that lord Kingsdown had often done weakly—but, for his life, he could not tell him so; he feared that 'lord Kingsdown

Kingsdown would now determine rashly -but he had not the confidence to give him instruction; he was wise in spiritual affairs—but ignorant, most ignorant in temporal matters; he wished his lord to be guided by Sarsden-but, after all, he thought that the right of lord Kingsdown was vested in his will; he had never himself acknowledged that his lord had erred, nor could he have borne such acknowledgment from another; that which it was right to do, now appeared in large and legible characters; and to be governed by what was imperative, appeared to be a necessity to which even lord Kingsdown might submit; but plain as was this course, and forceful as was this obligation, yet Luton could not commend it without farther encouragement from his lord.

"The reasons," said he, "which weigh with your lordship, are certainly of considerable value, and their bearings, as presented to your own mind, have no doubt

"I know what you would say, Luton," interrupted lord Kingsdown; "Sarsden's statements are certainly very plain,
and their deduction is sufficiently concise and narrow. I want money, and
this I can only have by the sale of my
estate: now the sale of my estate will
furnish me with four thousand pounds;
while it will deprive me of privileges,
the value of which is beyond calculation.
Could I have four thousand pounds—"

Here Luton seemed about to speak, and lord Kingsdown checked himself. Luton could not speak, and lord Kingsdown was curious to know his impulse.

"What would you say, Luton?" inquired he.

Luton hesitated; but at last he managed to stammer out the name of Miss. Emily.

His lordship leaned his head upon his vot. 1. c hand,

hand, and fell into deep thought—" After all," said he, in a little while, " there are reasons, stronger than any which I have shewn, why I should be governed by Sarsden's advice. Poor Emily!"

- "She does not expect these evils," said Luton.
- "But we must teach her how to bear them," exclaimed the old lord, as he raised his head with an appearance of resolution.
- "This statement is mere calculation, I hope, my lord?" inquired Luton.
- "We must put its correctness to the test, Luton," replied the old lord. "You shall see the sale of Kingsdown made the ornament of every village corner; and poor Emily shall be deprived of her inheritance, for the mere want of a temporary supply."

At this moment Luton felt to how great a sacrifice his lord was urged—at this moment he felt to how many fond and virtuous sentiments his presence and

his

his name were of importance. The lofty was now to fall; the servants were to lose their master—the peasant was to lose his father in his lord. These relations had been held in love more than in pride; they were now to be sundered, and no hope would remain of their restoration; they had grown against the warring attacks of time and accident—they were to fall to rise no more. The good man could not ask his patron what course he meant to pursue, for he was engaged with his own feelings, and with the plans which were their consequences.

Luton, by his constant residence at the castle, might have saved a large sum from the receipts of his vicarage of Kingsdown; but in the course of his duties, such claims had been made upon his charitable nature, that his savings had never amounted to much worth; yet the chaplain was now almost as rich as his patron. He had about threefourths of the sum which we have stated

to be the remainder of lord Kingsdown's. property; he was therefore perplexed in deciding whether he should make an. offer of this resource, to prop, uselessly. to prop, his lord's decline, or whether. he should retain it for the more immediate and pressing necessities of Emily. The present evil was felt to be the strongest; he determined in favour of his lord: he had his lord's weakness, in the desire to support the tottering consequence of the Kingsdowns to the last extremity. But. now there arose another difficulty. How was he to frame his offer, so that the obligation might rest with himself, and that he might seem himself to be the favoured? The offer, however, he believed to be a duty, and it was to be attempted.

"My lord," said he, "the present time may be of great importance to you; every effort ought, therefore, to be made to prevent the sale of Kingsdown. Three thousand pounds we may obtain."

" In

"In what way?" inquired the nobleman. "The little which I have left of my estate shall be readily pledged."

"The sum may be immediately advanced."

Lord Kingsdown interrupted his chaphain—" Upon terms reciprocally advantageous, you know, Luton."

"Upon any terms."

The old lord became suspicious. He inquired the name of the person who desired to lend?

- "A man of business, my lord," answered Luton.
- "And of charity," murmured the nobleman. And then in a resolute tone of voice—"I will not borrow!" said he; "I have too long persevered in this course of evils; and now, Luton, you shall teach me patience, and help me quietly down to that level where I shall lose sight of my afflictions."

Lord Kingsdown would have borrowed from an interested person to the last c 3 farthing

farthing of the estimated value of his estate: but when he saw that none would lend but from affection, and to the desire of loss, he felt himself bound to the exercise of a counteracting generosity, and he became inspirited to the immediate endurance of an irremediable evil. Now, too, he was conscious of that most base and necessitous condition to which he and his child must be reduced, if he persisted in his career of extravagance, to the final implication of his property; though yet he believed that there were favourable chances in view; but he might, in their cultivation, surrender a certain provision for a probable advantage; he would not endanger the last hope by such a speculation. In this sudden and best view of his situation, and of his duty towards his child, he submitted to the force of circumstances.

He walked round the library, regarding as he went along every object with the glance of one who loved it, and who

was

was about to leave it. Already he was separated from the abode of his pride, and the affections which he had nursed through a long life, were already but the remembrances of things valued, but gone by. He took from a shelf a valuable book—it was a first edition of More's Utopia.—" Here, Luton," said he, presenting it to his chaplain, " lay this up, in remembrance of an old lord, who outlived the honours of his name."

Luton held the book to his breast, and bowing, concealed his tears as he followed the steps of his patron.

CHAPTER II.

Upon the cerner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground.

Shak mpelane.

EMILY Kingsdown had not yet reckoned twenty years. She had lived, from the date of her birth, in the seclusion of her father's castle, and yet she had not heard of her advantages, but in the fond and frequently-unprized commendations of her parent or of Luton.

We have sometimes thought that women have a faculty peculiar to themselves, of discerning their powers of adaptation to the forms of elegance. It is certain, that in the quiet and privacy of a country life, with no fashionable models before her, and in despite of a very

very fimited intercourse with her neighbours, our heroine presented an appearance which left the gazer in love with Ner sweetness, and in no doubt of her dignity. Her look and manner were unrestrained to girlishness; but to such a girlishness as tempted admiration, not offence. She seemed to know, beyond the reach of her experience, when to trifle, and where to frown. She was gay of serious with the prevailing humour, and with a capability of thought she had a liveliness of fancy to mate the vivacious or the grave companion; yet this seemed natural. Art had had little to do with her education: the bias of a tractile mind had not been formed by any laborious care, or subjected to any nice correction; and whether its bias were one of worth or mischief, we must suffer our story to lead to its develop-She had the same quickness of feeling which we have observed in her father; but she had the subtle apprehension of the woman. Many of her father's prejudices had become her own, though it was one of her favourite amusements to laugh at prejudices. In truth, the faults of Emily were strangely blended with her virtues, and they were the more dangerous, inasmuch as they communicated to her character an interest, a pleasing interest, which without them it had not possessed.

She had never known the care and affection of a mother; she had been left in her early years to the direction of a French governess, and her better education had been committed to Luton. The weakness of the one, and the fondness of the other, had fed her imagination, and neglected her judgment; and with a soul which was dangerously fraught with powers of feeling, she had been suffered to trace her own inclination, and to follow the guidance of her own will. With less mind and fewer charms, she had been sensible, interest-

ing,

ing, and happy; there was not safety in her excess. Luton loved her, for she was a Kingsdown; he was inclined to fear her, for she had devoured his instruction with a voraciousness of delight, and stepped beyond the lengths of female attainment to the extent of masculine acquirement. Yet all that she knew was subordinate to the softness of her sex; and though she had powers which seemed to disdain direction, she had the gentleness which sought to be directed.

- "Emily," said lord Kingsdown, as with Luton he sat near a large fire in the dining-parlour of his castle, " we must leave Kingsdown."
- "I shall be glad to travel, sir," replied Emily.
- "And I shall be sorry," solemnly ejaculated her father.
- "You have seen much," observed Emily.

c 6 "And

- "And profited little," replied land Kingsdown.
- "Then it is right that we seek in- 'struction," again observed Emily.
- "Girl, listen to me, and do not pritte so fast," cried the old ford, testily--" we must leave the castle."
- "Our choice will be consulted, I hope," said Emily.
 - " No," responded lord Kingsdown.
- Then aid me and Mr. Laten to battle the enemy," cried Emily, with a pretence of daring which she knew would please her father.

Lord Kingsdown looked up with a smile.

Emily continued:—" If the enemy be ghostly, Mr. Laten shall exorcise him; if he be bodily, I will defy him."

"He is neither gallant nor brave, Emily; nor pious, I feer. Luten's prayers and your flowns will be alike fruitless. Necessity—"

" Ah!"

"Ah!" wied Harily, "what have we to do with that 'hungry, insugre fiend?"

"Your spirits, Emily," said lord Kingsdown, "will be of use to us in our outtage; keep them, my child, for the occasion. We must leave Kingsdown Castle for another tenement; our old towers have given way."

Emily's spirits fell at this intelligence, and the seriousness of her father's countermore was reflected in her own:—
"This is sudden," said she, with great courses.

of our family have fallen one by one; they have left us to see the end of their possessions. When we took upon the towers of Kingsdown, we shall look upon the eastle of another lord; and when we tread the soil which belonged to our fathers, we must remember that we trespass on the rights of a stranger."

"Where shall we go, Luton?" inquired Emily, very simply.

Luton

Luton made no reply. Lord Kings-down answered for him.—"To our king, I think, Emily," said the old lord; "I will take you in my hand, and tell him that I have no son to serve him, but that I will give my daughter to his love, and pay him with my life."

"My weakness and your strength, sir, will be insufficient to requite a king's munificence," replied Emily; "so we will live together, and hide the evils which we must endure."

Lord Kingsdown looked at his daughter, and saw, or fancied that he saw, the resolution of that pride which was dear to his nature. He held out his hand, and Emily forsook her seat, and went and kissed her father.

"Now, Luton," said he, with an emotion which made his voice tremulous, "you see the Kingsdown in a new character. Are we fallen?"

"No, my lord," vehemently cried the chaplain; "you are risen; the cottage will

will become a castle over the head of its master, and poverty will but collect and secure the remnants of dignity."

Emily yielded a smile to the ready but sincere acquiescence of her tutor, and left her father to confirm his resolution, and to take comfort from her fortitude.

In the morning, Sarsden received the necessary commands of his lord, and Kingsdown was advertised for sale. This measure alarmed the old lord's creditors, and sureties and mortgagees became alert. Among the latter was a man of the name of Trickwell, who was indebted to lord Kingsdown for his education, and who, under the pretence of gratitude, had fed the nobleman's desire of borrowing, and supplied his necessities to his own profit. He now felt assured that the harvest was come, that there was no need of further disguise, and that he might advance his claims without

bondurable consideration. His first step was to demand the amount of his form with its interest; and this he was ungracious enough to do in person.

As soon as he began to explain his errand to lord Kingsdowh, the old lord became conscious of the offence of his presence, and interrupted him.—"Why, sir," said he, "do you intrude such matters upon me? It is my steward's duty to answer your questions, and I have no doubt of his inclination and his power, to your satisfaction."

Lord Kingsdown was leaving the rooth, but Trickwell looked to the time when, with the glee of an upstalt, he should boast of his spirit in the presente of a lord, and he was not therefore to be deterred.—" Lord Kingsdown," said he, "you must excuse me."

"I cannot excuse you, sir," exclaimed the old lord, as he hastily turned turned round; "your visit is altogether unnecessary."

"And unwelcome, I have no doubt.
But business—"

The money-lender was going on, but lord Kingsdown interrupted him.—
"Business is to be your excuse—but not with me. What is your demand?"

- "To be paid," sturdily replied Trick-well.
- "I cannot pay you now," said loud Kingsdown.
- "I must be paid," answered the cre-
- "And you shall be paid," said the engry mobleman, " when I have sold my estate."
- "The payment is due now, and I cannot weit."
- "Then do your pleasure," said lord Kingsdown.
- "I am sorry then to inform your lordship that it will be my duty to put an execution in your house."

"To what end?" said the old lord, urged almost beyond endurance. "Will these pay you?" said he, pointing to the crossed swords, and to two or three portraits of his ancestors—" they should frighten you; or if they fail to check your generous soul, some recollections ought to arise to their support. But I know not which of us is the worst: you can forget, I should not remember, what are your duties."

Lord Kingsdown would not hear the answer of Trickwell, but in great disdain left him to persist in his determination.

In a little time information was brought to the exasperated nobleman, that officers of the law were lodged in the castle, and that the ancient furniture was undergoing a valuation. Lord Kingsdown was too much enraged to offer any resistance, or to seek any means of lessening his mortification; he walked from room to room, affecting an appearance of calmness and moderation, while in reality he hoped

hoped to throw himself in the way of Trickwell or his myrmidons, and by some word or deed of wrath, to ease his heart. This opportunity did not occur; and by good chance the resentment of the old lord was at last diverted from its purpose by the interposition of other feelings; for, as he walked in a long gallery which connected the two angular towers of his castle, his attention was caught by the picture of a Flemish artist, of the reign of the first Charles. It was a representation of the family circle of the Kingsdowns in that day. The lord and his dame were seen in a kind of regal state, listening to the recital of some story of deep interest, by a man of a foreign and peculiar air. children of the castle were discovered at the feet of their parents, paying also the most fixed attention to the tale of the stranger.

At the moment of which we are speaking, the sun glanced through a small window window which was above the painting, and threw upon the countenance of the foreigner a streak of light, which displayed, to admirable advantage, the extraordinary awfulness of its expression.

Lord Kingsdown was standing in pleased contemplation of the picture, when Emily and Luton, who had been in search of him, appeared, and participated his delight.

"That figure is extraordinary," said Emily—"the expression of the countenance is sublime. Was it meant to express inspiration?"

"No doubt, no doubt," answered ford Kingsdown, "that was a character of great interest," added he, pointing to the foreigner.

"I was used to wonder at that pale ace, and those stern eyes, when I was a child," said Emily; "and perhaps I grew wearied of my habit of admiration then, in my days of childhood. Since, I have made no inquiry respecting that solemn

solemn guest. Of what country was he, sir?" inquired she of her father.

"I cannot tell," answered lond Kingsdown: "it was never known. That man was discovered by our ancestor, lying apparently dead upon the sea-shore. The spot where he was found is yet marked by a rude cross of stone. He was found? stretched upon his face, with his; feet met by the water; and it seemed that his strength had just sufficed to bear. him from the death of the wave, and then had left him. Our ancestor was alone; he was of a charitable disposition; he perceived some signs of life in the stranger, so he threw him across hisshoulder, and in that way he conveyed him to his castle.

"The man recovered, to the wonder of our family. He never spoke of his country, he never named his friends, nor did he ever relate the circumstances of his life. The English language was to him as his native tongue, and yet every

every foreigner who visited the castle found him to be equally conversant in his own speech. His garb, his complexion, his habits, were not of Europe: he lived upon little else than water and oatmeal; during the summer he generally slept in the open air, and in the winter he frequently wandered about, through storms and darkness; he loved to rest through the day—his time of watching was the night. His carriage was kingly, and there was; a sublimity of terror in his countenance which was used to inspire awe; we have an cient chronicle, which describes the black flashes of his eyes as being dreadful. His apparel was such as is here represented—a long black robe, with a pointed fur cap and sandals.—He was often observed to mutter to himself, he was never seen to smile, and the subjects of his discourse were of a nature which was suitable to the gravity of his deportment. He was used-

to endeavour to requite the entertainment of his host, by relating to the family, tales of mystery or of magic; and in this service he is here engaged. At times his speech amounted to frenzy, and in the moment of apparent madness he would utter sentences which related to the circumstances of the passing time, and which foretold, with remarkable exactness, the distresses of that period of English history which led to the Commonwealth. The reserve and terror of his character, however, were not sufficient to restrain, in all, the licence of ignorance and insolence; for a servant of our house, whether in jealousy of his influence, or in contempt of his power, I cannot say, dared to insult him, and to strike him upon the head. The stranger stretched out his hands to the skies, and . in a loud and fearful voice he exclaimed - 'Let that hand offend no more!' It offended no more; for, in the evening of the same day, the servant fell down upon

upon a smooth and level path, and so fractured his arm that amputation immediately followed the accident:

"This circumstance occasioned a vehement hate throughout the household/ of our ancestory, and the formation of law plot to destroy the credit of the strangers The almoner of the castle pretended to great losses; and several articles of much value were discovered to be missing; the thefts were so frequent, that the steward endeavoured, with all his vigilance, to trace the depredator: at last one of the servants found some of the stolen property buried in a spot of ground to which the foreigner often resorted; a stricter search was instituted, and beneath a mat: which was laid in asdistant tower for the accommodation of the stranger, the lost treasure of the all moner was discovered.

"Lord Kingsdown listened with doubtand caution to the story, and could scarce ly be prevailed upon to subject his guest summoned to appear before his host, and to hear the relation of the steward. To the question of lord Kingsdown, as to what answer he would make against the charge? his reply was—'None—I make no answer; it is mine to make inquiries. Do you, lord Kingsdown, put belief in these?' He pointed, as he spoke, to his accusers, with a glance of bitter scorn, and his wide breast heaved with its load of indignation.

"Lord Kingsdown could not reply to him. The stranger saw the irresolution of his host, and his emotions amounted to agony; his fierce eyes rolled round the apartment, his features became convulsed, and in a paroxysm of more than earthly suffering he pronounced these equivocal and ambiguous sentences:—
'It shall fall, it shall fall, when the adder winds about its base, and when the turret-top is gilded by the sun of fortune.'
—'Its blessing shall be when it crumvol. I. D bles;

bles; its day of woe shall come in the time of gladness; and when it turns to the heavens with smiles, it shall see despair.'—' Woe to thy friends!—and to thine enemies, prosperity! The moss that cloaks thy fall shall aid thy ruin, and the hand which brings thee honour shall lead thee to disgrace.'—The breath of the stranger failed as he pronounced these words, and in an instant he was a corse, with the expression of hate upon his lips."

"It is extraordinary," exclaimed Emily. "Is there any meaning in the words of the prophecy?"

"To how much nearer a relation to events it may yet be drawn," replied lord Kingsdown, "those events themselves must shew; but its application to the past seems to be in nowise particular. To the rise and decay, and hope and disappointment, of other families, it imprears to bear an equal affinity with the fluctuating affairs of our own. Whether

ther it have the weight of a prophecy, or be but the expression of a desire—whether it be the denunciation of an incensed enthusiast, or the prediction of a mind whose intelligence could derive fact from probability, and contrast many chances to the deduction of unerring certainty, I must not determine; it is best to leave it as it has descended to us—we will neither question its causes nor inquire its truth."

"I am very curious about it," said Emily.

"These are sayings of false, but cunning prophets, Miss Emily," said Luton; "they are conceived in terms which a little credulity can apply to great purpose. They relate to happiness, and they tell of misery. Now, happiness and misery are the varied possessions of every family; and predictions like these are therefore neither nicely true nor totally false. Events do happen within the latitude to which they are set; and

we find a sphere which credits their calculation, inasmuch as they tell of light and shade."

- "Superstition is to be scorned, and prejudices are to be laughed at," said Emily. "Now I do scorn superstition, and I laugh at prejudices."
- "Excuse me, Miss Kingsdown," interrupted Luton—" superstition is not to be scorned."

Emily would not hear.—"Tut! tut! my tutor," exclaimed she, livelily, "I will not hear your lecture. You shall do what you please with Superstition—you shall button her to your breast, if you like; but let me laugh at prejudices still. But for this very odd and solemn foreigner whose magical qualities we have just learned—I am particularly interested in him; I wish, my good Luton, that he had been my instructor instead of you; I should like the faculty of riding upon an arrow, and of tearing in pieces that curtain which

is too thick or too subtle for our vision, and which distinguishes what shall be from what is."

- " Hush! hush! Emily," said lord Kingsdown; "you are too wild."
- "Can I be so?" inquired Emily; "it appears to me that our best efforts cannot make us so. Trust the winds, and you fall; try the wave, and you sink; lift your voice—it is low through weakness, or it is drowned by chance; compare that which is thought powerful, with that which the powerful cannot resist; let human strength be opposed to a mad bull, or human weakness be contrasted with the yielding, pensile fragility of a flower. We cannot sink into the earth with the mole, nor rise into the clouds with the eagle. Where then is our mighty superiority?—why we know what we cannot do, and can reason upon insufficiency. But the power by which we do this can contract and dilate itself at pleasure. Why is the D 3 body

body less active and piercing? To overcome its defects, would be indeed to attain a superiority to the other things of the creation, that have, as we have, one aphere, and one source and mode of action. Now I can imagine the foreigner to have possessed some superior intelligence, and to have been able to exceed the strict, the narrow, unsatisfying limits of human capability; and whether the wish be modest or wild, reasonable or rash, I must again venture to express it—I would that I had some close relation to such a being."

"Hush, Emily! hush!" cried lord Kingsdown—" you are half mad; my heart thrills when you talk so wildly."

The heart of poor Luton had been thrilling through the whole period of her speech, and towards its close he had lifted up his eyes and hands in amazément and fear. He had before often seen his charge in such moments of madness, and he had often endeavoured to recall

recall her senses to a better tone; and she too, without promising to restrain her flights, had submitted them to the good man's direction; but she had also ever found a means of parrying his reproach; and now, when she perceived his grief and displeasure, she knew in what way to induce him to forget both. She went to him—she threw her arms about his neck.—" Do not be alarmed, my dear Luton," said she; "when I begin to fly, you shall act as the loadstone, both by your natural weight and supernatural attraction, and draw me down to earth again. I will not fly without you, and as you will not fly with me, the consequence of our union must be a continuance here."

" Retract your wish, retract your wish, Miss Kingsdown," cried Luton; " we know not what events may be hastened or retarded by the course of good or evil inclinations.—' Woe to thy friends!—and to thine enemies, prosperity! D 4

rity! The moss that cloaks thy fall shall aid thy ruin, and the hand which brings thee honour shall lead thee to disgrace.'—These," continued the good man, shrinking with horror, "these are fearful words; and if they expressed a wish rather than a denunciation of the speaker, a relation with such an ingrate is not to be desired."

"Oh, dear Superstition!" cried Emily, "by day and night thou hast worshippers here; and whatever be the hideousness or weakness of thy features, yet will Wisdom stoop to be thy handmaid, and crowd the same temple with thee and Folly."

Luton blushed, and hung down his head; while Emily, continuing still to fondle and chase away his pain, changed her tone and manner at once, and became again his pupil and his child. She could always play upon his seriousness, to the loss of its object, and baffle all his prepared arguments by the acuteness or the

the simplicity of her conversation.—" I am full of folly and impertinence," said she; "and if you will not chastise me, Luton, you must forgive me. My folly I owe to that queer-looking foreigner, and my impertinence is a suitable habit in which I mean to meet this Mr. Trickwell. I hear his gentlemen in the next room; and shortly, my dear sir," said she, turning to her father, "I suppose he will turn us out for the benefit of the fresh air."

"Not this morning, Emily," replied lord Kingsdown, as he took his daughter by the arm, and, followed by Luton, entered his dining-room. "Here," continued he, "if they dare to enter, they shall find cause of repentance."

Notwithstanding this threat and its import, the officers very systematically continued their progress towards this citadel, and in due course attempted its surrender. They entered the room; the old lord sprang from his chair with great p 5

fury to prevent their advance. Emily rushed to Luton, and hung upon his neck, in trembling agitation; she knew the violence of her father's temper, and she dreaded its exasperation.

"Where," said lord Kingsdown to the officers, "where is your commander? Go, some of you, and bring him before me. If he have heart to see me (and every villain is more or less a coward), let him appear now."

Trickwell, under the pretence that the castle was offered for sale, had been daringly taking a circumstantial survey of what it contained. In this work he was engaged when lord Kingsdown spoke, and at no great distance from the scene of contest. Now he would have gone away with all his heart, and sheltered himself from every danger with great readiness; but it was known that ford Kingsdown's defiance had reached him, and, as he wished to be thought a man of courage as well as a man of power,

power, he could not consistently, because he could not privately, make good his retreat; he therefore came forward, with a show of as much confidence as was within his power.—" I think, my lord," said he, " that you called upon my name?"

- "I did," replied lord Kingsdown-" I called upon you, that you might perfectly understand me. Your conduct is dangerous, and I would warn you of the consequences."
- "I know them, my lord," answered Trickwell, " and I am in no fear of them. Equal laws, lord Kingsdownequal laws are in England every man's protection."
- " I do not require you to descant about the laws," said the old lord; "it will be better that you observe them. I desire to tell you that Kingsdown is advertised for sale, in order that its creditors may be discharged. You are one **a** a of

of them; why then do you, before I have provided myself with another roof, intrude yourself and your companions into every apartment of my house?"

- " My obligations, my lord, are unanswered."
- "They are indeed," said lord Kings-down quickly, alluding to earlier obligations—"they are unanswered and forgotten."
- "Your engagements are under seal, my lord," continued Trickwell, " and you have not yet fulfilled them. Words are but an indifferent substitute for money."
- "Am I not preparing for you?" inquired the nobleman.
- "You should have prepared before," said the ungracious scrivener.

The old lord lost all patience.—"Withdraw your men," said he—" withdraw them instantly from this room, and let your audacity be taught where to pause."

" The

"The men will do their duty," said Trickwell—" they act by an authority which even lord Kingsdown must obey."

"This perhaps will teach them and their employer to submit," said the old lord, as, with the force of sudden and violent resentment, he struck his insulter to the ground.

The man was no sooner on the carpet than he turned up his face with a grin of direful expression, and a muttering, as of a groan or low howl, issued from his lips. The officers hastened forward to protect their master, or to avenge him; but Emily was at her father's side holding his arms, and with looks of frantic fear imploring the men to forbear their strength.

"Emily, go to your chamber. Let go my hands, child," cried the enraged lord.

"No, no, sir—you shall not strike again. Help me, Luton! help!—Indeed, sir, you are wrong; you shall go with me."

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Emily's

Emily's terror was more than equalled by that of the good clergyman; he knew it to be dangerous and in vain to oppose his lord, yet he flew to the assistance of Emily.—" Stay, sir," said he; " your injuries are great, but do not strike; for Heaven's love, my lord, forbear!"

"Go away, Luton," cried lord Kingsdown; "I am yet the master in this house, and I will be feared; this wretch shall know that his duty might have been performed without insult. He would be paid—and so he shall—with chastisement and imprisonment first, and then with money."

Some of the servants, alarmed by the noise, had gathered to the end of the gallery into which the dining-room opened. Lord Kingsdown perceived them, and beckoning, he commanded them to lodge his offender in the small chamber in the south tower.

The officers thronged about the old lord, and declared that they would stand by

by Mr. Trickwell to the risk of their lives. Emily sued—Luton whispered the danger, the impolicy of the proceeding; but to every remonstrance the angry nobleman answered—" It shall be done—the wretch has dared me, and he shall feel how much I dare."

Trickwell now looked up from the ground upon his men, and grumbled a command that they would desist from their defence. He spied an advantage in the old nobleman's fury, and he determined to avail himself of it to the utmost.

The servants of the castle, inspirited by their lord's animation and eager in his cause, were prepared to encounter the officers with force and hatred, when Trickwell stayed the combat by his interference; and it is likely that his cunning in the moment of irritation prevented this scene of confusion from becoming one of bloodshed.

"To the tower with him!" cried the

old lord. "I have a power which has lain dormant for many years; it shall be exercised and justified. To the tower with him!"

The servants of the castle took up the fallen scrivener. He discharged his men from their employment, and bade them retire from Kingsdown, but to remember what they had seen. One, the foremost of his followers, proceeded cautiously along the gallery after his master, and then noticing with official particularity the place and mode of his confinement, he rejoined his defeated but infuriated companions.

Lord Kingsdown stood victor in the scene of strife, swelling in the majesty of strength and power, and proof against fear and penitence; while Emily and Luton, in awe of his rage and in great dread of its consequences, remained at his side, forming, by their spiritless and dejected appearance, a remarkable contrast to his bold and lion-like figure and demeanour.

demeanour. He was the first to break the silence; turning first towards his daughter and then towards Luton—" I have beaten back the enemy," said he.

Poor Luton was obliged to answer, but he could only say—" Yes, sir."

Emily dared to reply.—" He will return with greater strength, sir, I fear," said she.

- "Then you shall meet him with your bodkin and thimble," rejoined the old lord, with a testiness which shewed how resolute he was not to bear opposition.
- "If that armour was sufficient, I would meet him with the perversity of your daughter, sir," said Emily slyly.
- "The wretch shall now have time to consider his duty," said the old lord.
- "I am fearful, sir, that he will have leisure also to remember his wrong," said Emily.
- "I care not what he remembers," exclaimed lord Kingsdown.
 - "And yet our hope must be in what he

he forgets," cried Emily, in a voice which declared tears to be at hand.

- "He can be no object of our hope or fear, Emily," said lord Kingsdown.
- "I would he had been no object of our anger," answered Emily.
- "Your obstinacy, Emily, is beyond all example."
- "Let not your resentment, my dear father," replied Emily, "carry you beyond all prudence; you do not guess this man's power."
 - "No," answered the old lord hastily; "let me learn it from you."

Luton looked at Emily; he was fearful that she was venturing too far upon her father's temper, and yet he fervently desired that she would point out the dangers to which he was exposing himself by his present conduct.

Emily replied—" I cannot point out any thing to you of which you are not aware. You must know the consequences of an—what do the lawyers call call it?—an assault and false imprisonment; yes, you must know the consequences of assault and false imprisonment."

Lord Kingsdown interrupted her.—
"False imprisonment!" said he; "it is
plain, Emily, that you know nothing of
my rights, and feel nothing for my injuries."

Emily hung down her head.

Lord Kingsdown continued.—" In the first place, I will tell you that this imprisonment is not false, but real; and it is just, for it was deserved."

"By your lordship's permission," interrupted Luton, who could not bear to have the law mistaken—"by your lordship's permission, the law——"

"What have you to do with the law, Luton?" inquired the nobleman—" I leave you to the gospel."

Luton bowed with great reverence, and said no more, while the old lord continued to expound the law as it suited

suited the humour of the moment.—
"This affair may not be in strict conformity with the law of the land——"

- " No indeed, sir," ejaculated Emily.
- "Do not interrupt me, girl. Leave the room, if you cannot be silent."

Emily went to her father and kissed his cheek, at the same time that she dropped a tear upon it. Her father felt the tear, so, by way of return for her tenderness, he retained her hand upon his knee, while she quietly sank down upon a chair that was beside his own.

The old lord went on with his explanation.—" My conduct may admit of question by common law——"

Emily would, with all her heart, have said—"Ay, ay, it is only unquestionable by your own uncommon law;" but she was silent, as her father continued.

"But this castle possesses a charter, or grant, which has indeed for some time lain obsolete, but which, nevertheless, is in existence—a charter which conveys

conveys to its lord, by an act of Richard the Second, the power of sitting in judgment upon crimes done within the domain of Kingsdown. Now, I take it that the power of sitting in judgment would be a nullity without the right of passing sentence; and, by my oath, as this fellow, this Trickwell, has insulted me in my own castle, I will take my stand upon the unrevoked deed of royalty, and sentence him to imprisonment."

The old lord thought that this was the clearest and most triumphant case he had ever heard made out, and he looked about with a glittering satisfaction in his countenance, which any one with a temper equally ardent might have thought communicated even to the portraits of his ancestors.

Emily felt a roguish tickling in her throat, which almost amounted to a laugh; but Luton felt willing to offer many grave arguments against the validity of the said charter or grant.—"The deed."

deed," said he, " of which your lordship speaks, is certainly a document of great importance, and may safely be referred to, as a matter of question in this affair. A case similar to this it would be curious to hear argued, and it must be desirable to have it decided; but the power to sit in judgment upon crimes would, from the nature of the right bestowed, upon its assertion, induce this question from your lordship's enemies:-Upon what crime did lord Kingsdown sit in judgment, when he sentenced Mr. Trickwell to imprisonment? Admit the charter: yet, where is the crime? Admit the charter; yet, what is the law?"

"Why, my charter is law," returned lord Kingsdown, with straight-forward brevity. "Advance a difficulty! then make an end of it:—think of wisdom! and talk nonsense."

The old lord had never replied to Luton with an appearance of so much scorn, and Emily was afflicted at the good

good man's confusion.—" Indeed, my father," said she, " the charter will avail nothing, for the man's crime was within the limits of the paramount law."

Lord Kingsdown was about to answer in much wrath, when a servant entered with the key of the tower.

"The time was," said the old lord,
"when this key had its proper officer."
He called to the servant as he was leaving the room—"Give the prisoner bread and water to-day and to-morrow."

"Apple-dumplings," whispered Emily, as she thrust her hand quietly into her father's pocket, and stealing the key of the tower, skipped out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee

Jest and youthful jollity,

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,

Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

And love to live in dimple sleek.

MILTON.

It was not without great violence to his feelings that Trickwell submitted to imprisonment; for in addition to that natural fear of evil which adheres to us all, he was sensible of a vaster store of self-love than is common to us all. He was no contemner of bodily pain; and for death, cold death, if he had suspected its approach in Kingsdown Castle, he would have fled for the fear, and despised the shame. No! the thought of violence had occurred to him, and sinkings at the heart, and tremblings of the limbs, had resulted

resulted from that thought; but a little reflection had released him of his dread. He was aware of the passionate temper of lord Kingsdown, and he knew how soon his fury yielded. The greatest evil he had already suffered—a blow—a further submission to another act of violence—an acquiescence in the humour of the moment—patience under unjust, unauthorized imprisonment, would add to his advantages over the old lord; all that could be desired by a cool, designing malice.

As soon as the servants of the castle had left the south tower, our prisoner began to examine the extent of bodily harm which he had sustained from the blow of the enraged nobleman. At first he fancied that his right shoulder was dislocated; but after the reception and rejection of many contrary opinions, he found that his shoulder was not even bruised. He then applied himself to his legs, and they were parts in which he vol. 1.

had no great satisfaction, for they were not very shapely; his legs were as sound as they had ever been, and had come out of the fray neither improved nor injured by the struggle; he was, however, pretty certain that he had received a most severe blow on the stomach, and he was half inclined to expectorate blood. But there happened to be in a corner of the tower a fragment of a looking-glass; Trickwell glanced at his face, and to his great mortification he saw that the coarse and dingy skin had changed its colour a little above the eyebrow; now he recollected that he had received but one blow, and he could not but acknowledge to himself, what indeed would have been very evident to any one else, that that single blow had been levelled at his forehead; however, he determined that the one side of his ill-looking face should be sufficiently black for a dark oath, and that he might with great consciousness swear his eye

to have been in danger. Internally he gratulated himself upon having weakened the force of the blow by an immediate, an instinctive recession; and tacitly he admitted, that indeed he had rather lain down than been knocked down. However, at last he felt satisfied that a redness of the brow would more easily and effectually answer his purpose, than a complaint of a constant and an acute pain from a blow on the stomach. His next step was to examine his prison. It was the small chamber of a turret, and was partly circular; it stood in the south corner, or tower of the castle, and looked upon the sea; however few were its conveniences now, it had been, from its situation, a pleasant apartment; but its comforts were worn away, and it showed only what it had lost. It contained a small but very weighty oak table, the edges of which were elaborately carved, and had been richly gilded; two chairs of similar E 2

similar workmanship nearly completed the furniture. Near the window was a remnant of a blue velvet curtain: Trickwell took hold of it, to examine what appeared to him to be the remains of gold fringe, but the fragment was too tender to bear his roughness; so it fell: he mounted the chair to replace the curtain, and for the first time he saw the wide and beautiful view of sea and coast which his prison admitted. The sun was hastening to his setting, and some of his side rays glanced upon the window of the turret—all was tranquillity about the castle—there seemed an ease and a security in the motion, and in the notes of the very birds that flew past, or rested on the tower. The seabirds sought their rest among the rocks with a lowered whistle, and the pipers of the land flocked to their ancient inlets with a various but a pleasing song; many of them sought the detached ruins which were about the castle, and many

of them perched upon the ivy which mantled the inhabited parts of the building. A melancholy observer had said that they thronged about the walls, impatient for that time when they should be given up to them and to decay-or, that they fluttered about their ancient residence, fearful to lose that home which time had secured to them, and habit had rendered dear. Indeed, by them, and by the castle, and by the whole scene, sensations had been aroused in a pensive and reflecting mind, of a pleasing and perhaps a profitable sort—Time had been traced in his slow march by a succession of events—extravagance had been followed in its delusory career through seasons of slight embarrassment, and of temporary triumph, to that last, serious, solemn calm which foreruns final ruin: then had it been pitied and censured, reproached and excused, while the beart had wept over its fall, and been hard-E 3

ened against its folly. But the reflections of the tender and sensible were not the reflections of the scrivener Trickwell: indeed, we fear that all gentle associations must be brought into ridicule by such a contrast. He leaned his elbow upon the massy stone frame of the turret-window, and looked upon the sea, silenced as it was by the rays of the sun -upon the sky, illumined as it was by the light of heaven—upon the ruins, venerable as they were by years and circumstance—he looked upon these with no more admiration, gratitude, or respect, than if they had been unassociated with mercy, which is ever to be loved, or power, which is ever to be feared. No! the thought of power, but not of mercy, formed his reverie. How to bargain with his advantages—how to grind down principle and nobility by his exertions—how to make the wretched hopeless; and how, upon the ruins

of actual, though of imprudent worth, to erect his own consequence—these were his considerations.

Trickwell was, as appeared by his own debentures, the largest creditor upon the estate of Kingsdown; but he was, in fact, a larger creditor than was known; for through his various connexions in the money-market, he had bought the many claims which existed against the estate; some of these were of very long standing, and their holders had become nearly hopeless of arriving at their full value, so that the ready money of Trickwell had been well expended. Nearly the whole that was due from the old lord, though it amounted to a sum which involved many divisions and numerous names, was thus, in reality, a debt due to Trickwell. Now he had a particular ambition to possess an estate of importance in his native county, and his desire was to be the master of Kingsdown. The events which we have detailed E 4

tailed seemed to promise the accomplishment of his wish; for whether he brought his injuries into a court of justice, or privately compromised with the old lord, the effect of what had happened must be to increase the difficulties which pressed upon him, and to urge the demand which he could not answer. saw that the old lord was in a net, from which he could not be freed, but by a compliance with any terms which his creditor might please to dictate. He saw that whether the affair were settled in public or in private, it would have the effect of hastening the sale of Kingsdown, and of deciding its purchaser.

Thus resolved, he was descending from the window, when his foot slipped; and to save himself from falling, he caught hold of the oak table. Time and the worm had done an injury to one of the legs of this ancient piece of furniture; it snapped, and the table fell with a thundering noise. Poor Trickwell, whose

whose misfortunes seemed to shower about him in unwelcome abundance, fell also, and in no very graceful position, upon the floor.

"A plague upon the old table!" cried Trickwell, as he turned himself upon the boards, and began rubbing his shins. "I believe verily that it has not left a bit of the covering on either of my shinbones."

But here Trickwell's fear was superior to truth. There was not much the matter with his shins, though he continued to rub them for some time with diligent activity. Wearied with this exercise, he suffered one of his hands, as he ceased his toil, to fall upon the inside of the table—he thought he heard the jingle as of coins—the table was completely overturned—again he beat the lining, and again the same sound issued—he looked upon it—it was throughout of polished oak—he examined its sides, but he found no drawer, nor any appear-

ance of a hinge, or of a loose joint; he strove to lift it up, but he could only raise it unequally from the floor, for its weight was beyond his strength; again he let it fall, and his suspicions that it contained something more valuable than the material of which it was composed were confirmed. He was determined to examine it more narrowly; so he took out his handkerchief, and plied it with the perseverance of a housemaid. As the dust left its station of many years, two joints of the wood became visible, and the lining, which at first had appeared to be a solid piece of oak, was discovered to be formed of three boards: they fitted well, and were exactly level at each end of the table; yet Trickwell, who suspected the centre board to be a slide, continued to urge it with his fingers-it loosened-it moved, and by degrees it drew out from its ledges, and exposed a nicely-formed cavity; it exposed something more—a purse, which

was richly wrought of gold, and a morocco case, beautifully flowered with the same material.

Trickwell satisfied his fears before he indulged his curiosity. With that forethought which is peculiar to the interested and cunning, he looked around; and in order to lessen the effect of his exclamation of surprise, if it had been heard, he continued for some time to hum a tune; then he got up from the floor, and very narrowly examined the opening to the apartment; he put his eye to the keyhole, and remained peeping through it till his sight became accustomed to the gloom beyond, and could determine that the passage and the stairs were unoccupied. Thus satisfied that he had not been observed, he resolved to secure himself from observation; so he thrust some paper into the keyhole: having done this, he took up the purse and opened it; it was full of valuable coins of different countries, but

many of them were Turkish; one or two small pieces carried the impression of Bohemia, with the name of Frederick. After much studying, Trickwell made them out to be of the date of Charles the First of England; they were of gold, and they were not the less valuable for their age.

The scrivener next examined the mo-It contained two miniature rocco case. portraits, which were set with diamonds of a large size and of great lustre; they were the faces of a Turk and a Grecian lady; the last was the picture of a lady of great beauty. Attached to the frame was a slip of parchment, and on it there were some lines written in a foreign tongue; but these things were nothing to Trickwell, but for their sterling worth, and this he considered to be so much, that he could not resolve to relinquish it. It was evident to whom the prize belonged, and it was certain, that to withhold the prize from owner,

owner, would be to commit an act of flagrant dishonesty. Trickwell felt also, that he had gained a station in the world, the importance of which was not to be bartered for any light consideration. Trickwell was becoming a man of great honesty, of unsullied honour, at this reflection. But habit, habitthe habit of accumulating wealth in any way, was dearer to the scrivener than his pride of honour, or his love of honesty. If he could keep the property which he had found without detection, all which he knew of honour, and all which he cared for honesty, might be as well, as reputably, maintained by its sequestration as by its surrender. Pleas, the validity of which a child would have mistrusted, were called by a mean, a selfish, a debased soul, to the support of its own desires. Trickwell argued that lord Kingsdown had injured him, and that a spirit of revenge was not only ' justified in its open declaration, but authorized

thorized to avail itself of every safe and quiet mean's of gratification; nay, he was perfectly confident of the wisdom of revenge—that it should be secret and quiet in its operations—that it should prowl about at night, and hide in corners-that it should swell small mischiefs into large evils, even to the gross pampering of its unseen but insatiable appetite. Thus then, by the concealment of the property of the old nobleman, he would begin to indemnify himself for what he had suffered. which should follow should still be as severe, as obstinate, as unmitigated, as if this discovery had never been made; for there was no full gratification in a retaliatory wrong, which included not, in the triumph of the inflictor, the anguish of its object.

Trickwell, with fingers which in lower life would have practised their adroitness at cupboards and at pockets, again visited the drawer of the table.

The

The only real difference between the man who circumvents by figures and calculations, by bargains which are manifestly wrong to equity, though evidently right in law, and the man who waylays the unwary in the street, is in the extent of crime; and the first, as he sins the most securely, is the most consummate villain. This kind of villain was Mr. Trickwell; but now, excellent man, he was sinning without the need of figures, and without the trouble of calculation; he had nothing to do but to pocket what he should find; and that he might find more, he went about to search intently.

Avarice is not of a cleanly disposition; it is not high-minded. Trickwell was a man of thousands, and yet a searcher after trifles—a few more pounds snatched from a drawer, and purloined from very want—it mattered not—his fortune was but a swell of uncleanly units, which could

could derive no taint from any certain augmentation.

The first discoveries were the last. The drawer held no more wealth. Trickwell now gave himself leisure to review his fortune; he was beginning to return the coins into the purse, when he heard a foot upon the steps of his prison. He listened, and in an instant a key was applied to the lock of the door. Several of the coins slipped between his fingers and fell jingling upon the floor. He could hardly restrain an oath.

"Oh, this vile key!" cried a female voice; "what can be the matter with it?"

Trickwell made another attempt to hide the coins; but he was tremulous with anxiety, and purse and picturecase all fell down together.

"Ah, ah! I see!" exclaimed the same voice. "Why, there is some paper in the lock!

lock! Draw away the obstruction, I beseech you, Mr. Trickwell, for a lady wishes to visit you."

"Directly, madam," answered Trick-well, as he recognised the voice of Emily—"directly, madam," said he, cramming, as he spoke, the purse and some of the coins into his coat pocket.

He was in so much confusion, that he was not accountable for his actions. much dignity and consequence being surprised in an act of petty larceny, lost their stateliness and composure. His brow had yielded its cast of injury, and the shame of a little—of a detected little soul, sat upon it. He was conscious of the charge, and this consciousness was likely to be most lowly in its expression. Some portion of his former sternness and majesty he desired ardently to recover; but no power of doing this occurred to his necessity. He arose, and was proceeding to the door, when he perceived that he had not closed the slide in the table: tablé: this he would needs attempt to do, but the board was not soon to be replaced.

Emily grew impatient to be admitted
—"Upon my word, Mr. Trickwell,"
said she, "you suffer people to reflect
upon their good offices; you either like
your prison and dislike me, or——
What can the good man be doing in his
thraldom? Dear Mr. Trickwell, I will
play Queen Mab, and will come with
my

----' team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep'

Open the door...open the door."

"Coming, madam," cried Trickwell, thrown, as he was, completely off his guard. He yet lingered to pick up the coins which were scattered over the floor.

"What can you be fumbling at?" inquired Emily, as the paper was slowly withdrawing from the keyhole; "there, now take it entirely away."

The

The key turned—the door opened. Trickwell presented a figure sufficiently ludicrous to the gaze of Emily; his little light-coloured wig was turned with the wrong part before; his waistcoat was in part unbuttoned; his face was shining with perspiration, and his hands, which were distended as if in the endeavour to widen, and give a grace to his obeisance, displayed palms and fingers which were black with dust. He made an effort to regain his cool and serene air; but he was much too hot and fluttered to succeed in the attempt. He made another awkward bow, to the imminent peril of his wig.

Emily stood at the door, wondering at his confusion, but most ready and willing to laugh at it—" You seem warm, Mr. Trickwell!" said she, slyly.

- "Rather as it were—almost—indeed, very hot," replied the scrivener.
- "Have you been polishing, sir?" inquired Emily.

" Remarkably,

- "Remarkably, madam," answered Trickwell; "nothing could exceed—the table—the slide—and indeed the apartment altogether."
- "And yet, altogether," said Emily, it is not very large."
 - " Madam," cried Trickwell.
- "The excessive apartment, sir, with the table and the slide."
 - "Oh!" answered Trickwell.
- " Are you unwell, sir?" inquired Emily, with great enjoyment.
- "Very, madam," replied the scrivener, as he felt in his pocket with an intention of taking out his handkerchief, and in the effort drew out the purse and the loose coins, and scattered them before him.
- "Oh, roguish Ovid!" exclaimed Emily. "A shower of gold! an occurrence no less welcome than rare."
- "Unfortunate!" cried Trickwell, as he danced about, urged by these accidents beyond all patience.

- "By no means in the world!" echoed Emily. She stooped down to pick up the gold pieces, and perceived the picture-case. She opened it, and taking out the picture of the Turk—" What have we here?" she exclaimed.
- "A likeness, madam, of yourself!" replied Trickwell; "a most correct likeness—a most beautiful likeness."
- "It may be very correct," replied Emily; "but for its beauty—why that is rather questionable. And so you think, sir, that I am like a Turk?"
- "I should be an infidel, madam, to say so," answered Trickwell, not perceiving his mistake, and still looking about with great mortification.
- "It is most extraordinary!" exclaimed Emily, as she immediately detected the portrait of the unknown foreigner.
- "It is, indeed, most extraordinary!" echoed Trickwell, who knew not of any thing so extraordinary as his own confusion.—

confusion.—" I cannot," continued he, "at all account for it."

- " For what, sir?" cried Emily, as she gazed upon the portrait.
 - " For this___"

A question was at this time particularly puzzling to Trickwell, and with all his ingenuity he could not fix upon an answer.

- "What is it that is so very difficult to account for?" again inquired Emily, in perfect unconsciousness of all but of the picture.
- "There is another," at last said Trickwell, endeavouring to divert the inquiry.
- "Another difficult matter, Mr. Trick-well?" asked Emily.
- "Another picture, madam," answered the scrivener.

This information recovered Emily to the scene and to her purpose—" Oh! very well; then we will peep at it also," said said she, as she took out the portrait of the female.

"That is a most extraordinary likeness of yourself, Miss Kingsdown," said Trickwell, glad of any theme which might give him time to abate his confusion, and which might conceal the cause of his perplexity.

For once, however, his utterance was of truth. The portrait was indeed a faithful likeness of Emily, though its antiquity was apparent. What Emily knew of her own face, she knew to be like the representation which she held in her hand; yet, like others in similar situations, she professed not to have an opinion upon the subject.

Trickwell drew her attention to the slip of parchment, and to the characters which it bore.

"I am very curious to know the meaning of those lines," said Trickwell.

" Brighten your apprehension then,

and attend," said Emily, as she began to study.

- "In the first place, madam, what language is it?" inquired Trickwell, with great precision; "Sclavonian, Teutonic, Arabic, Syriac, Hebrew?"
- "Stop, sir, stop," cried Emily, "and tell me, for those which you have mentioned are unknown to me."
- "What language is it?" again asked Trickwell.
- "The language of the heart, sir," slyly answered Emily.
- "And what language is that, madam?" inquired the unsuspicious scrivener.
- "Can you be unacquainted with it?" cried Emily.

Trickwell thought that it was time for him to renovate his gallantry, lest there should be some deeper meaning thrust upon the question.—" Not in such company," returned he, affecting a look of so much interest, that the expression

pression made Emily laugh outright. The scrivener became grave, for above all things he disliked to be laughed at.

- "You are all goodness," exclaimed Emily, "and because you are so, this inscription will not be heard in vain.—Listen."
- "Most gladly," cried Trickwell, with recovered curiosity and politeness.

Emily affected to read—"He who looks upon my face must put away wrath and all uncharitableness—must forget injuries."

- "His own, or his neighbour's?" interrupted Trickwell, who began to perceive the design of Emily.
- "You are too cunning—seriously, you are too cunning, Mr. Trickwell," cried Emily; "but you cannot be too forgiving. Come, tell me—where did you find these pictures, for I perceive that they belong to the castle?"

Trickwell lifted up his eyes with amazement; he saw that it would be in vol. 1.

Emily's first exclamation on seeing the picture of the Turk, and by her present positiveness, that there were circumstances connected with the discovery which decided as to the owner of the property; but before he could answer, Emily, with her usual quickness, cast her eyes upon the unclosed slide in the table.

"Ah!" said she, "this is very wonderful! So you threw down the table, and by the noise conjectured its contents?" She stooped down to look at the aperture-" The prettiest contrivance in the world! These coins too! The date of Charles the First! ceive-I perceive! How many are there? Chiefly Turkish! I have no doubt of his country. This too is beyond all question the little set-apart chamber which he occupied. Really, Mr. Trickwell, I am indebted to you for this discovery; and if I could prevail upon you to think of the past as I do, I should exceedingly

exceedingly rejoice in your capture and imprisonment."

Trickwell could scancely forbear to smile, as Emily ran on with her sprightly chat.

"You must have been very busy when I disturbed you! Pray help me to count the pieces."

Trickwell was beginning to obey, when he drew out his handkerchief to wipe his face, and a few more coins dropped from his pocket.

"Pray let me have them all," said Emily, with apparent simplicity, "for I have no doubt that they are very vahable."

"I fancy that you have them all, Miss Kingsdown," replied Trickwell.

"I wish you to be certain. Pray search your pockets," returned Emily, effecting still to be very busy, and determining to overcome Trickwell in her own way.

" I have

- "I have no more," said Trickwell, with a degree of confusion, which produced an unaccountable blush—a tint which was different to any change his complexion had undergone for many years.
- "A hundred and fifty gold pieces!" exclaimed Emily. "We will break open some more tables, Mr. Trickwell, till we find a sum which will be sufficient to answer your claim. These diamonds must be worth an immense deal! Can you guess at their value?"
- "I cannot—I do not buy jewels," answered Trickwell, rather sulkily.
- "Perfectly unnecessary," returned Emily; "you find them. But, Mr. Trickwell, with valuable effects which are known, and with valuable effects which are to be discovered, do you not think that we may chance to pay off your demand?"
 - "It is a question which must be debated

bated another time, Miss Kingsdown," answered Trickwell, gravely, and with an assumed forbearance.

- "No," replied Emily; "I mean it to be debated now. We will make speeches upon it; I will take any side of the question. It will be a sort of recreation—a pretty prison entertainment."
- "I cannot comprehend a pretty prison entertainment," said Trickwell.
 - "Were you never before confined?"
- "Never, madam," answered the scrivener, with great solemnity.
- "It is astonishing," continued Emily, "that you are not amused with the novelty of your situation."
- " New situations, madam, that are the effect of violence and pain, cannot be amusing to the sufferer."

Trickwell fancied that he had discovered a new and an important truth, and he hoped that he was now in a way to recover his lofty superiority. But Emily was determined to make his gra-

vity ridiculous, by the contrast with her own playfulness; and she was resolute to beat down the perverseness of her opponent.—"You are my prisoner, sir," said she; "and what violence and pain have you suffered from me? Now be ingenious in your charge!—Make out a strong case of injustice!—Let it be apparent that I am here armed with a thousand terrors!"

"With a thousand charms!" exclaimed Trickwell, beginning to believe that really Emily was disposed to be pleased with him.

"Very well," interrupted Emily, with a lively elegance, which even the scrivener admired, "very well—a thousand terrible charms! Were I armed with half the number, the odds would be so numerously stubborn, that you might be defeated without shame. But this you must remember—the door is open."

"Oh, dear liberty!" exclaimed Trickwell, with a smile, which he meant should be irresistibly expressive, as at the same time he endeavoured to recollect some grand heroical sentiment which he had known in his youth.

"Very fine!" cried Emily. "I thought you might be amused in a prison; it is not so dolorous a thing as one imagines, being rightly estimated. Proceed with the sentiment, Mr. Trickwell."

"I have done with sentiments, madam. Actions, actions—" said Trickwell.

Again Emily interrupted him.—"Not of the law, sir! not of the law! You do not mean to substitute such actions for heroical sentiments, I hope?"

- "The law has terrors, madam," said Trickwell, gravely.
- "Oh, do not shake them over me!" cried Emily, affecting to be alarmed.
- "No, my dear young lady! no!" answered Trickwell; "I have duties—"
 - "Which now and then you abandon,
 F.4 I dare

I dare say," cried Emily. "But you have a good heart, I am sure, as your neighbours would inform me. Appearances are against you; but I am satisfied of your intention, and that is more than I will say of my own."

- " My dear Miss Kingsdown-"
- "My good Mr. Trickwell," continued Emily, determining not to lose her advantage, "the matter upon which we are engaged is simply this. My father can pay you the interest of your debt; you want the principal. My father desires to sell his estate; you can bid for the estate, and pay yourself."

Trickwell feasted upon this hint.—
"Plainly stated," said he. "But one circumstance—"

- "I have a weak memory," cried Emily.
 - " A blow."
- "True," continued Emily, with much unconcern; "I had forgotten that my father knocked you down."

"I cannot

- "I cannot forget it," said Trickwell, with a look of anger.
- "Tush! you may," cried Emily; "I have no doubt that I shall yet see you and lord Kingsdown perfect friends—the better friends for this little affair. My father is by this time full of sorrow."
- "No doubt, no doubt!" exclaimed Trickwell, with a look of meaning.

"Oh," said Emily, "you quite mistake my father's character. He does not repent on account of any fear of himself, but he would always yield his life to atone his fury; and now, or in a day or two, any contract, any private contract, made with you, he would think himself bound in honour to make to your advantage."

The subtle apprehension of Emily had led to the right point; any insult would be forgiven for the time by Trickwell, if, by his forbearance, he could ensure to himself an advantage, and an opportunity of quiet and safe revenge.

He

He began to inflate his cheeks, and to work up his feelings to an ample expression of his wrongs—"This outrage, madam," said he, "is so flagrant—"

Emily would not be outdone...."Oh," cried she, "it is so atrocious, so beyond any thing ever heard or thought of, that nothing but a generosity the most extensive and extreme, could desire or obtain its forgiveness!"

"Miss Kingsdown, I know not what to say!"

"Then let me say for you," said Emily, "for I have much to say; and I shall ever have much to say in your praise; and, if it were becoming, I would couple the saying with my father's reproof."

"Certainly," rejoined Trickwell, "only your intercession prevails with me to lose sight of the just exposure of the wrong which I have suffered. But on the condition that I see Mr. Sarsden---"

"Then," said Emily, "it is my intercession tercession on the one hand, and the sight of Sarsden on the other, that prevail with you to the acceptance of this 'dear liberty!' But here is Mr. Luton; he comes to give you his blessing, to praise your patience under misfortunes, and to lament over the fractured limb of our ancient table."

Luton climbed the winding stairs of the tower, to witness his pupil's triumph, and to see Trickwell balancing between the hope of gain and dread of ridicule.

- "My good Luton," cried Emily, "you come to see how well I have forerun you in your duty. This is my convert," continued she, as she put her arm through that of Trickwell, "this is my convert; Mr. Trickwell forgives my father, admires me, and is at peace with himself."
- "Mr. Trickwell is a Christian," said Luton gravely.
 - " Certainly, in one of the points men-F 6 tioned

tioned by me—I do not say which," returned Emily. "But I pray you, Luton, to aid me to transfer Mr. Trickwell to another apartment."

Trickwell declared his impatience to go to the town of Kingsdown; and after arranging the time at which Sarsden was to wait upon him, and expressing his readiness to come to an amicable settlement with the lord of the castle, he turned away, casting, before his departure, many looks of interesting expression at Emily. That the castle would now be his, on his own terms, he made no doubt; that Emily might make a part of the bargain, he began to flatter himself; that revenge, at all events, would be in his power, he felt certain.

Emily, who felt the danger to which her father had exposed himself, though wearied by her exertions, now triumphed in their success. She turned towards the dining-room, forgetting her difficult prospect prospect in the elation of the moment, and singing as she moved along by the side of her admiring tutor—

"What is passion, but a gleam
In which a woman's art may shine,
And make whatever is, to seem
Her own desire—her own design?

Let oracles pronounce the law,
And red-eyed fury take its aim,
A woman's word arrests the war,
And claims the prize, and wins the fame."

"You are full of triumph, Emily," said lord Kingsdown, as he took his seat at the dining-table.

"My father's victory is my triumph," returned Emily. "How can I be otherwise than joyful! Here have we beaten down a man of the law, despite of his authority, and thrown him into 'durance in vile', defiance of his power."

Lord Kingsdown answered his daughter by a glance, which informed her that the work of repentance had commenced, and that the subject of her discourse was becoming

becoming painful. Emily was silent; she well knew in what way the anger of her father would evaporate, and how the charities of his heart would in a little time influence his feelings. He said little during the meal; and as soon as the servants had withdrawn, he seemed eager to confer with Luton. He looked towards the good man-" Luton," said he, "I should think that when our family have exercised the authority of the charter of Richard the Second, they have fed their prisoners with something better than bread and water; they have still remembered the duties of hospitality. I think that some wine should be carried to Trickwell, and that he should be allowed to make choice of his own provision."

"Certainly, my lord," said Luton.

"Will you then," continued lord Kingsdown, "take the trouble to explain my desire to him?"

Luton was embarrassed.

Emily

Emily smiled at his confusion.—"My lord," said she, putting up her finger to her lips, and affecting a look and manner of hesitation.

- "What is the matter, Emily?" inquired her father.
- "I have a kind of fear that I have done rashly."
- "By hereditary right, I apprehend, Emily; so I will forgive you," replied lord Kingsdown.
 - "Sinning by charter, my lord."
- "Do not be impertinent, Emily," enjoined the old nobleman.
- "Well," cried Emily, "I will unburden my conscience; and if there be any consistency in the world, my charity will be acknowledged."
- "Do not be nonsensical, Emily," again commanded the old lord.
- "I was never so grave and well-inclined," answered Emily. "You would feed the hungry; I have freed the imprisoned."

" Ha!"

"Ha!" cried lord Kingsdown, as he thrust his hand into his pocket, and began to search for the key, "ha! impossible! I have the key!"

Emily held it up between her fingers.

Lord Kingsdown began to frown, and to prepare himself for much anger.— "Emily," said he, "I must strictly examine into this most extraordinary affair."

"You shall know it all without the trouble of inquiry," returned Emily. "The poor man was properly sensible of his conduct, and in awe of your power; he agreed to wait till the arrangement of your affairs; and that his mind might not be injured beyond repair through terror and distress, I anticipated your inclination, and suffered him to escape."

"No concessions, I trust? nothing unbecoming?" said the old lord.

"At the close of the transaction, Luton gave me his blessing," said Emily.

Lord Kingsdown was satisfied, yet was

was he inclined to frown upon Emily; but she sat before him with a look of so much happiness and ease, that he felt his inadequacy to the delivery of that grave speech which he thought her conduct required—"Emily," said he,. "you have interfered—"

"But I will show you to what end," interrupted Emily, as she produced the pictures and the purse. "These, I should think, were the property of that mysterious stranger in whom you have so greatly interested me."

Emily briefly related the circumstances of the discovery of these valuable effects.

"This," said lord Kingsdown, as he looked upon the portrait of the Turk, "is the likeness of the foreigner himself; it is the same face. Dress is no disguise to such features; they are too striking to be concealed or changed."

" It was the turret of the south tower which

which the stranger occupied?" inquired Emily.

"He slept in that room," replied lord Kingsdown. "My mother liked the view from the window. She ordered the mat which had belonged to the foreigner, and which had lain there since his death, to be removed. The rest of the furniture is of the date of Charles."

"Then there cannot be a doubt," observed Luton, "that these valuables belonged to the stranger. I am more and more surprised! This is the portrait of Miss Kingsdown!"

The old lord looked at it—" It is wonderful!" said he; "we have not so correct a likeness of her.—And this scroll—"

"I am translating it," exclaimed Emily. "Luton, desist a moment, and you shall have it in English verse."

The inscription was in the Italian tongue. Lord Kingsdown was not a linguist;

linguist; so his daughter presented it to him in his own language.

THE SCROLL.

Were like two corals on a pearly bed;
Her cheeks were velvet leaves, with gladdening tips
Of Tyrian lustre, on their softness shed.
Oh, she was beautiful! Her ebon eyes
Shot forth such radiance as the stars o' night,
When not a tear doth hang upon the skies,
Dimming the brightness o' the very bright.
But, ah! this Beautiful was like the star
The seers of Babylen did nightly see
Fall from its frame, leaving a dreary scar
On heaven's face through all futurity.
Nor this alone! There glittereth yet to fade!
Be's where such lustre is, shall be such shade!"

"It has a relation to futurity," cried lord Kingsdown.

"It is altogether strange and questionable!" observed Luton.

CHAPTER IV.

The mouldering walls,

Black with the rust of age, and all within

Silence and waste, while not a sound was heard,

But the wind moaning—not a form beheld,

Save one that fancy imag'd to their mind. Cottle.

LUTON compared Emily's versification of the inscription with the original Italian, and he found it correct. The last stanza he repeated frequently, and the more he pondered on it, the more was he surprised. He did not like the character of the stranger as it had been described to him; and the relation which he seemed to have had, and which his denunciation seemed yet to bear, to the family of Kingsdown, inspired him with an awe which he would not confess even to himself. He knew that he deserved

served to be ridiculed for this feeling; he acknowledged it to be folly. But the wise have their moments of weakness. Luton too had heard of the uncertainties of life—of ineffectual opposition to evil—of those strange chances which encircle men, as with wings, and eddy them about, beyond the reach of thought, or hope of resistance; and he felt, therefore, that expectation and fear of what might impend, which make up the anxiety of reflection, and which very often too successfully combat the confidence of the good.

Lord Kingsdown had other thoughts. He had for some time meditated such a parting feast for his friends and tenants as should be worthy of a family whose delight had ever been in liberality; and he could not but fancy, in the strictness of his extraordinary justice towards his daughter, that now he was fully entitled so to indulge his feelings. The discovery which Emily had made afforded the

without diminishing the resources which Sarsden had calculated upon, the old lerd concluded that he might, to the last moment of his residence at Kingsdown, make Kingsdown Castle echo to the praise of his name.—" Luton," said he, "on any extraordinary occasion, it has been our custom to celebrate a feast in the castle. I think, before we finally quit Kingsdown, we should show our respect for the past by an observance of its precedents."

"Your ancestors were always generous, my lord," said Luton meekly.

"Ah!" sighed Emily, as she looked upwards.

Lord Kingsdown guessed her meaning.—"You do not disapprove, I hope?" said he reproachfully.

"Oh, no!" cried Emily; "I like feasts beyond any thing in the world, so only—"

"What?" inquired her father.

"They

- "They be not followed by fasts," returned Emily: "but any indulgence of the present moment, to the total discounfort——"
- "I am glad my daughter is so discreet," said lord Kingsdown.
- "She has not often given you similar cause of joy," exclaimed Emily archly.
- "Well, Emily," rejoined lond Kingsdown, with a look of offence, "when I ask your opinion, you may give it."
- "And must I never venture my opinion but when you ask it, sir?"
 - "Never!" said the old lord forcefully.
- "Bless me!" cried Emily, "you are enjoining me to a remarkably severe penance."

Emily could play with her father's ill-humour, and command at will the return of his smiles; and we must acknowledge that she was saucily fond of proving the extent of her power.

Lord Kingsdown cleared up his brow, and

and held out a hand which Emily pressed very eagerly to her lips.—" My love," said he, "we must not steal away in the night from Kingsdown."

Emily's liveliness fell at the certainty of leaving a place which she had every reason to love and reverence.—" Have you determined, sir, when to quit the castle?" inquired she, with a tone of greater seriousness than was natural to her.

"It is probable," returned her father,
"that the castle will belong to us but
for a few days; in the next week, therefore, I propose that we cross the Channel,
and seek out some cottage in the neighbourhood of Calais. Our family once possessed an estate in Picardy; but that is
gone. In that part of France, however,
where we are now strangers, we may
hide our decline. But before we go—"

"Yes," cried Emily, as she felt the spirit of her ancestors overcoming the sense of necessity, "yes, before we go,

we

we will bid adieu to our friends in that way which may console my father in his troubles."

The dark eyes of lord Kingsdown glittered, as he turned them first upon Luton and then upon his daughter. He became uneasy under the excess of pleasure which Emily's words afforded him. His feelings were so finely adjusted, that a breath could at any time make them musical or discordant.

Emily knew how to heap his delight. She parted his grey hair, and kissed his forehead. The old man wished to commend his child; but after many ineffectual efforts to speak, he contented himself with clasping her in his arms, and with calling her his pride.

It was arranged that the tenants of Kingsdown should be invited to a farewell feast at the table of their lord; that Sarsden should be left to discharge the creditors of the estate, and to collect for the expatrated nobleman and his vol. I. G daughter

daughter the little which should be left for their support.

From this time little was heard in the castle but lamentation. It was a lamentation, however, which did not reach the ears of lord Kingsdown, or of Emily; it was whispered in their absence, and when they were distant, it was loud. They were surrounded by the testimonies of a quiet and silent respect, and the homage of a reverential love attended them in their ways. Lord Kingsdown went about through the whole day to farmhouses and to cottages, chatting with his neighbours, reminding them of the length and value of their services, thanking them for their affection, patting the heads of their children, and praying that, like their fathers, they might grow up to religion and loyalty; and it was pleasing to observe the virtuous perplexity of the honest people to whom he spoke. Their desire to testify their sense of gratitude to their landlord, patron,

patron, and friend; and their fear, by any expression, to allude to that necessity to which they were to owe his loss; and if they ventured to declare their regret, their sentiments were distinguished by a cast of manliness; of sincerity, of homely feeling and propriety—were so different to that pert habit of conversation which appertains to towns and cities, that the contrast was powerfully striking.

Lord Kingsdown had a melancholy pleasure in rambling among the ruins of his cattle. He was generally attended by Luton, and it was his frequent practice to point out to the good clergyman what had been his plans for the improvement of the possessions of his ancestors. Wherever he turned, he dilated upon something which he would have done; and sometimes, even yet, he ventured a hope of what, by a good chance, he might yet do. Yes; he might go far, he might die in another land, but his

whole heart was attached to Kingsdown—with the last effort of his life he would pronounce a prayer for Kingsdown.

Emily, in the meanwhile, with a discretion which surprised, no less than it delighted her tutor, began to prepare for that change which she was about to experience. She commenced the difficult process of her new duties, by rising in the morning before her servant thought it necessary to attend; and as she became more familiar with the means of activity, and the ways of industry, she began to think of enlarging the sphere of her exertions, by attending more closely to the habits of her father. She resolved to officiate about his person, for she fancied it to be impossible with his small fortune to allow of a servant. Luton perceived her interference, and he guessed her intention. He took an opportunity of hinting, in one of his walks, at the age which lord Kingsdown and himself had attained, and at the necessity

cessity which they should have for the services of one of their countrymen.

"But need you be an exile, Luton?" inquired Emily.

"No: I shall continue to live with my patron and my child," said the good man.

Emily unfolded a heap of drawings of different aspects of the castle, and of different views of the country in the vicinity of Kingsdown

"These," said she, "I will complete at my leisure. My father's heart is giving way; it is breaking, for he says nothing of its pain. I will draw a mimic Kingsdown around him. We shall want to look at our old towers, Luton."

Among many sketches, there was not one of the chapel. This had been building of considerable size and of great beauty; but, of three aisles, the centre one alone remained for the purposes of worship. The arches of two stately rows of columns had been filled up, so that there were two outward aisles in a deserted and dilapidated condition. In these were the tombs of the family of Kingsdown; and at night, in a certain position of the moon, when her rays fell slantingly through the windows and crevices of the ruin, upon the graves and monuments, this fragment of the castle presented a scene which was calculated to excite the most tender melancholy and sublime emotions.

Luton could not find a moonlight view of these ruinous arches.

"I can do no justice to the scepe, Luton!" said Emily.

Luton encouraged her to attempt a sketch, and arranged to accompany her at night to the chapel. The moon would then, he thought, be favourable to their design.

When Emily returned with her tutor to the castle, she was received into the affectionate embrace of her friend, Laura Feversham.

Laura

Laura was about two years the senior of Emily. She was a neighbour of Kingsdown, and on the death of an aunt with whom she lived, she would succeed to an estate of great value.

Emily took her by the hand, and hurried her to a distant apartment.

- "I come to share your happiness!" said Laura.
- "Alas!" cried Emily, "I know not that I can spare you any."
- "Then give me half your pain, Emily; at the least, I must have half."
- "Pain will not be divided," returned Emily; "joy will fly into a thousand parts, and waste itself to air, but pain is solid and indivisible, and singularly constant. Like the shark, where it bites, it will bite to death."
 - " Is this Emily?"
- "Why not?" asked Emily; "we of the lighter sort feel the soonest, and perhaps the longest. A little is enough for us, and if that little lasts our lives, G 4 why

why that is constancy. I will tell you the truth, Laura. The best part of our affairs is beyond recovery, and the worst is all that we can boast of in possession. My father to-morrow gives a farewell feast to his friends, and it is well that you are here, for you shall see how well we can bear decline. Say nothing of my down-heartedness, for I must not 'look like the time,' but bear the smile which I cannot feel."

- "Of what use are spirits if they forsake us in our need?" said Laura, surprised at her friend's seriousness.
- "To show the grave, like Laura, that they have nothing to envy in the gay, like Emily."
- "But, my dear Emily, I have a request to make."
- "Beware! beware!" cried Emily; "I must not hear of any requests which you would not have made three months ago. I have a relation, a very dear relation, who remembers many strange circumstances

circumstances of the 'olden day;' you have not found a similar recollection in me. But now, you do not know how much I am my father's daughter, what perverse notions have crept into being, or how tenaciously I shall insist upon those privileges which presently I must leave. No, Laura, make no requests, unless it be permission to accompany us. That I will readily grant, for I know that you are an excellent crying companion."

"It is not in my power to quit England," said Laura suddenly, "and my desire is that you remain here with me."

"No, no, no, Laura," cried Emily; "it is fit that my father and I leave our country. We have many things of an humiliating sort to learn, and the process of scholarship would be most painfully enforced in the neighbourhood of Kingsdown. Abroad we may hide what we must endure; and should the burden of endurance become intolerable,

we may be allowed to groan out aloud without the interference of impertinent

pity,"

"Is pity impertinent, Emily?" inquired Laura, as the tears of a very affectionate heart poured down her cheeks.

"Your pity is not so, Laura," returned Emily, as she thrust herself upon her friend's chair, and kissed away her grief. "Your pity is not so; but I cannot allow any body but yourself to weep for me, and to pity lord Kingsdown."

"If I live," added Laura, "the time will come when a large house shall have two mistresses. As it is-"

"You can give me all which I will take from you," cried Emily-" your love and inclination. But, Laura, look up, and try for once to be full of inconsiderate liveliness. I am angry at this gloom which is about me, and I want to frighten it away with the semblance of unmeaning levity. Fortune is malici-

ous, and where she perceives that she is dreaded, she crowds all her powers to the work of mischief. Laura must show me to be careless."

- "You distress me by telling me of my duty," said Laura.
- "Ah!" exclaimed Emily, "our duties are distressing. You may easily persuade me to desert mine."

Laura had no such design upon her friend; she knew that lord Kingsdown would never consent to live under any other roof than his own, so she forbore to invite his daughter to a separate residence.

In the course of the day, Sarsden waited on his lord with an account of the pending treaty with the plastic Mr. Trickwell.

Trickwell stood aloof, like a wild beast that feels his power upon his victim, and plays with the advantages which are before him. In his several interviews with Sarsden, he unfolded **G** 6

by degrees the various claims which he had upon lord Kingsdown, and exposed them as the strengthening threads of a network in which he had caught and secured his prey. To every proposition which Sarsden made to him he had a counteracting plea; upon every submission he founded a fresh right; and on every concession he raised a further demand.

Sarsden erected himself upon those conditions which he thought were just to Trickwell, and favourable to his lord. Here he defended himself for some time with the steadiness of a faithful servant and a good man; but he was beaten from his position inch by inch, till at last he found that all the advantage was with the scrivener, and all the loss with his master. Instead of four thousand pounds, it was likely that lord Kingsdown would not have one thousand; that his proposed pittance would be reduced to nothing.

Sarsden

Sarsden was determined not to submit to the inexorable cravings of Trickwell. He knew that the lands of his master could not be so valuable to any one as to St. Malo. Laura Feversham was not in possession of her property, or she might have proved a liberal purchaser. St. Malo had, through a long minority, accumulated great wealth, and to him the lands of Kingsdown, combining as they did with his own estate, must be an object of considerable impor-- tance. St. Malo had, from the time of his quitting the university, travelled much abroad. Five or six years he had been absent from his country. understood, too, that he had resided for some time in Normandy with a younger cousin, who had been left to his care. and to whom he was much attached. Sarsden could not therefore apply to St. Malo; but he wrote to his London agent, Worselove, stating the advantages which now offered to his employ-

er, and his own meediness to treat on equitable conditions. Now it happened, unfortunately, that Worselove made one of those dependent links of intenest which Trickwell had formed in the money-market, and which men, conversent in the mysteries of the Stock Exchange, so well know how to convert to the benefit of each other. He of course. did not communicate with his employer, St. Malo, but with his friend Trickwell; so that the latter saw the blow which was aimed at his interests, but knew himself to be secure from its effects; and the honest efforts of Sarsden, instead of obtaining a friend for his ruined master, served but to involve that beloved master in deeper difficulties.

Saraden anxiously expected a letter from Worselove; but his first disappointment did not abate his ardour, or induce him to submit his purpose. He determined to seek out the address of Orland St. Malo, and to delay, if it were possible,

possible, the sale of Kingsdown. In this determination he had taken up his pen, when he saw, among the arrivals at Dover, as they were stated in a paper which lay before him, the name of St. Malo.—"This is well," said the old man; "I will see this Frenchified Englishman, and if he be such a man as report has made him, he will listen to a reasonable offer, and call his agent to account for his neglect."

Sarsden went with all speed to Dover, and was so lucky as to meet with St. Malo, and to interest him in the estate which was for sale. Sarsden had all that pride in the honour of his master, and his master's family, which makes a considerable part of the feelings of a faithful servant. He therefore, with a delicacy which was constitutional, avoided to speak of his master's necessities, and at first treated of the occasion as if it had been one of choice. But St. Malo, to whom the occasion was not entirely

tirely unknown, so strangely won the old man's confidence by his frank and gentle manners, that a sudden sigh, and again its frequent repetition, induced a guess at the ruin of Kingsdown.

St. Malo knew something of the human heart, but his knowledge was chiefly of its virtues. He inquired very kindly after lord Kingsdown, in one of Sarsden's moments of sighing. This was enough to draw forth all the old man's sorrows. The tears of childhood and of virtuous age are obedient to every call.

"Alas, sir!" said Sarsden, "my lord is like a noble tree, that tears the soil from which it is riven, and dies where it has lived."

St. Malo affected to be looking through a window. After a little time—"I am a stranger to lord Kingsdown," said he, "but my being so need not prevent an honourable bargain from taking place between us. Mr. Worselove

love knew not where to find me, or he would have written. He should, however, have communicated with you."

- "And now, sir," said Sarsden, who recollected his master's prejudices against the name of St. Malo, "you will remember the ancient jealousy which existed——"
- "No, Mr. Sarsden," interrupted St. Malo; "I would forget that ancient jealousy."
- "But my lord is choleric by reason of his misfortunes, and perhaps more insists upon distinctions now than in the former time. If, sir, you would submit to have the negociations for the estate conveyed through your agent, you would save his lordship some feelings of mortification. His troubles are many."

"In any way, Mr. Sarsden, which may best suit your views of his lord-ship's interests," replied St. Malo. "I mean to set off for London to-morrow. I will dispatch Mr. Worselove to Kingsdown,

Kingadown, and with him you may armage the terms of the sale."

We need not say that Sansden rejoiced at his success; but he had a difficult task to perform. Lord Kingsdown's prejudices appeared to be inveterate, and he would hardly be brought to submit to any terms which a St. Malo Saraden had on this might propose. account to accumulate proofs of the avaricious temper of Trickwell, and of the necessity to which he had been driven of seeking another purchaser. was a difficulty too prising from the gemenous disposition of the old lard; for of late he had come to a repentance of his wiolence towards Trickwell. He strongly desired to atone the injury, and the interests of himself and of his child would have been sacrificed to his uncalculating liberality, if he had been left to the award of his own judgment. It appeared then the duty of Sarsden to prewent Trickwell from breaking in upon the

the retirement of lord Kingsdown with any suspicion of a separate negociation-; conceal his views with respect to St.) 14lo, till the final arrangement of advantageous terms; and, against that moment, to provide for himself such a justification of his conduct as he knew the fury of his lord would require. It was a happy reflection that he should be justified to his own conscience, for having secured to his master a part of his property; but unless he should have the forgiveness of his lord, as well as the smile of Emily, his satisfaction would be incomplete. This satisfaction he would endeavour to obtain by every prudent preparation.

The arrival of St. Male in England was soon made known to Trickwell. That man of cumping had a lively apprehension of what might happen, if a righer hidder than himself should start we for the estate of Kingadown; he therefore resolved to come to an immediate bargain,

bargain, by closing with some of Sarsden's rejected proposals. This he knew he could do, and with great profit to himself; but still, in the dictation of narrower terms, he would have gratified the spirit both of avarice and of revenge.

Trickwell called upon Sarsden at his house, and with words of oily softness he canted of accommodation, of liberality, of generosity; and in the end, to the surprise of the honest old steward, he recurred to terms which, but a few days before, he had positively rejected. Poor Sarsden was not prepared for these offers. He knew the power of Trickwell, and he feared that he would threaten the exercise of that power. If he suspected another bidder, he would precipitate the sale, to the ruin of those better prospects which offered for the old nobleman, through the liberality of St. Malo. den strove for a delay. Trickwell declared that he would proceed to the castle. tle, and make known his generous offers to lord Kingsdown himself. He went farther; he hinted that the outrage which had been committed on his person was not forgotten, and that it might yet be referred to the law for redress.

The time had been when Sarsden would, in unqualified terms, have declared his opinion of the man who could so soon repent of his forbearance, and give utterance to such a threat. It was hard for him to dissemble, but he contrived to restrain his contempt. The steward begged to be allowed the necessary time for laying the proposals which Trickwell had made before his lord. He despaired of receiving his answer on that day, or on the next: after the feast—the day after the feast should witness his agreement or refusal. With much entreaty Trickwell was prevailed upon to wait; and on the afternoon preceding the feast, the old steward repaired to his master, and explained to him that he had reason to expect expect a London agent, who would offer more advantageous terms than might be hoped from Trickwell.

The old lord was very much inclined to favour Trickwell. He could not but think that he was a very mild, a goodnatured, though a mistaken man, and that he was entitled to some remuneration for what he had so patiently suffered. In occasions like the present, Sarsden thought that his master was never so reasonable as when he remembered his daughter. So the steward sighed and pronounced the name of Miss Emily.

"Ay, ay," cried the old nobleman, "do what you think will be the best for Emily, Sarsden, but do not behave ungenerously to Mr. Trickwell."

This permission was all which Sarsden desired, and was more than he had ventured to expect. He rose, and was about to leave the room, when lord Kingsdown inquired—" Does this Lon-

don

don agent belong to St. Malo? I hope not."

We will not undertake to say that Sarsden did not hear this question. He was on the outside of the door, but the door was not closed. He was neither in nor out of the room. Of disrespect to his master and friend we must surely acquit him. He very suddenly closed the door.

"He does not hear me," said the old lord; "I know not that it matters; St. Malo is abroad."

Some time after dinner, Emily quitted her sent, and throwing aside the window-drapery, she perceived that the night was fine, and that the moon had risen high in the heavens. She beckoned to Luton, and leaving Laura Feversham to amuse her father, she proceeded with her tutor towards the chapel.

The night was very calm and beautiful, and there was a grateful freshness in the

the air, which seemed to trick up the earth with life, and the skies with gladness. The stars glittered, and there were no visible clouds about the moon. At the farthest distance to which the eye could reach, there was a black circle, which interfered with the brightness, though it did not diminish the beauty of the night—a congregation of vapours, which might by and by steal over the splendid watch-lamps of heaven, and leave to earth the darkness which was its first inheritance. At present it formed a fine contrast to the splendid lights which it encompassed, and the eye was contented with what the heart dreaded.

From an interstice of the buildings through which Luton and Emily passed, there was a fine view of the sea. The tide was heaving from its bed, and the accumulating waters beat upon the rock upon which the castle was situate with a deep and awful sound. The dark cloud

cloud which hung upon the horizon gave to the waves which rolled beneath a terrible blackness, while the moon, as she rose to the centre of the heavens, glanced her bright and silvery rays into the gloom, intersecting and varying the reflection as she moved along.

- "Stay, stay, good Luton!" exclaimed Emily; "here we have an object which must not pass without notice. It is fine! it is grand! I would always live near the sea."
- "And so would I," returned Luton; and yet there are those who think the prospect blank."
- "They are blanks who think so," eried Emily; "I have been used to the sea from my infancy, and yet every day it gives me fresh sensations."
- "Those who think," returned Luton,
 "must ever find in the sea a noble subject of contemplation. Considered as
 water, a mere body of water—"
- "Yes, yes," interrupted Emily, "it is vol. I. Heak

weak enough in drope; but, ch! what is it not in its mighty congregation.

"And how many and, how magnificant are its appearances!" said Luton; "and yet to some it has but one aspect."

" If wisdom be of the east;" returned Emily, " they have no eastern aspect who thinks so. But these are reckeners who know the north from the south who can tell us that the land is green. and the sea blue or brown. Colours are: to them without connexion; their hearts. cannot dance upon the calm wave, and they do not buffet with the violent tem-The bubble of the water is to, them air-they cannot allow that it is fall of life, and pregnant with idea; they have not the ingenuity of the clown who. discovered, that if a man go to the water, he drowns himself-that if the water come to him, he drowns not himself"

"Miss Kingsdown," saids the clergy-.
man, gravely, for he always, dreaded the
wildness

Rapily, this is the place from which the exterior of the chapel appears to great advantage by moonlight."

"I mix aware of it," replied Emily, as showntimed to fix her eyes upon some object; which was at the bottom of the rock, and near the seat "What is it that stands youder, the shade of which I discern?" inquired she. "Can there be a man at this time, and in so stronge a position—his arms outstretched?"

Lution went to a walk and stooping over it, he perceived the object to which Ranky pointed to be the cross of stoke which her ancester had cructed to the memory of the unknown foreigner—he telil her what it was:

"You shall include me," said she;
"we will go to this cross. I have never
marked the spot. The swanger was
founds with his feet touthed by the water. Most lonely! how dangerous! Had
the never carried him so for safety?

H 2 They

They have been the tomb of worth, of genius, of courage; were they the couch and chariot of this stranger? did he walk the waves?"

"Hush! hush! hush!" involuntarily shrinking as he spoke, exclaimed Luten; "there was but one—there is but one who—Yet, hush! hush! hush! Come along, Miss Emily! another time we will visit the cross."

"No other time," cried Emily, who perhaps became the more desirous to proceed as she perceived the good man's reluctance—"no other time! night is the fittest time for such a service—the moon is the best guide to such a place—the stars are the best witnesses of such a duty! it is a duty to see all, know all, inquire all, of such a man! Show me the way, Luton, for I will find the cross!"

It was in vain that Luton persuaded—Emily was determined. Some of the little obstinacy, and much of the romantic enthusiasm of her nature, seemed to

be aroused. She glided away before her tutor, and in a few minutes she would have been beyond his call, but distant from her object, if the good man had not signified his consent to accompany her.

Emily stopped, and guided by Luton, she descended a precipitate and difficult steep, by a path which was almost lost amidst weeds, and by the remains of steps which had once been perfect in the rock.

- "It is a rough way, Luton," said Emily.
- "It is a dangerous one," said Luton, as he crept along by the high barrier of rocks, at as great a distance from the encroaching wave as the narrowness of the remaining path would admit.
- "Why, what an impertinent wave was that!" cried Emily; "I have no mind to such a salute by moonlight," she continued, as she took out her hand-kerchief to wipe the water from her neck.

н 3 " I am

"I am blinded by the spray," said I atton; "it has splashed into my eyes."

"The sea is an enemy to cariosity," neturned Emily, " or it is at enmity with our purpose; and yet we do not want to explore its depths."

"No, Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the clargyman; "we shall be quite contented with a safe walk upon its harders."

The path widened, and the wanderers reached the cross. It was a rough monument, but the spot which it marked was remarkable. It stood on a small bay, which, at the highest flow of the tide, admitted of a safe landing-place, though it was not approachable from the land, on account of two massy purjections of rock, but at low water. The sea, when it was at its height, reached the foot of the cross, but no farther.

"And here," said Early, " the lord Kingsdown of Charles's day found the mysterious Instell by the water, it is certain that my successor thust have had leisure for his acquaintance before he took him to the castle, for he must have waited here till the fall of the tide. The water does not now come within a dozen yards of the cross."

- "But it will soon approach nearer, Miss Emily," replied Laston, who thought only of returning; "I wish very much to regain youder projection. We cannot remain here much longer with safety."
- "We will return," said Emily; "I will but mark the inscription."
- "There is the date only," replied Luton impatiently; "the stranger was found in sixteen hundred and forty."
- "In sixteen hundred and forty!" said Emily, "why that is---"
- "A long time since," cried Luton, as he took hold of the arm of his pupil, and hurried her from the spot.

H 4. "A century

- "A century and a half—exactly a hundred and fifty years," continued Emily; "do you know the month, the day?"
- "Why, by the tide-table-" replied Luton.
- "What a plague has my question to do with the tide-table?" asked Emily.
- "True, my love, very true! the water will not be at that point this half-hour."
- "Then why do you hurry me away at this amazing pace?" continued Emily; "I shall fall! I shall fall!"
- "Let us pass this corner, and then you shall make choice of any pace," said Luton, as he steered his charge in very good time round the dreaded projection. "There now, my love, you may linger as you please," said he.
- "Yes, here I may linger," returned Emily; "but this scene is unconnected with the stranger and the cross."
 - "I hope it is!" ejaculated Luton, as he

he lifted up his eyes with an expression of awe.

" No, it is not totally unconnected with the stranger," rejoined Emily; "for over these sands lord Kingsdown carried his burden. The print of generosity should never be erased. Help me, Luton, to find a footmark on the sands. Ha! it is curious and unaccountable enough; here is a mark which does not belong to you or to me; it is a late impression; it is not the print of the hospitable host."

"We have been tracked," said Luton: " one of the servants, who came to caution us of the tide, saw us returning, and is, most likely, in waiting near the ascent."

"Up that ascent," continued Emily, "my ancestor toiled. It was natural, it was a thing of habit, to save a father from the flames—an Anchises was entitled to such an act of duty; but to take up from the shore a desolate outн 5

cast, and to bear him with the tenderness of kindred love from loneliness and danger to society and security—why surely such an act——"

Was worthy," interrupted Luton, of a better return than a dark denunciation. My dear Miss Kingsdown, do not talk of that strange man! It is better to have one's thoughts and words among probabilities. For my part, I do not like uncertain paths."

"And I hate slippery ones!" exclaimed Emily, as she fell to the ground.

Luton, in great alarm, stooped to raise her; but in a moment she turned round, and sitting upon the first step of the rock, which she was soon to ascend—"And what," said she, " are your fancied certainties? Why, like this way in which you have hurried me, they deceive, and bring you to the ground. If you travel into a sphere with which you are not acquainted, you arrive at certainty by proving an uncertainty. As in the

the present case, security is no constant possession; it confuses the calculator, while it surprises the unwary. But, oh that security had been about my path!"

To the kind and affectionate fears of Luton, Emily would return no satisfying answer. Her spirits had on the sudden regained their liveliness of tone, and seriousness was not allowed to mingle in her replies. Upon the subject of the stranger she would have spoken, for her feelings were much interested in all which regarded him; but Luton had some weak dread of his name and remains, and could not be brought to engage in any speculations of which he formed a part. The lively girl at length agreed to accompany her tutor to the chapel, and in a few minutes she arrived with the good man at the entrance to one of the ruined aisles.

"This perspective is beautiful!" said she. "I very much regret that the interior of the chapel was ever contracted:

As

As it was a ruin, it should have remained so; those fine arches should never have been filled."

The light of the moon fell obliquely through one of the shattered windows of the outward walls, and rested upon the sculptured features of a warrior of the house of Kingsdown. The figure which was thus irradiated was of white marble, and at the distance at which Emily and Luton stood, it had the appearance of an enshrouded corpse. Over the tomb was the staff of a banner. The ensign had been long mouldered into dust, and even the staff seemed tottering over the grave of the warrior.

This monument was situate nearly at the top of the aisle. The wall beyond had in part crumbled away, leaving a gap which was large enough for the admission of a man. The vacancy was nearly concealed by the gloom, while the rays of light which glanced through the shattered window on the right, fell athwart

thwart the path which led from the opening.

"I will make a separate drawing of this aisle," said Emily; "its particular appearance I shall well remember—its line of shade, the intersection, the sudden and bold intrusion of the rays through that window—the glare upon the face of that figure gradually softened towards the crest—the gloom beyond. I am glad that we peeped in at this aisle. We will now take a view of the exterior of the chapel. The light will be too full upon this side; it will be more solemn, more entirely a moonlight scene, on the opposite side of the building. But, first, my dear ancestor, I will learn your name. I question whether you be not indebted to the moon for my admiration."

Emily went up the aisle towards the tomb, and she read upon a sculptured scroll the name of—

EDMUND

EDMUND LORD KINGSDOWN,

Who devoted himself to the cause of Charles I.

And terminated a life of loyalty by a noble, an heroic death, at the Battle of Naseby.

"Ay, ay," cried Emily, "go when we will, we shall leave behind us a loyal name. My ancestors knew well enough how to die for their king's necessities; but they never learned how to live by their king's munificence. I suppose this is the hospitable lord who bore the majestic stranger to his castle. And this—"She stooped down upon the pavement, and by the aid of the moon she traced the words—"mystery" and "foreigner."

"Here," cried she, "close by his host, lies the wonderful man. I am very happy in this discovery. Gentlemen, while I remain at Kingsdown, you shall often receive visits from me. Accept the testimonies of our high consideration!"

She returned to Luton.—" One more glance,"

glance," she cried, " to deepen my remembrance."

shoulder, and in that way leaning upon the good man, she looked again upon the tomb of her ancestor. The moon had a little varied her position, and her rays fell more slantingly towards the rufnous wall at the top of the aisle. The banner-staff, which for so many years had surmounted the grave of lord Kingsdown, fell suddenly, and with a great noise.

Emily shrieked; but her terror was increased by another object. A pale hand was seen to rest upon the tottering wall; the eye wandered from it, and beheld a human form.

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Emily, "what is that figure?"

Luton looked, and he discerned, or thought that he discerned, a figure like that of the foreigner in the picture. The same habit, the same dark, awful, and commanding commanding features, the same solemn, lofty, and imposing form.

"Do you—do you see that man?" shrieked Emily, as she turned away her face, and threw herself upon the bosom of Luton.

"What wretch are you?" cried Luton, with a voice which was tremulous with strange emotion. "How dare you venture upon this juggling trick?"

The good man looked, as he spoke, towards the object of Emily's alarm. He looked, but the opening was left vacant, and the moon and the voice of the wind found an unobstructed entrance.—" It is a bold and impudent trick," said Luton, "and I should like to have the author of it punished. Look up, my love—there is nothing to alarm you."

"Are you sure of that?" inquired Emily, as she raised her head, and looked fearfully up the aisle. "Oh, I have been much terrified! What folly! I wonder

I wonder that people should take pleasure in playing upon our silly fears, knowing that such play is painful."

She closed her speech with a louder shriek than she had yet uttered, for the same figure again presented itself in the same place. At the moment too a stranger entered the aisle by the archway under which Luton supported Emily, and advanced to the assistance of the affrighted girl. Luton, in obedience to a first and resolute impulse, gave Emily into the arms of the stranger, and rushing up the aisle, passed through the gap in which the figure had rested. Masses of broken walls, tufts of long grass, the flaunting motion of a streaming ash, the distant and hollow murmur of the sea, and the play of the night-breeze, were all that offered to the notice of Luton, and these were accountable in nature. The good man was convinced that his senses had been practised upon by imposture, so he urged

his inquiries and pursuit beyond the precincts of the chapel. The moon-beams glittered about his head with a gentle lustre, and the dew sparkled at his feet, as if it had been before untrodden. Whereseever he went, there was a colon which decided his anxiety; and nature seemed to be so much in love with peace, that she could not be thought to have furnished cause for surprise or for impatience.

Recathless, and despairing of the attainment of any satisfying conclusion, the good clergyman reared himself against a huge tree, that he might recover his strength, and recollect his purpose. He had nearly reasoned himself into the belief, that all which had happened was error, when the last words of the foreigner recurred so forcibly to his remembrance, and so entirely arrested his attention, that either he heard them uttered by a deep and distant voice, or his fancy became the conquerer of fact.

" It

It shall fall—it shall fall when the adder winds about its base, and when the turret top is gilded by the sun of fortune.

List blessing shall be when it crumbles; its day of wee shall come in the time of gladness; and when it turns to the heavens with amiles, it shall see the pair.

Woe to thy friends, and to thine engines prosperity! The moss that closes thy fell shall aid thy ruin, and the hand which brings thee bonour shall lead thee to diagrace."

The good man clung for a time to the tree. He was overcome with honor; but no sooner had he regained his non-posure, then he henped upon himself an abuse which bone no affinity to his usual patience and moderation. The occasion—the night—his fears—were all to be ridiculed; but at the moment that he acknowledged this, he felt how superior are our fettrs to our reason; and that

that neither habit, nor pride, nor prayer, the knowledge of what is right, nor the conviction of what is possible, can at all times prepare our feelings against surprise, and give to them the control of occasions. He had a deep feeling of horror at his heart; and it was in vain that he knew what was common, or considered what was true. The time, and its events, had placed their impression upon the record of what was past; and whether the inscription were a truth or a fallacy, it was made important by the force of present feeling, and it had been written that it might be read. wish," cried the good man, "that I could make this night a blank, and forget it for ever; but, like the bite of a viper, its mark will remain."

Luton returned with his best speed to the chapel. He found Emily seated upon a tomb, and conversing with the stranger to whose care he had committed her. Luton at first looked suspiciously

ciously upon the stranger; but by the little light which was afforded to him, he saw features of so much nobleness and candour, that he could not but acquit him of every share in the transactions of the night. Emily had found, too, in the gentle and soothing tones of his voice, in his winning and kind attentions, and in his form, as far as her eye had reached, a stranger whose intrusion might be pardoned.

The stranger acknowledged that he had been tempted to ascend the rock from the shore, to take a nearer survey of the castle; that he had followed to the chapel, and that he did not repent the impertinence which had subjected him to such a duty.—"But," added he, "though I have not seen the extraordinary figure that occasioned your alarm, I hope, in my way back, to be greeted by his presence. I have many thanks to pay him."

"I pray you, sir," said Emily, "do not

not jest about him. He may be at my chow now."

"No, madam," said the stranger, as with a smile he placed himself at Eini-ly's elbow, "I assure you that I am' no ghost."

"Indeed; sir," said Emily, with great warmth, "I hope that you are not-Good-night!"

She held out her hand, and the stranger, pressing it, said—" Good-night!" and hurried from the chapel.

Luton and Emily returned in silence to the castle:

CHAPTER V.

Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing lour,
The bad afright, afflict the best;
Bound in thy adamantine chair,
The proud are taught to taste of pain.
GRAY's Ode to Adversity.

LUTON would not suffer himself to speak to Emily of his fears. He had felt an alarm for which he could assign no cause, and for which he could furnish no excuse; and the awe and apprehension. which were consequences of that alarm, which were too powerful to be resisted, and yet too unaccountable to be acknowledged; he resolved, with his best care, to shelter and conceal. There was no one in the castle, who would venture to sport with his feelings, or with those of Emily;

Emily; and for the neighbourhood, he knew that its inhabitants were unacquainted with the slight circumstances of the foreigner, and were moreover too much interested in the family of Kingsdown to jest with their misfortunes. was plain then, that if a trick of idleness or of malice had been practised, that the performers of it were not to be found in the castle or its environs. If imposture had been ventured, the jugglers must be sought—where? Among strangers? To what end, and by whose information. had strangers acted in such a scene? The good man puzzled himself to no purpose; no probable solution could be found to the mystery; his principles opposed superstition; events induced it. His faith forbade what his senses allowed.

As for Emily, her fears were strangely divided. Much that was pleasant mingled with her thoughts; and in her dreams all gloomy visions were dismissed

by what appeared to her one bright reality. As it is in life, good came hand in hand with evil, and joy trod upon the heels of pain. But joy was the last possession, so, as the lovely girl was very much disposed towards its reception, she awoke with it in the morning. the morning of her father's last feast to his friends; she might, therefore, be excused for rising at so early an hour. Laura was yet asleep when Emily advanced to her bed. The amiable girl opened her eyes upon the bright countenance of her friend. She saw that there was much to be communicated, so she arose, and suffered herself to be led to the chapel.

"Now," cried Emily, "you shall mark the resolution of a heroine. This place is a scene of terrors, and yet I brave all terrors to reach this place."

"I have no bravery," said Laura quietly, " with which to meet terrors.

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M you apprehend any here, I beg that I may quit this place."

"Do not fear," cried Emily, as she took up the banner-staff which had fallen across the bosom of its lord, "do not fear; I have extraordinary courage, and a long spear with which to desend you.—Listen!"

The lively girl rambled over the occurrences of the preceding night, while Laura sat beside her on a tomb, and shuddered at her relation; but the close of the story was that part in which. Emily was the most interested.

Laura listened, and wondered at the spirit of her friend.

"When I recovered my senses," said Emily, "I found myself sitting upon this tomb, and supported, as I thought, by the arms of Luton, my head leaning upon his breast.—'Oh, dear Luton!' said I, 'is the ghost gone?' He was tasky in returning an answer. At last,

· No

'No - Yea,' broke from his lips.—
'Then,' said I, 'I suppose that he is half gone. Pray desire him to go entirely, and say that I am sufficiently frightened."

"How could you jest at such a time?" inquired Laura.

"Because I had been so long serious," replied Emily. "But listen of the stranger.—'How long have you held me in this way?' said I.—'But a minute,' said he, in the softest tone: I had my head down again upon his breatt.—'Well,' said I, 'it is a most terrible affair! What do you think of it?' He replied by gently pressing me closer to his bosom."

- "How distressing!" cried Laura ..
- "Why, yes," answered Emily; "only that it was a mistake."
- "But, my dear Emily: " rejoin-
 - "I know," interrupted Emily, "it

was very improper; it was shockingly improper; but, after all, Laura, it was a mistake. Well—'Pray, Luton,' said ,' if the ghost be gone, let us go to the castle; but you must carry me in your arms, for my knees tremble so, that verily I cannot walk."

"." How very perplexing!" exclaimed Laura, with her usual gentleness.

Was it not?" asked Emily.

-icf I really feel for you!" said Laura.

"And so did the stranger, I make no thoubt of ii," continued Emily. "But you must know, Laura, that I began to suspect some mistake."

: "I wonder you did not suspect that before," said Laura.

"Psha, Laura! you know that I am not suspicious."

"I dare say," returned Laura, "that the stranger knows that."

"You are very sly, Laura," said Emily; "but I pray you be attentive! I turned

turned my face to look at Luton, when, lo! I beheld a face that dazzled me even by moonlight."

- "Hush, Emily!" cried Laura, as she looked around.
- "Now, Laura," exclaimed Emily, "if you could produce that face and form here, beneath the morning sun, you would make me invincible to all ghosts for ever and ever."
- "Hush, Emily! hush!" again cried Laura. "But you shrieked on making the discovery, did you not?"
- "Why—yes," answered Emily, in a sort of way, a kind of low, pleasurable shriek; "but I was prevented from making a great noise."
- "You alarm me, Emily!" said Laura, with shrinking timidity. "In what way did he prevent you?"
- "Why, by a look of so much gentle assurance—"
 - "Assurance!" exclaimed Laura.

 Emily replied—" Yes, yes, Laura, assurance,

summer, in Addison's sense of the word mot impertinence—an assurance which calmed all fears, accompanied by words which made me perfectly contented to wait for Luton."

"The good man was not long, I hope, in coming?" said Laura.

"Why, the measurement of time very much depends upon our feelings," returned Emily. "Luton did not appear for the space of half an hour; and in that time I told the stranger of the cause of my terrors, and suffered him to talk away my pains."

"What a strange occurrence? said
Laura.

"Will any thing come of it?" inquired Emily.

"I must hope not," replied her friend.

"Indeed, Laura, you and I have very different feelings upon the subject," said Emily.

"And what," asked Laura, "do you desire to be the consequence?"

"I desire

- "I desire to see the stranger again," replied Emily.
- "On what account?" inquired her friend.
- "How exceedingly dull!" cried Emily. "On what account! why, on account of his good-looking face and pretty behaviour."
- "It was very gracious in the moon," said Laura, "to give you so distinct a view of him."
- "Yes," cried Emily, with quickness;
 "I cannot but be curious to see him by
 a better light."
- "He would not please you so well," mid Laura.
- "Then I would transfer him to you," returned Emily; "for, after all, he is a kind of man that would suit you."

Laura blushed.

Emily went on—" Do not look so silly, Laura! He would suit you. That gentle, mild, slow-moving blue eye, which you would admire—an eye that

does more execution than a rapid one; and yet I like the bright dark eye. Histones, too, were worthy to worship the moon, so soft, so clear A plague of the moonlight! I shall never think of it without fancying myself in the presence of dark ghosts and fair persons,"

- "A plague of the moonlight, indeed!" cried Laura; "it has done you infinite mischief."
- "Why, as to the mischief which it has done me," said Emily, "I do not complain of that; we must undergo some pain or danger in the pursuit of intelligence. I have grown very sensible, and full of information, since last night."
- "There is indeed a very evident improvement in you," said Laura, with a smile.
- "Then do not complain of the moonlight," returned Emily. "But what shall I do?"
 - " Forget the affair of last night, and prepare

prepare for the duties of the day," replied Laura.

- "Are they solemn?" inquired Emily.
- "Yes," answered her friend.
- "Then I will weep with you," said Emily, as she hung down her head, and with an instantaneous change of look, began to shed tears.—"I am," said she, "in that sort of humour which the waving of a straw, as it appears on the instant, might convert into joy or sorrow. And now, Laura, that this is grief, in all the form of tears, I could laugh as madely as the extravagance of frenzy."

"You must restrain and govern these impulses, Emily; they are dangerous."

"I thank you, Laura; I will believe you, Laura," said Emily, affecting to curtsey; "but as for the government of these impulses, I will think of it. I have not been taught it, and I do not think that I can teach myself."

"I will assist you, Emily," said Laura, as she threw her arm about the next visible in all his looks and actions; the deductions of art might have been traced to their origin in the play of his passions; and, as Falstaff says of himself—" I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men;" so it might have been said of lord Kingsdown, that as he was learned in nature only, nature was to be learned in him.

The old nobleman had no desire that this should be a day of frivolous merriment; no, he wished that a solemn satisfaction might prevail through its continuance—that, as its observance in this way was a duty, there might arise from its performance to all a feeling, a growing feeling, of sedate and grateful pleasure; and yet he was sensible in his own bosom of a slow, a perpetual, an immoveable pain. He felt an irritating, humoursome obstruction in his throat, which impeded his articulation, or reduced his voice to a whisper. He could

not

not look steadily at any single object, and to the human face his eyes seemed to have an aversion. There was, too, a duty of the day, to which he felt himself utterly incapable, that of giving directions to his servants. The hall in which he meant to dine needed some of his attentions; there were some customary embellishments which required to be removed, and others which needed to be added; but when he went to superintend these necessary preparations, he happened to rest his eye upon a portrait of his father, and to transfer his notice. to another picture of himself at the time of his majority. The recollection of past triumph became too powerful for his present resolution, and before his servants could question among each other. the cause of his emotion, he was absent from their gaze and their inquiry.

He chanced to meet Emily, as he crossed a gallery to his library.—" My love,"

love," said he, " we will quit England on Monday."

"On Monday!" cried Emily. "Not so soon, not so soon! this is Thursday; we cannot leave Kingsdown on Monday."

"Do you desire your father's death?" asked the old lord, with a stern look.

"Heaven save my father to his Emily!" exclaimed the daughter. " I shall be ready to go with you whenever you please."

"And I, my lord!" said Luton, solemnly, as he emerged from an adjoining room.

Fix your own time—fix your own time," said the old nobleman, surrendering his purpose at the first intimation of a concession.

"On Monday then, since you have named that day," said Emily.

"The sooner the better, Emily," cried lord Kingsdown, as he hastened along the

the gallery, and shut himself up in his library.

There he gave full indulgence to his overpowering feelings, exclaiming at times, as was usual with him in such moments of ecstacy, whether of joy or of grief—" I am a fool! a great, old fool!"

When he had a little recovered himself, he began to reflect on what might be expected of him on that day. His health would, no doubt, be proposed, and in his hearing. The old nobleman had a little of the vanity of speech-making—a vanity which, notwithstanding its apparent harmlessness, produces a great deal of mischief in this our world—we say, that the old nobleman was a little fond of speech-making. We must have him excused, on the present occasion, for endeavouring, with some anxiety, to concoct a suitable oration.

He took his seat in an armed chair, which stood near a round table, and leaning

leaning his cheek upon his hand, he strove to study his thoughts into composure; but his feelings were too rebellious to allow of any tolerable length of calm; so no sooner had he strung together half-a-dozen well-assorted sentences, than his reflections became confused. If he had known, what all who knew him had often observed, how much it was in the power of his own ardent feelings to find an ardent expression without premeditation, he would have saved himself all preparatory labour, and have trusted to his household deity—the guiding spirit of the moment. His silent study was so very unsatisfactory, his repeated attempts at arrangement were so very unsuccessful, that he determined to fancy the presence of the occasion, and to prove his powers of immediate expression. Accordingly he placed the forefinger and thumb of each hand upon the table, and lifting himself from his chair in that position, bending forward

forward as he spoke, he commenced his harangue—" My neighbours and friends—"

For some cause, which we cannot pretend to explain, the old nobleman was dissatisfied with this arrangement of qualities. There was nothing particularly objectionable in such a beginning; but the good lord seemed to fancy that it was defective, so he recommenced his speech—" My friends and neighbours——"

He paused; the change pleased him; there was something in the sound which induced him to repeat again—" My friends and neighbours—That will do," said he. He went on—" You have once more been pleased to testify an affection towards me and my family——" The old nobleman paused again.

"I must suppose," said he, "that with my name they will couple good wishes for my poor Emily."

That affection of the throat which had troubled the good lord throughout the morning again returned, and with more decided

decided symptoms; he could not speak for some time. We cannot but think that the prospect of leaving Kingsdown was so terrible and afflicting to the venerable man, that he began to suspect his powers of endurance. We fancy that he knew his weakness; that he was sware how soon he should cease to be a burden to any foreign soil, and of the many dangers to which his Emily—the last Kingsdown—must be exposed, when he should be at peace.

At length—"Yes," said he, "my friends will certainly allude to the poor girl, and to that family whose name she bears. I am afraid that my weakness will not allow of such a form of speech as my situation and dignity require; I believe I must be contented to say, or rather mutter, a very few words. This old heart is treacherous to me at last, and will supply hot water with that of any whimpering dame on my domain. My domain! where is that? A plague of all

all fools, young and old! and of old fools, he who was a Kingsdown is the greatest."-After a little while-" I would bear myself," said he, "respectably while I remain among them. Emily must support me through these duties; and she will support me! the poor girl is very worthy to sit on my right hand: but what will this ceremony be when the shall be left alone, and her father shall be away from her side? why it will be a remembrance; and what remembrance? a remembrance of a desolate hall-of a broken-hearted fatherof forgetful friends, and a lost country. Alas! my poor weak girl! thou wilt not have enough to enable thee to lay thy father in the crumbling tomb of his ancestors."

The venerable man became sensible of a dizziness. He could not see distinctly; every object was lined and clouded; and all which was in the room,

hay, even the room itself, seemed to be floating away from him. He reached his hand to a bell which was behind his chair, and ringing it violently, he sank speechless, and apparently lifeless, upon the table.

Emily had observed her father's anxiety; she heard the ringing of his bell, and she became alarmed. She was at the door of the library at the same instant with a servant, and she entered, to see the hopeless situation of her father.— "He is dead! he is dead!" she cried, as she flew to the assistance of the servant, and raised the venerable man in his chair. That strength and vigour of age which she had been proud to contemplate had now declined, and the hue and the helplessness of death were discernible in their stead. The sorrow of a few days had overcome the growth of many years, and that manliness of spirit, which could have borne physical evil.

evil, was subdued by a dispensation which reached only to its habits and prejudices.

"He is dead! he is dead! my father is dead!" cried Emily, as she delivered herself up to the agonies of grief.

Luton heard her lamentations, and in extreme terror hastened to the library.

"It is a bilious fit, sir," said an officious servant, who observed the grief and consternation of Luton; "I saw that his lordship looked pale and vapourish when he came into the hall."

Luton frequently acted as family physician, and on the present occasion he did not suffer his feelings to prevent the exercise of his experience; he trusted that this suspension of animation would prove but momentary, and that the agitation of which it was a consequence would yield to a state of comparative tranquillity. His care was both to restore his old patron and friend, and to silence

milmee the alarm of his pupil Emily.
—" Be not alarmed, my love!" said he,
" his lordship revives."

Emily took the hartshorn from the servent, and with restored hope she bathed the temples of her father.

"It is a sore fainting fit, which may return often upon his lordship," said the same officious servant. His croaking was not attended to, so he would try another evil upon his master. "It is," said he, "a palsy fit, with a swimming tremblation in the head."

"I pray you, Harry," said Luton, with more harshness than was common to him, "to swim away with your fits; leave your master to recover from his tremblation."

At this moment the venerable nobleman became sensible of the attentions of Emily, and he looked upon her, as she continued to chase his temples and his forehead. He did not speak till the library

Luton, of all the domestics that had assembled about his chair; and then his feelings were too many, mixed, and powerful, to allow of immediate utterance. His eyes first filled with tears, and several large drops rolled down his cheeks; the bosom of poor Emily swelled with emotion, and scarcely could she support herself from fainting. She breathed a sigh, which evinced how much there was within that she could neither hide nor reveal.

Luton passed round the chair of his patron, and drew a seat for his pupil. Emily sank down by the side of her father, and with her arms about his neck she bowed her face upon his breast.

The good clergyman took out his handkerchief, and stationing himself behind the two whom he loved, he indulged his grief, because it was unobserved.

" My

"My dear Emily!" said the old lord.

Emily would have looked up and answered, but she could only sob.

"Emily!" again cried the unhappy • nobleman.

"Sir! my father!" sighed Emily.

"I think—" Lord Kingsdown could not say on; he was impatient with himself. He began to curl the tresses, the beautiful dark tresses of Emily, about his fingers, while his lips quivered, and in spite of his best efforts, he watered the head of his child with his tears. At length—" Emily!" said he.

"My dear father!" again sighed Emily.

The old lord went on.—" I think,
Emily, that I shall scarcely survive this
parting from Kingsdown; I am now of
a great age, and I find a weakness at my
heart."

He was obliged to pause again. Emily cried aloud, while Luton with difficulty restrained his sighs from escaving beyond their quiet expression.

The

The old lord began his sentence once more.—"I am now of a great age, and I find a weakness at my heart, which forbids me to hope that I shall long protect you."

"No, my father! no!" cried Emily;
"I will die with you!"

"Heaven in its mercy grant you may!" solemnly responded lord Kingsdown.

Luton could not forbear; a treacherous sigh passed into a groan, and broke from his burdened heart, and made its way through his lips.

"Luton! my good Luton!" said the old lord.

Luton advanced.—"My venerated lord," was on his tongue, but he could not speak it. His knees, too, felt so weak and so disjointed, that he could not stand; so he knelt down before his friend.

Lord Kingsdown put his hand upon the head of the good clergyman.—"You do not," said he, "need my blessing; but God bless you!"

"My

- "My dear, dear lord!" said Luton, as he took the hand of the venerable man, and kissed it.
 - " Luton, when I am dead-"

Emily could not bear this intimation.

—"Oh, my father!" she cried, "not yet; you need not yet prepare us for your loss. Have pity on me! If you die, I cannot live."

- "Life," said lord Kingsdown, "is not so slippery a tenant of your breast, Emily, as of mine. Griefs must be borne, and Heaven gives us strength to bear them."
- "Oh! let it give you strength then to bear this!" exclaimed Emily.
- "Yes, yes," cried the old nobleman, in pity for his child, "Heaven will aid me through it; but then, even then, a shortened term must be all my hope. Therefore, my Emily, I would make what preparation I can for your preservation and happiness. An extravagant father—an extravagant father, Emily!"

"Oh,

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Emily; "there is no blame—there shall be no blame; the dearest, the kindest—my only parent!"

" No, Emily, you have another parent," said lord Kingsdown; "a more powerful, a better parent, and to him I must leave you; I am decaying, my child, and you must trust to Luton and to Heaven."

Emily could only weep. Luton rose from the ground, and took her hand.

"I am a mere child, Luton," continued the old lord, "a mere child. I have no strength either of mind or of body to be of service to you in your charge; therefore at once I resign it to you. Take care of Emily, and remember that her possessions are—my name and honour; and, for the rest, if you can, without great injury to my child, see me buried in the old chapel of my castle, do. You will give my bones their proper bed and right companions." "There,

K 2

"There, sir, we shall lie together," sobbed Emily.

"Yes, my dear lord," sighed Luton, who had an hereditary right to a companionship, "there the Kingsdowns and their old servant shall have peace and honour."

The old nobleman brightened at this assurance.—"It is well—it is well!" said he.

At this moment Laura's gentle tap was heard at the door, and she was admitted by Luton. The tender girl had just then learned the illness of her venerable friend; she came to console her Emily.

Lord Kingsdown, as soon as he saw her, stretched out his hand for her acdeptance. All his views were now for his child, for the loss of Kingsdown he knew would be the loss of life.—" You are come in good time, Laura," said he; "your friend there, our poor Emily, needs your assistance. She has a father who who is of no use to her but to increase her troubles: let your love be her consolation."

Laura struggled with her feelings, while she circled her friend in her arms. It was not the custom of Laura to speak of her intentions; her quiet determination was always that of kindness and of virtue, and she therefore strove to conceal it, till acts, plain and undeniable acts, should render further secrecy impossible. She knew not half her merits, though it would be folly to say that their benevolent exercise bestowed not a gladdening consciousness; they were natural, customary, active. They went about their duties, in nowise aware that those duties were extraordinary—that their performance was uncommon; and when their fruits were tasted, and were enjoyed in their ripeness and their richness she took them to be a general growth—an harvest to the gathering of which K A

which all men were led by their interest and their inclinations.

Lord Kingsdown looked for a little while without speaking upon his daughter and Laura; at length he took hold of Luton's arm, and raised himself from his chair.—" Come, my children," said he, "prepare yourselves for to-day's rejoicing. We will see our neighbours for the last time, and we must not see them with faces so solemn."

"Not to-day, sir," said Emily; "we will have the feast postponed. Your illness renders the reception of our friends impossible. The preparations shall be suspended."

"To-morrow, and the next day, and the next week," said the old lord, thoughtfully; "why, I have gone on in this way through all my life, and the suggestion of a child may at any time prevail with me to prolong this course to the end of my days. No, Emily—no,

my

my child; our neighbours must to-day be feasted in Kingsdown Castle; tomorrow—No, we will have no more fits till the last."

It was in vain to endeavour to dissuade the old nobleman. He declared that he was recovered, and, indeed, some appearance of debility was all that remained of his illness. His lofty and noble frame had regained its height and stateliness; and, but that a melancholy rested on his fine features, he presented to the eye the same look of strength, of grandeur, of venerable but unfailing majesty, for which he had long been distinguished.

He left the library leaning upon Luton's arm; and so accompanied and supported, he passed through the gallery and hall of his castle into the courtyard. Emily and Laura stood at a window, and observed him as he moved along. Emily wept bitterly. The tall towers—the lofty nobleman—the nodding ruins

K 4 —the

the drooping father—the dear, the native country, loved for all that it had of nature—loved for more that it owed to habit—the foreign land, feared, for it was unknown; and hated, for it must be sought—these were the associations of one view. Then came the last relief, the final, and the only resting-place from weariness, and pain, and poverty, and despair—the grave! so still, and yet so dreadful—so calm, and yet so terrible—so sure, yet so uncertain—the grave!

Emily could not speak all this, yet all this she thought, and she told it in her tears. The intelligence of woe was not lost upon Laura. She drew a chair for Emily, and sharing the seat with her friend, she sat down, and began very composedly and steadily to weep.

"Oh, oh!" cried Emily, "I wish, Laura, that you would go to France with me."

[&]quot; That

- "That I cannot do," returned Laura; "but I will weep for you here."
- "But there is a comfort, though it be a very selfish one, in the communion of grief; and who knows me and my father, and the cause of sorrow which we both have, so well as you?"
 - " Luton," replied Laura.
- "Dear, dear Luton!" exclaimed Emily, with the enthusiasm of her nature; "he will comfort and support my father, when I shall have no comfort, and can lend no support."
 - "You will find feeling in all lands; in France there is much friendliness," said Laura, not allowing her own value,
 - "In France," returned Emily, "there is not Laura's friendliness."
 - "We shall not be apart long," said Laura.
 - "Unless," said Emily, whose spirits were always buoyant, "unless that good-looking gentleman, of whom we talked

in the morning, should meet with you; and then——"

- " My dear Emily!" exclaimed Laura.
- "And then," continued Emily, "you would look very pretty and very complying—accept of his love, and forget my friendship."
 - "Never!" said Laura, resolutely.
- "Well," cried Emily, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, with the intention of preparing for the duties of the day, "well, I wish that this day, that this week, might glide away without my consciousness. I am full of fears for the consequences upon my father, Laura; he fails, and shrinks from what is imperative to be borne; and if he sink—"
- "Then, Emily, then you need not fly from Laura and your country. But it will not be so," said Laura; "your father will find a strength upon which he does not calculate; and then the habit and the distance, Emily."

"Yes,"

"Yes," cried Emily, interrupting her friend, "yes," said she, "the habit of being without the privileges to which we were born, will become in time a modified content. But the eye will weary of one object, and will look back."

"Courage, my Emily! courage!" cried Laura; "relief, and fortune, and happiness, come upon us as suddenly as the flash from heaven."

This was not Laura's usual strain, and she blushed.

"This is inspiration!" exclaimed Emily; "it is seldom that you bid me to rejoice—I will rejoice. Yes, Laura, to-day you shall see me as the heiress of Kingsdown, and to-morrow—you shall perhaps see me the inheritress of a name that has lost its ornament."

Her tears again fell at the sudden recollection of her grief-smitten father; and with a heart which was but little x 6 devoted devoted to the business of the day, she went with her friend to prepare for the last feast of the Kingsdowns.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence, even now, the turnult of load misth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find. MILTOX.

It is not surprising that philosophy should sometimes degenerate into misanthropy; for the conduct of mankind is not such as to make the nice observer in love with it. So few of the springs of human actions are virtuous, and so effectually opposed are our good affections by those which are bad, that the moral gazer is left without comfort in his contemplations; he has no hope of his neighbour, and no excuse for himself; his own folly, and the world's wickedness, fill up the scope of his review, and crowd his thoughts with evils which he

he cannot resist, and must hate. He escapes the prospect by forsaking his kind, and in the nourishment of his disgust he loses his nature.

A kind heart and an untutored spirit would imagine that lord Kingsdown, in his decline, found himself attended by his wealthier neighbours with every show and feeling of respect; but the learned in the world will believe that attention and respect were reserved for other ministry, and that the old lord was left to totter and to fall, in whichsoever way his fate might incline.

We do not say that those sentiments which were rejected by the wealthy, were cherished by the low; but there were tributes of the humble and the honest heart, which ceased not to flow towards the good old lord. These were of high worth, but they wanted that power of soothing which a high heart required. These came like duties, and if they had been bestowed by those of greater

greater importance, they had been no more than duties; but as it was, there existed between them all the difference of duties paid, and duties which were withheld; and if the former ceased to satisfy because they were paid, the latter continued to aggrieve by reason of their neglect.

Men who would once have courted lord Kingsdown, whose hearts would have expanded at his notice, like the leaves of the sunflower at midday, now suffered any trifling call to be superior to his invitation, and remained at a distance from his gate, canting much about pity, but feeling nothing of regret; while some called to mind former and long-adjusted differences—a proud look, a rash word; and advancing in this hour of distress a reserve of hate, they triumphed in their scorn, because it was secure.

Indeed, none of those whose birth or possessions made them equals with lord Kingsdown,

Kingsdown, appeared to answer the summons of his erring hospitality. The most unsatisfactory excuses were advanced for their absence. They felt no disposition to gratify one of whom they hoped nothing; they left their seats vacant, and they suffered the feelings that would have been soothed and tempered by their presence, to rise, and swell, and fester, in the consciousness of their own impotency.

The few that appeared in the hall of lord Kingsdown consisted of the lowliest of his tenants and neighbours. Some of these were attracted by curiosity; some by a desire to enjoy to the last that bounty in which they had revelled without a care for its consequences; and some few, some very few, came in respect for the mandate of their lord. These last were the poorer farmers of Kingsdown—a class of persons who, like the plantations about the castle, had been renewed and strengthened by their own offspring

offspring—who had become fond of the soil out of which they had grown, and of the old walls to which they had given, and from which they had derived, shelter. These came because it was a duty in them to obey the call of their superior, and because it was natural in them to recognize their own benefactor in the benefactor of their fathers—these came because, as they had felt the prosperity of their lord, they would not absent themselves from his adversity; and because, as they dared not to express their pity by words, they would render it the most fairly and truly intelligible by acts of obedience, of respect, and reverence. They had hailed the sun at his rising; he had shone on them through. a long day, enlivening, extending, maturing their comforts; they would bless him at his setting.

It was the afternoon of a fine day in May, when lord Kingsdown, leaning upon Emily and Laura, and followed by his his chaplain and steward, entered the antique hall of his castle, with the intention of feasting for the last time with his countrymen and friends. The dinner had been delayed for more than an hour, in the expectation of the arrival of guests; but these important personages not only did not arrive, but they even neglected the form of sending an apology for their absence; so that at last the good old lord, with many feelings of mortification, but without a sense of triumph, entered among his tenants.

Never was there a more perfect figure of decayed majesty than that which the venerable nobleman presented. He walked with dignified composure up the hall, towards the head of the decorated tables. Every now and then he paused to speak to his humble friends; and, as if he had been instructed by some unknown agency in the thoughts and feelings of men, his address was generally made to some one of that best division of the company whose

whose honesty we have noticed—"He was glad," he told them, "very glad to see them there. He had been unfortunate in his appointment of a day. Many of his friends were absent; some, for causes which they had given, and others, for causes which they could not give."

A few that heard him were cunningly conscious of the motives by which the absent had been determined; and they smiled, and at a distance whispered to each other; while the more candid, and those indeed who are our favourites, put their hands upon their heads, smoothed down their straight and glossy hair; and though they were awed by the presence of their lord, they looked as if they wished to denounce the contumelious herd.

There was one of these, Thomas Swiney, a man who had often defended the character of his lord, to the danger of his limbs, and who prized the name of Kingsdown above his own safety; he could

could not refuse himself the gratification of speaking. There were some traits of similitude between himself and his landlord; and whether the latter had noticed the chords of kindred or not, we cannot say, but he had long been fond of distinguishing Swiney by his praise—"He is an honest fellow," would he say; "a blunt, but an honest fellow—a fellow that would grumble at his lord, or his king, without thought, and die for him without hesitation."

This man had, on the present occasion, all his lord's feelings of mortification, with all his own consequent resentment. He had not those refined notions which lead us to conceal our virtuous indignation, to the danger of worth and the security of vice.

"The misfortune is not in the day, my lord, but in the people's temper," said Swiney.

"I am sorry for it," said the courteous old

old nobleman; " but I have much satisfaction in seeing you and my other friends."

"Your lordship was always glad to see your friends," said Swiney, "and fine rejoicings have we all had in your castle. It is in vain to talk, but they ought to want the meal which they have now refused—I mean the deserters of the castle."

Emily looked as if she thought alike with the farmer, while lord Kingsdown endeavoured, by giving some directions aloud to one of the servants, to prevent an exposure of his own sensations. He took his seat, while Luton, by previous appointment, filled the chair at the opposite end of the tables.

And this was the triamph; this was the feast in which hospitality was met by gratitude, and an ardent and honourable testimony was borne to unimpaired worth amidst fallen greatness. The tables were loaded; hospitality came not without

without its claims; but the glittering plate reflected no cheerful countenances. A few rugged but abashed faces were seen at the board; and the seats, which had oftentimes been crowded by the splendid and the gay, were now either left vacant, or occupied by the simple and the rude.

Lord Kingsdown looked around; he felt a sinking at the heart; he was now too humble, too much reduced, to feel exasperated. A little triumph, a slight cause of joy, would have elevated his spirits—would have filled his generous bosom with warmth and happinesswould have made his eyes bright with gladness. A little additional vexation, a finger-touch of disappointment, was now of power to overthrow his strength -to hurl him to the extreme of misery. He looked around, and the words of greeting which were on his tongue failed - he looked around, and the knife with which he would have divided a last

last meal with the hungry, or the kind, dropped from his hand. He sunk back in his chair, and covered his eyes.

Luton and Sarsden started from their seats, and were forsaking their places at the table; but Emily, who endeavoured to remember her duty both towards her father and his guests, motioned them to remain.

"My dear lord, you are ill!" said Laura, as she took from her breast a small ornamented bottle, and offered it to the old nobleman; but in a moment, after a low sigh or two, the venerable man uncovered his face, and turned towards the offices of the table.

Swiney guessed what were the sensations of his lord; and as he conceived politeness to be a paramount duty on the present occasion, he determined to evince it by a quick and forward observation of every circumstance which passed before him.—"Your lordship," said he,

he, "is a little touched at leaving us; and, indeed, it will be a hard parting to us all."

Luton endeavoured to divert the good 'farmer's attention, by piling before him all manner of substantial viands, together with many delicacies.

"Your worship is very good," said the farmer, as he continued to take all that was offered to him, and to exercise himself to great advantage, "your worship is very good; but I have no stomach for these things;" then whispering, but in such a tone that every one heard him, "when the heart's empty, you know, the belly's light."

"His lordship looks ill," whispered one of his neighbours.

Swiney saw the impropriety of any such observation from others, so he chid his friend—"Hush, man!" said he, "it is no concern to speak of these things. Where is the face that wont look sad?

If all were as it ought, this would be a joyful meeting; but now, 'dark days make dull faces."

It is most likely that the farmer would have continued the exportation of his proverbs and trite sayings, but that he happened to overturn a vessel of melted butter upon himself and his neighbour. He endeavoured at first to conceal the accident, but that he could not do. He then laid it to the charge of his neighbour's elbow; but that attempt was manfully resisted. In despair of making either more or less of it than it appeared to be, he fixed his eyes upon Emily, and, with a silly smirking look, he said—"Sad work with the damask, madam! This comes of inviting awkward people."

"It does not matter, Mr. Swiney; I pray you to think no more about it," said Emily, as she pointed out the mishap to a servant.

The servant went to repair the misvol. I. chief;

chief; but the farmer, in his desire to conceal the accident, had dabbed his red handkerchief in the greasy liquid. He now started from his seat with unnecessary celerity, in order that the servant might have space for the work of clean-liness.

"And do you leave us too, madam?" inquired the farmer, as he wiped down his hot face with the buttered handkerchief.

Emily raised her eyes to answer the farmer, when she saw the figure which he presented. The butter was running in channels down his cheeks and nose towards his chin; there it remained, fringing his face with a number of yellow beads, which threatened to make incursions upon his cravat and waist-coat.

"Bless me, Laura!" exclaimed Emily.

Laura looked up at the same moment
with lord Kingsdown and the rest of the
company,

company, and saw the greasy exhibition of poor Swiney. Even the old nobleman smiled.

- "Do some of you," cried Emily to the servants, "assist Mr. Swiney. Mr. . Swiney, suffer Robert to wipe your face."
- "Faith, madam, that will I," said the farmer, good-temperedly. "I am rather too much buttered for once; but I hope, Miss Kingsdown, without any offence, that this affair will prove a good omen, and that your bread, like my face, will be buttered on both sides."
- "I thank you, farmer," said Emily, with a smile.
- "I thank you, my good friend," said lord Kingsdown, as with greater alacrity than he had yet shown, he raised a glass of wine to his lips, and drank the farmer's health.

This spirit was but momentary; the feelings of grief and disappointment with which the day had commenced, conti-

nued to prevail in the breast of the old nobleman. Pain was in the place of happiness, and anguish was in the stead of triumph.

The dinner passed, and Emily and Laura were about to retire. The former, from her station on the right of her father, at the head of the table, had a view, through a window, of the park, and principal avenue beyond. She discerned a man advancing slowly towards He appeared to view the the castle. building and the grounds with much interest and admiration. Every now and then some jutting corner of the pile, some ruinous tower, or some intervention of the avenue, concealed the stranger from her inspection. He seemed to be wandering in the way of the old chapel; and as he drew nearer, the curiosity of Emily increased. He stopped, and cast his eyes upwards in the direction of a western tower. The sun was hastening towards the west, and one of his brightest

brightest rays, as it illuminated the face of the stranger, showed to Emily the features of her moonlight friend.

At the same moment that Emily whispered her recognition to Laura, lord Kingsdown noticed the object of her communication.—"Who is that gentleman, my love?" said he.

"I know only," replied Emily, "that he is a gentleman for whose attentions I am very much indebted." She turned towards Laura, whispering at the same time—"And with whose person and manners I am very much pleased."

Laura looked reproof.

"Oh, you sly rogue!" said Emily.

At this moment Luton from his seat perceived the stranger as he sauntered up the avenue. Emily saw that the good man had recognized his moonlight friend, and she beckoned to him. The clergyman waved ceremony, and forsook the important duties of his vice-presidency to attend to his volatile pupil.

" If

"If you know that gentleman," said lord Kingsdown to his daughter, "it would be well to request Luton to bear him our invitation to the hall. It was once our custom to extend the banquet to every stranger that passed between our gates; I love the practice too well to advocate its disuse."

The old nobleman paused. Every occurrence was now a matter of grievous reflection; his spirits had lost their balance, and they were fallen low, and they were falling lower.

"Then you desire, sir, to have a message sent to this gentleman?" inquired Emily; but without waiting for an answer from her father, she turned to address Luton.—"My good Luton," said she, "perhaps you will place Sarsden in your chair, while you go and bear our—"She seemed at a loss, for ceremonies and forms of speech were not customs of her acquaintance. "You can make some pretty flourish, Luton, to yonder gentleman,

man, to the meaning that we shall be glad to know him, and to entertain, or to be entertained by him."

Luton could not help smiling at the spirited girl, as he turned away and requested the steward to take his chair. The good clergyman was very much disposed to respect the stranger. He had won upon his favour on the night of his sudden introduction at the chapel; and now he was curious to know him. He felt, therefore, no disinclination to his errand.

Swiney, our honest friend Swiney, had drawn out with his best garb his best manners. He had an ambition to be the politest man in the company, and he was determined to lose sight of no opportunity which might offer for the display of his good manners. He had heard something of our English custom of proposing the good wishes of a company in favour of absent persons, and he fancied himself to be very con-

but Luton need not. Luton leaves you, that my weakness may be indulged through the small remainder of my days, and that Kingsdown may be present in my words as in my thoughts. same voice which taught your fathers the way to heaven shall teach me how to die, and point me out the way to them; and in sorrow and in sickness, at a distance from my own dear and noble land, with every recollection tending to misery, the voice of Luton-that voice which has so often taught you moderation in prosperity, and patience in distress, shall sooth me, as it has soothed you-shall bring me consolation to the border of the grave—the grave, my friends!—the grave!—and where shall be my grave? My fathers lie among your fathers. The faithful servants have become the brethren of their lord, and both lie down in peace together. But here the bond of nature is riven; now the tie of years is sundered:

dered; Luton and I go forth in our old age to eat the bread of foreign countries, and to moulder perhaps in a foreign soil."

" Not if there be wealth or worth in England, my lord," shouted Swiney, as he cast his eyes and thrust his hand towards the stranger-"no," said he, "not while the lands of Kent belong to the true-born."

There was a look of modest confusion in the countenance of the stranger; he knew himself to be addressed, and he seemed to be divided between the difficulty of remaining silent, and the danger of attempting an answer. At last, seeing that lord Kingsdown was too much overpowered by his feelings to be able to proceed with his speech-" I must be excused, my lord," said he, " if I declare a hope, that Kentish men know too well their duty, to suffer their best friends to be in life neglected, or in death forgotten. Time, my lord—time, and a series of illustrious actions, have provided

vided for the Kingsdowns a bed of honour; nor must the ashes of the last of that race be flung to a distance from their proper shelter; they belong to England—they must be collected in Kent."

- " A true St. Malo!" vociferated Swiney.
- "A true St. Malo!" arose in every voice, and was echoed through the hall.

Lord Kingsdown looked up in the excess of amazement, and he recognized indeed, in the countenance of the stranger, the features of the ancient rivals of his family. His first feeling was the result of old prejudices; his second sensation arose from the fear of being seen under degrading circumstances; but the last, the strongest, and the best emotion, was that of pleasure, in being so addressed by an enemy in the presence of so many friends. He was prompted to arise and to present his hand, in the friendliness of his nature; but the more sophisticated

sophisticated impulse of second nature inclined him to be mindful of a reserved dignity, and to perform the duty of the host without the cordiality of the neighbour.—" Have I," said he, collecting his height, and throwing over the varying features of his countenance the disguise of serenity—" have I the honour of welcoming to my table the heir of St. Malo?"

- "Mr. Luton," said the stranger, as he arose from his chair, and passed on with an outstretched hand towards his host—"Mr. Luton has been kind enough to bear your lordship's invitation to Orland St. Malo—to one who, if he may take the evidence of his own feelings, has been too long a stranger to Kingsdown and to England."
- "Such evidence must be accepted, sir," said the old lord, with high courtesy, but with a pleasure beyond the expression of courtesy. "Be less a stranger

stranger to us, Mr. St. Malo; England has need of all her friends."

St. Malo remained for some time in conversation with the old nobleman; he stood with his hand on the arm of the chair of presidency, while lord Kingsdown turned by degrees to the full contemplation of his benevolent and interesting countenance, and seemed with every minute to be suffering some pain or some prejudice to escape from his bosom, and some peaceful, some pleasurable sensation to reign in its stead. a little while he seemed to have known the person who stood before him from his childhood—his mild tone, his gentle manners, his unrestrained but respectful demeanour, his sentiments so truly English, his heart, as it might be guessed by all which he looked and said, so unaffectedly virtuous—the old nobleman felt all uncharitable impressions stealing away from his thoughts, and confidence, respect,

respect, and friendship, and fatherly love, were slowly but certainly taking possession of his feelings.

The bright dark eyes of Emily wandered unfearingly towards the stranger, making swift acquaintance of every look which he cast, and laughing in the vivacity of their delight; they encircled him with their radiance, they glittered upon his face and over his person, they dazzled everywhere, but rested nowhere; every point of beauty, and every glance of manly feeling and sincerity, they noted and illuminated by their brightness; and they beheld this object of their interest busy in the conquest of the passions, triumphing even where he sought no victory-triumphing over pride, suspicion, unacknowledged envy, and ancient, stubborn, bereditary hatred-the triumph too of a mild, composed dignity, or of that influence which awes when it does not command, compels when it does not strike, and subdues when it owns no masterymastery—the influence of virtue; all amiable qualities were seen in the presence of St. Malo, and all gracious feelings were heard in the modulated harmony of his voice.

Laura tried at first to prevent the glances of Emily from resting so entirely upon this sudden guest of the Kingsdowns, but, after many ineffectual efforts to direct her attention another way, she was herself fain to steal a look towards the object of her friend's attraction. One look induced another and another; she looked again, and she felt an increased desire to gaze on. Seldom had the thoughts of Laura strayed towards those who might some day strive for her preference; a timid and retired girl, her life had been spent amidst the duties of education, and in attendance upon a peevish and whimsical relation. seemed not to be aware of the claims which a very large fortune would give upon the respect of society, nor of the station

station which, by the laws of inheritance, she would be called upon to fill; her thoughts indeed never rested upon her own importance; and sometimes her surprise and her regret were not a little excited by the interest which she found herself to create. But now she had a sudden pleasure in the sudden presence of St. Malo; whether it were the transparent complexion, or the mild blue eye —there was something responsive in the last: almost she desired to meet the glance of that mild blue eye. She was venturing too far for her timidity, her delicacy, so she turned to look towards Emily. Her friend's eyes were fixed upon her—her own fell beneath the glance.

"Why, did I not tell you now," said Emily, in a low tone, and with a smile, "that such eyes are the most searching and dangerous? Fie, Laura! I blush for you."

" Do,

"Do, Emily," replied Laura; "but let me blush too."

At this moment St. Malo quitted the side of his venerable host, and retook the seat to which the partiality of Emily had at first elected hint, between herself and Laura.

- "I am very glad," said Emily, "to see you on a time so little visionary as the present. Here I cannot mistrust my senses."
- "But I have reason to doubt my own," said St. Malo.
- "Oh no-not at all," cried Emily; "I assure you that you are quite awake."
- "Well," returned St. Malo, "I will not question happiness, be it real or fanciful."
- "That is spoken like one who knows the possession."
 - " In faith, yes," returned St. Malo, and like one who knows the want of

" And

- " And have you known that?"
- "Till now," responded St. Malo, very gallantly.
- "Why did you not seek it sooner then?" inquired Emily.
 - " Because," returned St. Malo,
 - 'The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb." .
- "And," inquired Emily, in the same strain,
 - 'The place death, 'If any of my kinsmen find thee here?"
- "Death, certainly," answered St. Malo, "whether they find me here or not—positive death."
- "Two steps higher, I beseech you, sir, and make it superlative death," said Emily, with a smile.
- "The highest possible for a good reward."
- "Here then it is," returned Emily, as she stretched out her hand to a dish of sliced pine, and presented it to St. Malo. She continued—" In the 'olden day,' a wicked

wicked creature tempted a weak woman; but now——"

- "It cannot be," interrupted St. Malo, "that a weak woman is tempting a wicked creature?"
- "Sincerely, I hope not," exclaimed Emily.
- "And so do I," whispered Laura, very quietly.

Our friend Swiney perceived the pleasure which was stealing into the hearts of a part of the company, and he became desirous of its increase, by an intermixture of his politeness and best breeding. Now, in the shape of a toast, or a proverb, or a prediction, he was very anxious to utter something that would be very clever and appropriate; and to this effect he dedicated all his natural powers, together with that supernatural acuteness which they had derived from an oftentimes replenished and exhausted glass. We know not that he was successful; we think he was not; the farmer's

mer's wit had not been bred in the school of high living, or been taught to echo to the flow of wines, and at the present time it was very uncompellable. His first effort towards its induction was by nipping his neighbour's arm most unmercifully; his second was by a kind of wink at Luton, as Emily was presenting the pine to St. Malo; and his last attempt was in the filling of his glass with another bumper.

Lord Kingsdown, as he lifted a silver cup to his lips, bowed to St. Malo. Swiney took the alarm—he conceived that he should be outdone in politeness; he resupplied his glass, and with a significant expression of countenance—"I welcome your return, Mr. St. Malo," said he; "and may the noble heiress of the Kingsdowns teach you to know the comfort of a home in your own country!"

A loud "amen!" echoed from every part of the table.

St. Malo smiled, and bowed; while Emily

Emily and her father cast their eyes downwards, and remained in great confusion. Laura was scarcely less distressed than her friend; she knew not by what effort to release her from the embarrassment of the moment. Luton too, with all his characteristic feeling, was desirous to apply his endeavours to the relief of his favourite; he could devise no expedient of compliment, or of complimentary action, by which to divert the attention of his neighbours from Swiney's unseasonable politeness. Emily looked at him; he understood her supplicatory glance; some way must be found in which to direct the current of her feelings. He arose from his chair, and drew a harp from a niche that was near the seat of Emily.—" Miss Kingsdown," said he, " will, before she takes leave of her friends, make these venerable walls echo to sounds with which they were once well acquainted."

Lord Kingsdown immediately looked up,

up, and with pride and infinite pleasure he saw that his daughter, with recovered spirit and dignity, was preparing to obey the chaplain. She took her seat at the harp, and with increasing firmness she struck the wires. Her voice acquired strength, and with an extraordinary power of sweetness she breathed her melodious farewell.

FAREWELL.

All drooping, with dejected mien, Farewell was first in Eden seen, Beneath the dew-drops of the sky, All drooping and with tearful eye.

Twixt man and angels there she stood, Most bitter in the midst of good; Not quite of heaven or of earth— A levely form, of doubtful birth.

And from that place of faded bloom

She stray'd—a part of mortal doom,

With primrose cheek and violet breath,

To sadden life and sweeten death.

She's here—her brow with willow bound, Her languid sight with weeping drown'd, And uttering, like the Indian bird, "Farewell!"—her name and only word.

The

The fair musician suffered her fingers to fall from the instrument. She left her seat, and before the assembly of humble friends could recover to the expression of their love and regret, she had left the hall with Laura.

St. Malo thought of her with wonder and delight. He looked at the old nobleman, and saw him resting his cheek upon his hand; he was murmuring those lines of his daughter's song which he had heard the most distinctly. He drew his hand before his eyes, and once more endeavoured to give his attention to his company; but his glances roved about, as if they knew not where to pause for the certainty of satisfaction.—" My friends," said he, at last, "you will remember that you are in Kingsdown Castle, and that your happiness, your mirth——"

For a moment or two he could not proceed. He had ever had an affection for Mirth; he would willingly have been upon upon terms of those intimacy with her: but she had never been a constant resident in his home; and, like a friend that is governed by sordid views, she had easily been persuaded to estrange herself from his heart.

He went on. "You will remember that you are in Kingsdown Castle, and that your satisfaction must be my happiness. Think nothing of my retirement; Luton and Sarsden will relieve my weakness; and when we meet again."

He could not proceed. Swiney continued to hide his face behind his neighbour's chair; Luton could not attend to his lord; and Sarsden looked so intently at a plate of grapes, that his eyes filled with water, and he lost the power of sight for some minutes.

The old lord continued.—" And at the time when we shall meet again, let us hope that our causes of sorrow will vol. I. M have

have ceased, and that there will be no interruption to our——"

He could not finish the sentence. St. Malo, with the most feeling attention, left his seat, and assisted the old lord to rise from the table.

"Felicity!" he would have said, but he could not utter it; he murmured, however, his thanks to his guest, and begged that he would help him to take coffee with the girls. He then bowed to his friends, and bidding Heaven to prosper them, he left the hall, accompanied by St. Malo.

Swiney and some of his associates ventured to predict the renovation and prosperity of the house of Kingsdown, and revived to a sense of the advantages which were before them. Nor did they lose sight of those advantages while the powers of sight remained; but these grew faint, as the powers of wine waxed strong; and the distinctions of day and night,

night, of care and gladness, were finally yielded to the morrow.

Luton and Sarsden were glad when their duties ended, for they found it difficult, with their best efforts, among the remembrances of improvidence, to recognize a merry meeting.

END OF VOL. I.

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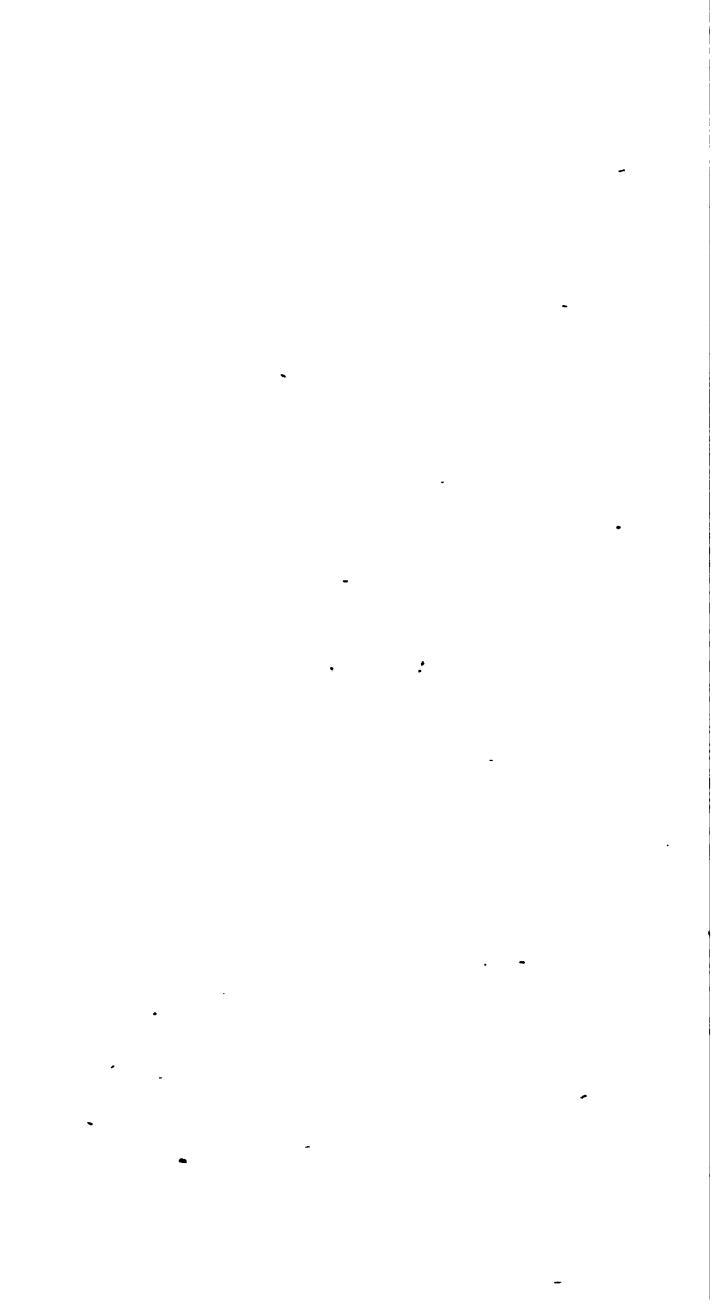
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COINCIDENCE.

A NOVEL.

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COINCIDENCE;

OR,

The Soothsayer.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

PAUL SEBRIGHT.

With one auspicious and one dropping eye, With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage, In equal scale weighing delight and dole.

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. II.

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COINCIDENCE.

CHAPTER I.

Bring freshest flowers, exhaust the blooming spring, Twine the green myrtle with the short-lived rose, And ever, as the blushing garland fades, We'll learn to snatch the fugitive delight. MORE.

SINCE the attainment of his majority, Orland St. Malo had spent five years in France and Italy, but chiefly in the former country. He had a cousin who was younger than himself, and who, with a view to a diplomatic station, was acquiring the knowledge of languages at the university of Caen in Normandy. To this relation Orland was much attached. He was the son of a discarded VOL. II. B female

female of his house—of his father's sister.

In a moment which was critical to the interests of her family, Philippa St. Malo gave her hand to a person of the name of Delaval, of inferior rank, and without fortune. Her brothers, the father of Orland, and the merchant to whose energy and success the house owed its renovation, rejected her for this rashness, and left her to live in poverty and want. The first discarded her, for her husband could not count his generations; and the last disowned her, for her husband was poor. Her brothers died.

Orland, who was then a youth of not more than sixteen years, sought out his aunt, and found her a widow, living with her only child, Sandwich Delaval, at a small village in the neighbourhood of Canterbury. The widow did-not long enjoy the countenance of her nephew; she died, leaving her boy to find, in

in the benevolent disposition of a cousin, who was but four years his senior, a brother's fondness, and a father's protection. By advice, Orland sent his ward and cousin to the university of Caen; and during his residence abroad he frequently called him to share his company.

Orland now came to his country, in perfect weariness of wandering, and with the desire of finding in its shelter his happiness and his home. The lands of St. Malo had wasted through many generations, and the family mansion had tottered to the ground.

The wealth of which Orland was possessed by means of his uncle's earnings, was in part in the funds. The propositions, therefore, of Sarsden, respecting the estate of Kingsdown with its castle, were not unwelcome to him; and the belief that it would be in his power to befriend the representatives of a poble, B 2 though

though a fallen race, was dear to every inclination. He turned his course towards Kingsdown, instead of proceeding to London; and he found so many points of attraction in the baronial residence and its appendages, that for his life he could not quit the spot. We say not that the affair of the chapel, with the office of holding in his arms a very beautiful girl—we say not that her alarm, or its subjection, with the flow of lively and engaging spirits which attended her restoration—we say not that the light of Emily, or the light of the moon; that the grey walls, or the strange form that watched their moulderingwe say not these, or any one of these objects, became of power to fascinate his sensible heart, or to bind its affections to Kingsdown: but it is certain that Orland could not go to London; that instead of dispatching Worselove to arrange the terms of purchase, and to make

make him the master of the castle, he came himself to endeavour for the best bidding.

Whether it were "filthy lucre," or youthful curiosity, the incitement of warm love, or the solicitations of cold avarice, the desire of place, or the charm of person, which induced him to wander up the avenue and towards the chapel, on the evening of the feast, we cannot tell: but the result has been seen. With the warmth of sincerity, St. Malo participated the feelings of his host; and we will say, that with the ardour of passion, he once more gave his attention to the lady of the castle.

"And is it your design to leave England, my lord?" inquired St. Malo, as he assisted his host up the grand staircase from the hall.

"It is my design, sir, and," replied the old lord, "I may add that it is my desire; but if you bind a bird, he cannot soar. The ground adheres to my feet—I cannot shake B 3

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chake it off; I would leave it, but it will not leave me."

They reached the gallery. Emily heard her father, and she left Laura, and came out to meet him; her cheeks were wet with tears; she dried them, and strove to smile. Lord Kingsdown had at that moment his eyes fixed upon a picture. Emily took her stand by Orland; he made an offer of his arm; she rested lightly upon it.—"Can you tell me, sir," said she, "whether I shall like France?"

"Will you first tell me," returned St. Malo, "what it is which, to be a favourite with you, a country must possess?"

"Readily! it must be very like England," answered Emily.

"Is it wise to leave the reality which you love for the search of a semblance which you may not find?"

"Very wise," answered Emily, "if it be wise to obey when you cannot fesist."

"I think you may be happy in France."
"That

"That is enough," continued Emily;
"it matters not where I seek happiness,
so only I find it."

"And yet," rejoined Orland, "happiness, like the fruits of different climates, has its variety of qualities. You cannot have a pine in Lapland, or a pomegranate in Siberia."

"It is true, indeed!" sighed Emily; "happiness has many gradations of quality, from the moderately sour to the perfectly sweet; and, like the blooming fruit, it is frequently hollow, or tainted within."

"Rail at it!" said St. Malo; "it will become constant for the love of contrariety; and learning to listen, it will grow subservient to command.—"If I could talk it into steadfastness, would you remain in England, and root happiness in its soil?" inquired St. Malo.

"I would! oh, I would!" with exweeding ardour, Emily replied.

Lord Kingsdown looked at his daugh-B 4 ter, ter, and reached his hand to her; she kissed it.—" Emily's affections are surely all hereditary!" exclaimed the old nobleman.

"Not all! I hope not all!" said St. Malo quickly.

Emily felt his allusion to old prejudices, and she was pleased with his warmth.—" No, no!" said she, "not all! some of my affections spring up very strangely and novelly; why they are, and whither they tend, I scarcely know, and seldom inquire; but of this I am sure, my whole heart is for England."

Lord Kingsdown sighed, and led to the presence of Laura.

St. Malo had now for the first time an opportunity of comparing the persons and dispositions of the two friends; he sat in a pleasing perplexity, between so much that was different, and yet to be admired, that for a little while he knew not where to settle his gaze. There were

were graces in the timid and shrinking glance of Laura, in her delicate and beautiful form, in her tremulous and gentle voice, which were very consonant to the feelings of Orland; but these were to be contrasted with the livelier. the more dazzling qualities of Emilythe quick susceptibility, which was told in its operations by the influence of eye, and voice, and form, which gave to all its emotions a rapid and brilliant expression, and which urged its career to the heart, with a wildness which was dear, and admirable even in its extravagance. The flashes of thought which spoke in every look, and varied to the anticipation of every opposing opinion, the facility of wit, the gay redundancy of imagination, and the sport of feeling—these, combined with that peculiar attraction of face and figure, which was now a delight, and now a wonder—these, associated with the particular circumstances which gave an interest to her situation

to an acknowledgment of her superiority—these fixed his gaze, and decided his affection.

Laura was yielded with all her loveliness of virtue, that Emily might be
worshipped in the boundlessness of her
power. The one drooped under a stealing consciousness of inferiority, while
the other rose to a gay sense of her advantage.

St. Malo begged that while the Castle of Kingsdown continued to be inhabited, he might be permitted to make his daily calls.

On the morrow, soon in the morning, he was waited upon by Sarsden. The honest steward rejoiced in his introffsetion to the castle; it simplified his duties, and diministed his difficulties. He wished to be prepared to meet Trickwell, and therefore he called upon St. Malo.

Orland was but little conversant with business.

business. At once he declared to Sarsden that it was his intention to purchase the castle and manor of Kingsdown, and that the necessary forms and terms of purchase he should leave to Worselove; to this purpose Worselove should be required to attend, and in the meantime Trickwell might receive a rejection to all his offers.

Sarsden dreaded delay; what he wanted was money. Trickwell would not be umused; his demands were urgent, his designs were artful, and his power, if he should think fit to exercise it to the uttermost, would, in the present state of ford Kingsdown's feelings, be dangerous to his existence: yet the delicacy of Sarsden would not allow of an entire exposure of his lord's circumstances; for though he suspected, from the tone of Orland, that he was sensible of an attraction which he had not acknowledged, still a regard to the dignity of his master, he took to be a first duty. His worldly **B** 6.

worldly sentiments too caught the alarm; he feared that an open relation of the embarrassments of his lord might be too powerfully adverse to the early growth of love or friendship; and thus there yet remained to the good old man, either in the unconscious reserve of St. Malo, or in his own delicacy, a difficulty, to the subjection of which he could not extend a hope.

There was in the manner of the honest steward that tediousness of business which never seeks to arrive at a ready conclusion. It seemed that he never could be pleased with a bargain that was the issue of a few words and a few minutes. He appeared to have a remarkable fondness for unnecessary detail, for restatement and immaterial definement.

Orland fancied that it was enough that he had referred the matter of arrangement to Worselove, and that Worselove was expected at Kingsdown.

He

He could find no reason for the prolixity of the old man; his thoughts too wandered away, and he found it impossible to sit looking at the venerable head of the steward for another half-hour.

"Very well, Mr. Sarsden," said he, "that is admirably agreed; we will now talk of the other matters as we walk towards the park."

They walked together through the little town of Kingsdown, and in the way of the castle. They came to the entrance gate.

We know not why our heroine was so fond of treading the dew at an early hour; her sleep had been interrupted, and we will hope by pleasing visions. The words of St. Malo, and those mild looks which she was wont to characterize as being so subtle, had dwelt upon her fancy, and had proved to her as refreshing as rest to the weary, or comfort to the sad. Her spirits had risen

riten with the morning, and in liveliness of heart, and with an unclouded brow, she had ventured from the castle, in tearch of some companion with whom she might be happy. She was atlvancing to the gate at the very moment of St. Malo's approach; and when her glance met his, it shot forth a pleasure so bright, so dear, so intelligent, that it found its way to the abode of his best affections.—"An early riser!" said she; "I am glad to see you—my thoughts were upon you."

"And mingling, I hope, with your prayers," returned St. Mald with a smile.

"Would such thoughts and actions be congenial?" inquired Emily.

"A mere matter of private opinion, which must not be questioned," answered St. Malo gayly.

"Well, I will not quarrel with your desert," said Emily.

" Then

"Then you must not inquire into it," returned Orland; "but if your concestion be courtesy, I will give it to the morning breeze; it is of the same nature, soft and pleasant. If it be kindness——"

"Ay!" eried Emily; "what of the last?"

"Why, I will store it up among things which are to be remembered."

Emily turned towards Sarsden. The old inan was following, with an appearance of deep dejection. Emily went to him; he started at the suddenness of her address.—"Why, you are melanchuly," said she; "does not this bright morning revive you?"

"It would revive me, Miss Kingsdown," said the steward, "if I could but make it shine on your house."

"Why, look now, Sarsden!" eried Binky; "look at the old walls, how notify they lift their heads in the sun!

is it not a cheering sight? they are not gloomy; why should you be so?"

"Because his lordship is," answered Sarsden.

Emily would not think this answer a reproach to her buoyant spirits; she knew the steward to be inclined to melancholy; but at this time a weighty consideration was passing in the mind of the honest man. He knew his young lady to be superior to affectation; and on several occasions, as on that of Trickwell's imprisonment, he knew that she had acted with considerable discretion: it had seemed indeed discretion of a peculiar sort; it had been produced and exercised in a peculiar way; but still, to all human calculations, its result had justified its adoption; he felt, therefore, desirous to enlist her on his side against Trickwell, and to the attainment of St. Malo's purchase; but this he knew not well how to accomplish.—" Madam," said

said he, "I am deeply concerned, for on this day Mr. Trickwell expects to be made master of Kingsdown, and Mr. St. Malo is himself disposed to give better terms——"

Emily interrupted him. "Is he?" said she.

It was in vain that Sarsden motioned her to be silent; she took no notice of his uneasiness; she seemed at once to understand all that he wished, and all that should be done, together with the best way of doing it; and calling to St. Malo, without hesitation she commenced business.

"So you would buy Kingsdown, Sarsden tells me; oh, it is a delightful place! I shall never find so dear a place; but that is nothing—it must be disposed of. I will show you through the castle, and in the true habit of a trafficker, I will extol its beauties to the height of hyperbole."

"You cannot be extravagant," baid St. Malo good-naturedly.

"That is imprudent," rejoined Emily; you must coldly hear what you may warmly feel. It is my business to praise—it must be yours to depreciate; and while I say clever things, you must think them. Our duties are as different as contrariety can make them. I must be passionate—you must be temperate; I must be rapturous—you must continue prudent."

"It is my nature," said St. Make, " to adopt the tone of my companions."

"Then send an agent to the bargain," said Emily; "for I am determined to make use of all my advantages."

"You have my licence!" exclaimed St. Malo.

This is refinement," continued Emily; "but concession will not avail you. But, Sarsden, you spoke of a dear friend of mine, one generous Mr. Trickeweil:

well; if he be in the way, explain; he shall no longer be an obstacle."

Thus urged, Sarsden explained the disinterested conduct of that worthy scrivener; and Emily, to complete his portrait, told of his circumvention in the tower.—"But," continued she, on learning that indeed it was the desire of St. Malo to arrest all proceedings with Trickwell—"but have no fear of the scrivener; I will write to him immediately, Sarsden, and you shall be released from the torment of his attentions."

Emily suspected that she had a power over Trickwell; and though she felt the ridiculousness of the suspicion, yet she had the fullest confidence in its correctness. She determined, therefore, to write to Trickwell, and retaining St. Male to breakfast at the castle, she saw the steward turn away with brightened features.—"Poor Sarsden!" said Emily, at she appeared to be wiping off a tear;

tear; "it will be a great grief to him to lose us."

"And why should he lose you?" inquired St. Malo, in the tenderest accent.

Emily answered by a sigh. In one moment her countenance was all sunshine, and in the next it was all sadness. It seemed to be her own particular privilege to couple smiles and tears, to make the heart light and joyous in its sensations, and then to check its impulse, and weigh it down with the fulness of luxurious grief. Her presence was so awakening to the gentle yet passionate feelings of our nature, that the eye followed her through every variation of feature, and the heart loved her for all that she looked and said, whether it were of bliss or pain.

St. Malo rejoiced in the opportunity of the moment; he did not require an age for the maturation of his resolve; his heart had been interested in Emily from the time of his meeting with her in the chapel.

chapel. Every generous sentiment had been excited by the particular circumstances of her situation; admiration had been induced by personal charms and mental endowments; and love, the offspring of virtuous and tender sympathies, had sprung up beneath the influence of this combination.

He encircled the waist of his fair companion, and urging her onwards to the place of their first meeting, he there, in a tone of delicate and restrained feeling, unfolded his hopes, and learned to be happy in their promise. He checked every murmur as it arose to opposition; he anticipated every doubt as it was springing to expression. All that a reduced but cautious dignity would have urged, he prevented by a generous susceptibility, which seemed to receive the obligation which it conferred; he left no objection in reserve. Pride was yielded to candour, and truth triumphed over disguise.

Emily

Emily consented to his immediate application to her father.—"This is most extraordinary!" said she, as, leaning upon It. Malo, she emerged from the chapel; "but these strange comical affairs do happen so suddenly, that really there seem to be some very merry spirits at tending upon our destiny. Well, we must give their good humour a welcome!"

Lord Kingsdown had not yet left his room.

"Laura," said Emily, "I am going to invite a little man to the eastle for your amusement."

"Fie, fie, Emily!" cried Laura, as her friend went to a writing-case, and began to address Trickwell.

Emily requested St. Malo to stand near, and to teach her pen moderation, declaring that her heart was so interested in the "little man," that she could not with safety trust it to its own impulse. bimself, that there was danger in the wild disposition of Emily. He should never, he thought, desire to restrain it. It was extraordinary, but in her it was natural and admirable. His love was in his entertainment, and therefore was it perfect. He inclined himself over the chair of Emily, and watched her. as with affected gravity she wrote to the scrivener.

After many sprightly remarks upon the subject of his defeat and imprisonment, she went on to tell him—
"For three days we cannot have the pleasure of seeing you. We must have for three days penance and privation. During this term we commend those abominable bailiffs to your best care and love; they are a kind of men against whom I have an invincible entipathy. This may appear very strange; they are a portly, an important set

set of people; and for their ugliness and ill-manners, why these, poor men, are their natural and indispensable possessions. Take care of them! In three days expect the completion of your anxious affairs, and till then remember with how true a gratitude I remain,

"Your faithful and devoted,
"EMILY KINGSDOWN."

"You will not send such a letter, Emily?" said Laura, with great alarm.

"Indeed I will!" returned Emily;
"the man has no room in his small heart
for other feelings than those which spring
from vanity and selfishness. Excite
these in your favour, and the machine
will play to your purpose. First the
generous man will be angry; then he
will be alarmed, lest he be laughed at;
and, finally, he will be convinced that he
is admired. Thus delay will be accomplished,

plished, the bailiffs will be removed, and poor Trickwell will have his vanity gratified, and his selfishness defeated."

- "A pretty scheme!" said Orland, with a smile.
- "I am astonished at the contrivance!" said Laura.

A servant entered with the intelligence that lord Kingsdown was unable to come down to breakfast. Emily rushed from the room with a terrified countenance; she found her father in a small study which adjoined his chamber. He was pale and trembling; he felt that he could never be separated from Kingsdown, and that the hand which should urge his departure must terminate his life.

He drew his daughter across his breast, and thus holding and embracing her, he continued at intervals to ejaculate—" My poor child! my poor girl!" At last he called her a "poor orphan!"

Emily cried bitterly. She could not vol. 11. c comfort:

comfort her father. The tears of the father and daughter were mingling, when the door of the study opened very slowly and softly, as if it acknowledged the touch of tenderness or of fear.

"Come in!" said lord Kingsdown; "be not afraid!"

St. Malo appeared.

"My friend," continued the old lord, "be not afraid! You see a father and his daughter seeking relief to their sorrows upon each other's breast. It is a comfort that we can weep together."

St. Malo advanced, and taking the hand of Emily, as it rested on her father's knee—" And why," said he, "should you not rejoice together?"

"The time is past!" answered the old lord solemnly.

St. Malo thought otherwise, and he prevailed upon Emily to acknowledge that her thoughts were in conjunction with his.

The old lord knew not how to reply to

to St. Malo. His prejudice against the name had, with some of the sterner features of his pride, subsided; and now, in this period of decay, his first wish was for an adequate protector for his child: but his fears were alarmed for that sacred principle of his dignity, which could not stoop for pity or obligation. The Emily Kingsdown of the present day must be sued for on terms which should not compromise the right of her nobility. To have her remain at Kingsdown, and in the arms of St. Malo, would be a blessing; but even this blessing, high and to be desired as it was, was not to be purchased by the sacrifice of family feeling. The old lord was perplexed beyond any recollection of former times.

- "Emily must speak for her father," said he; "I have no wish but for her happiness, and she has, I hope, considered of its attainment."
- "I know, indeed," said Emily, in the spirit of her father, "that our happiness c 2 cannot

cannot be attained without the consultation of very particular and inseparable feelings. These I have consulted, and I find——"

She hung down her head, and suffered no diminution of beauty in the passing blush which tinged her cheeks.

St. Malo would not suffer her confusion to amount to pain; he speedily continued the sentence.—" And you find your heart disposed to take pity on a wanderer, and to teach him the blessings of a home. Say that, my dear Emily! prevail upon his lordship to forget his purpose of quitting Kingsdown, and induce him to make that generous concession, by which, without the tediousness of forms, the rivalry of two families of equal pretensions may terminate in a happy and lasting union. Do this, and to the many advantages which you possess, add the merit of such a work."

"It is so sudden, so totally unexpected!" said lord Kingsdown, as he began

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to recover to a lively sense of the happy consequences which must result from such a connexion, and as he became more and more pleased with the open and manly candour of Orland, "it is so sudden, my dear Emily—my good young man!"

Now this was travelling far on the way of graciousness towards—" My dear son!" Emily delighted in the joy which began to beam on her father's countenance. It made rapid way through her bosom. The thought of leaving Kingsdown had been her father's decline—the certainty of continuing in the place of his heart would be his renovation. Her spirits grew light and gay.

"Not quite so sudden, my father, as you imagine," said she; "we have had a stolen interview or two, to the aid of our acquaintance, and you cannot think how earnest has been our industry."

"Our hearts, my lord," said Orland,
were not ill-disposed, so that much
c 3 time

time was not necessary to their agreement."

"No, no, my lord!" cried Emily; "a minute by moonlight is an age of intelligence."

"Be it then to you both," said the old lord, as he lifted up his eyes, "a life of happiness and of honour in its effects!"

St. Malo was soon affected by occasions. He took the hand of Emily, and with a devout and touching expression of countenance, he knelt before his future father.

Lord Kingsdown looked at him with increasing interest. His glance wandered towards Emily. Many, many sensations rushed to his heart with every view—many consolatory sensations. The gaiety, the inexperience, the tenderness of his child, should find their best security in the kind and amiable disposition which spoke in every feature of St. Malo. Her honour would well combine with his respectability, and both would find

find their safest shelter in Kingsdown. The old lord looked up to heaven, and with feelings which were replete with gratitude, and with grateful joy, he blessed his children.

We would fain find out the generous Mr. Trickwell. There is surely no malice in the pleasure with which we hunt knavery to its closet, and see it anxious in its designs, trembling in its fears, discontented with its gains, and despairing at its losses. If we admit pity to mingle with the pleasure, the feeling will be allowed to be virtuous. But pity, or its passive expression, is so abused in this world, is so often substituted for active benevolence, that we think it sometimes sins against real worth. We reject its combination, and are willing to acknowledge the pleasure of that sterner virtue which penetrates privacy, and draws out from darkness the guilty in their caution, and the cunning in their art. We are willing to think that restraint should not

be practised upon it; that the law should be its protection; that it should be as bold as truth, making that which was particular in its aim common in its example.

But the generous Mr. Trickwell—This man of worldly wisdom was anxious for the final arrangement of his plans. He was now at once to be advanced from the drudge of office to the importance of large possessions; and he fancied that, with the right of Kingsdown, he should derive the dignity of its ancient inheritors.

In this fume and hurry of anticipation he sat looking through a window, which, from the little town of Kingsdown, commanded a view of the castle and park of the same name.

His servant entered.—"A letter from Miss Kingsdown, sir," said the man.

"Ha!" cried Trickwell, as he turned his broad face in amazement.

" From

- " From Miss Kingsdown, sir," again said the man.
- "Very well, very well!—Let us see!" cried Trickwell, as he burst the seal.

His grey eyes opened wider and wider, as they rambled over the paper. He told his servant that he need not wait.

As soon as the man was gone-" I do not understand this," said he; " what does the girl mean by addressing me in this style of unbecoming levity? The ' redness of my brow'-- 'knocked me down'- call in three days'- obey her in all particulars'—I shall do no such thing. I will repair immediately to the castle, have this affair explained, and show that I am not the sort of man to admit of triffing."

In a violent rage he walked about the apartment of the inn, fretted his consequence into a thousand anties, resolved upon the most severe proceedings, and made speeches which were full of energetic C 5

getic and unmerciful expression. At last he paused opposite a looking-glass. He motioned his chin above and below his handkerchief; he pulled his little light-coloured wig over one ear, and then the other; he drew it forward—the position was favourable to his personal appearance; it contracted his broad and inexpressive features, and he fancied that it gave an archness and an interest to his eye.

"I will go," said he, " immediately to the castle!" He turned half round. The glass was most unfairly flattering. Trickwell saw that the unshapely prominence of his waistcoat was softened, and he discovered a justness of proportion in the aggregate of his figure, which disposed him over and over again to take many self-satisfying glances.

" I will go," said he, " immediately to the castle!"

He took up the letter.

" My

"My dear Mr. Trickwell!"—" Your faithful and devoted—devoted Emily Kingsdown."

On the sudden Trickwell had another conception with respect to Emily's address; and his new and more favourite notion was so in unison with his admiration of himself, that for some time he came to no decision. He divided his attention between the affectionate address of Emily and the looking-glass.

"She is a wild girl," said he, "full of life and liveliness; yes, she is full of life and liveliness."

He looked downwards at his legs.—
They were awkwardly thick and stubborn, but their inelegancies were nicely
concealed by well-polished boots. He
drew them up, exclaiming with the action—" She is certainly a charming girl!"
He advanced one leg before the other,
and erected himself before the glass in a
swaggering kind of attitude.

c 6 "I will,"

"I will," said he, "once more read the letter."

Once more he read the letter, and his conviction was, that Emily Kingsdown desired to dispose of herself, with her father's estate, and to the same bidder—to Mr. Trickwell.

On coming to this conclusion—
"Well," said he, "I have no objection—
no particular objection. She has a little
noble blood, and I have much noble
wealth, and we may manage to make a
very responsible union between us. I
shall be nothing the worse, to be sure,
for such a connexion; and she, poor
thing! will be a great deal the better.
She knows that. Well, I have no particular objection. It is a great matter
to be generously disposed."

Trickwell determined to wait the three days. Yes, though it was a difficult matter for him to find entertainment in the country, yet, for a beautiful wife, and a fine estate on his own terms,

he determined to wait three days. He dispatched a number of letters to his clerks in London, and to Worselove, and was, indeed, through a great part of that day, not only the most handsome and the most important, but the most active man in the universe.

As he sat at dinner, his servant told him that Mr. St. Malo was at Kingsdown. Trickwell knew very well that this was a mistake, so he made no answer. But the waiter, who likewise attended, and who was replete with the surprise of the village, would not suffer the information to remain imperfect.

"The people of Kingsdown, sir," said he, "are all delighted at this sudden news."

" Ha!" cried Trickwell.

Ha! was with Trickwell whatever the occasion required—question or answer, and to other auditors than the waiter. His business and his wealth were civility,

lity, attention, kindness, charity, religion—all.

"This sudden wedding, sir," continued the waiter, who supposed the ha! of Trickwell to be a question.

The scrivener at once believed that what he had been so slow to acknowledge was a common truth with the neighbourhood, and he wondered how the man could dare to mention to him in person such a subject. But it was, no doubt, the error of his delight; so he was contented to pardon him.

- "What wedding?" inquired he, with a smile, which was most absurdly gracious.
 - "The wedding, sir, of Miss Kingsdown with Mr. Orland St. Malo. It will take place in a week, sir."
 - "Pshaw, pshaw! it is quite impossible!" said Trickwell.

The man had a variety of evidence to offer in support of the fact. The servants

vants of St. Malo had received orders to repair to Kingsdown from Dover. Miss Kingsdown had been through the day strolling over the park with her lover; and the servants of the castle were now assured that they should again see happy days in the ancient mansion of their master.

Trickwell was incredulous, and told his informer that he might contradict the report as soon as he pleased—that it was totally without foundation.

Doubts accumulated as proofs increased. Wheresoever Trickwell turned, he heard the same rumour; and at length, to complete his mortification, Worselove, in person, confirmed the intelligence.

With what feelings of humiliation the generous scrivener beheld himself defeated in his schemes, and baffled in his calculations, we will not describe. His lenity had been wrought by very extraordinary means, and converted to a very unexpected

unexpected purpose. He had been generous very much against his inclination—and now to be just, it would be oppressive to his will. He had only to console himself with the friendship of Worselove, to swell out his bonds, and their interest, to the widest extent, and to make to St. Malo as dear a purchase as avarice, malice, fraud, could lend him power. To Sarsden he bequeathed an inward curse, and praying that he might have an opportunity of refusing to his honesty either bread or pity, he cast a longing glance towards the towers of Kingsdown, and left the country.

CHAPTER II.

But what I do not stop to ask;
Be it or to love or fear,
Whate'er its import, or its task,
I yield me to its solemn sway:
Yea, life and living things decay!
The power to which ye're dedicate,
Doth prematurely rise in state.

THE clouds rolled away from the house of Kingsdown, and sunshine and smiles remained above it. Every heart became interested in its happiness, and bounded at the prospect of its day of gladness. The master of the house, the good old lord, recovered his serenity, and his ancient frame rose up again amidst its dear and native scenes, in all its freshness, portliness, and grandeur. Like an aged tree, that flourishes in the breath and

and beauty of spring, he spread above the soil the majesty of his height, and cast on all beneath a calm and moderated lustre.

Every day saw an increase of happy promise. The attachment of Orland and Emily had been sudden, but it was in no otherwise surprising. The circumstances of each made it now desirable to both; for to the union of affections there followed wealth and dignity, and the prospect of happiness. Content took the place of dread in the bosom of Emily, and she tripped her round with a gaiety of hope which extended its animation to all around.

St. Malo watched her liveliness with a placed delight, and brought to the enjoyment of her mild and boundless spirits no fear of their danger, nor any doubt of their worth. It was his great to watch her nimble step, and ive and ever-varying glance, as idered among the beauties of the park,

park, now addressing her father, then himself, then Laura—observing all, and making all a subject of apt observation, or of pleasing reflection.

Luton too was called to the enjoyment of these scenes; and the circumstances which had retained Kingsdown to his lord, and to his adored pupil, he regarded and acknowledged with a gentle and pious devotion. Upon St. Malo he looked as upon a superior being, who, by the special ordinance of Heaven, had been called to that best ministry upon earth—the work of restoring peace to the disconsolate, order from confusion, and hope to the despairing. He looked upon him as the favoured agent of charity and of mercy—as upon one whose offices, beginning in love, were to end in blessedness.

The heart is never so disposed to devout gratitude as by the recollection of a prevented evil. The day which had been

been appointed for that of the departure of the family of Kingsdown came, and found that family secured in the home of their fathers, and in the hold of their affections. Orland was so impatient to enjoy a right to the towers of Kingsdown, that he wanted on this day to be made the son of their lord; but Emily, who delighted to fret his love into impatience, insisted upon delay. Time was given, and the arrangements were completed by which Trickwell was satisfied as to the amount of his several claims: and the Castle of Kingsdown, with its immediate manor, once more recurred to its lord, free and unencumbered. Orland would not make a purchase of this ancient seat. As the possession of his wife, it must become his; and till it should be hers, it was his desire that it should remain the property of its venerable inheritor. He therefore simply - advanced the sums which satisfied its creditors.

creditors, and without reference to the old nobleman, he released him from his difficulties by making him his debtor.

Human nature is a perpetual enigma, which grows in difficulty with the harassing search for its solution. Lord Kingsdown, with a spirit which disdained obligation, with a heart which could. break, but which would not bend, had, through many years of his life, been contented to prop his splendour till the failure of all surrounding resources, and now he endeavoured to be satisfied with the renovation of that splendour, without the consultation of any nice principle. He was so contented with the total of his comfort, that he inquired not into its He was so contented to reparticulars. main at Kingsdown, that he scrupled not to hold it of his son, and the return of other times very visibly affected his imagination. He saw himself again the host, the hospitable donor, the generous landlord, the spirited lord, and the powerful

- " since there has been a hearty rejoicing at the castle; surely this is the occasion."
- "Mr. St. Malo seems to be fond of quiet and privacy," ventured Luton.
- "And so am I," said lord Kingsdown; but there are occasions——"
- "Most true, my lord," interrupted Luton.
 - "Well then, this is the occasion!"

Luton was silent. He could not allow the expediency of his lord's purpose, The old nonor could he contradict it. bleman was bent upon a merrymaking, so he began to study his scheme. But in some of the necessary matters of consideration, by chance, by good chance, a thought of expence occurred: matters had been accommodated in some waythere were no bailiffs at the castle, or about the castle—Trickwell was far off, or was very quiet, to whom this comfort was to be traced. It was known how this comfort had been accomplished—it was suspected; but the particulars, which should

should before this time have been known, were yet to know. It was full upon the conviction of the thoughtless old man, that he was much indebted somewhere, and that it was his duty to acknowledge his obligations before he attempted their extension. He determined, immediately he determined, that on some succeeding day, perhaps on the morrow, he would summon St. Malo, Saraden, and Emily to his library, and make a full disclosure of his affairs. Yes, it should be on the Yes, it should be at ten o'clock. In this determination he left the park; but the morning came, and no care was had to call the meeting. Again from day to day the old lord went on, knowing his duty to be necessary, but neglecting to do it, because it was disagreeable. Emily came to him on the eppointment of her marriage-day. Then, indeed, the duty was positive and binding.

"Go, and send Orland hither," and he

he to Emily, "and summon Luton, and request Sarsden to attend."

Away flew Emily. She told Orland of her errand.

- "Stay! stay!" cried he; "I will obey, but what do we want with Luton and Sarsden?"
- "Oh!" cried Emily, "to talk about bonds, and mortgages, and—".
- "Fiddlesticks," continued St. Malo, as he took Emily by the arm, and drew her along into the presence of the old lord.
- "My lord," said he, affecting a theatrical air, "I have one request to make —one earnest—one last request."
- "Make it!" commanded the old lord, in the same flourishing style.
- "That you give me this lady to wife!"
- "I accede!" pronounced lord Kings-down.
- "You have yet heard but one-half of my request," said St. Malo.

" Let

- "Let me hear the other then!" rejoined the old nobleman, as he extended his hand to Orland's acceptance.
- "It is that there be no conditions, forms, or obligations. I want Emily!"
- "And I Orland!" exclaimed Emily, as she rested her arm upon his shoulder.
- "Think, my lord," continued St. Malo, "that you have a son, as well as a daughter, and that their interests are the same."
- "Let it be as you please," cried the old lord; "but remember this, that I can part with neither of you."
- "We are wedded to Kingsdown," returned St. Malo.
 - "Indissolubly!" concluded Emily.

It was so arranged. The old lord was thus spared that trouble which he disliked, of talking of his affairs, and of reviewing his obligations. It was so arranged, and the day of happiness approached.

Amidst the contentment of the castle p 2 there

there was one heart, one most worthy heart, which drooped with sudden pain, and became sensible of the agony of perspective sorrow. Laura grew fond of watching the countenance, and of listening to the voice of St. Malo. She found an increasing delight in his society; and often, when Emily was inattentive to his conversation, and careless of his opinions, she found herself most happy in being his only companion. She forgot her timidity in his presence, and suffered her excellent nature to develop itself in many a look and word of kindness and sensibility. Her sentiments accorded with his. She was told that her features bore a sisterly resemblance to his. Left indeed that his heart was in unison with hers, and for ever, ever would she have reposed upon his tenderness and love. Once or twice she narrowly escaped the confession of the eyes. Quee or twice she fancied that his mild glance woke a feeling which her soul desired, but

Emily fluttered near, and gayer spirits, and brighter wit, and more dazzling beauties, won back the truant glance, and took its admiration captive. Then Laura rejoiced in her friend's triumph. and sunk in her own defeat. She was unskilled in the operations of the heart, and till the wedding-day of her friend was fixed, she knew not how deep an agony was slumbering in her bosom. The day named, up rose the insidious and torturing inmate, peace was found to be a delusion, and the reality of pain was acknowledged in sighs and tears.

"Why, really you might be on the verge of marriage yourself, Laura," said Emily, "you take my nomination so seriously to heart."

"It is a serious thing," said Laura, as she wiped her eyes.

"I will grant you," cried Emily,
"that it is quite a melancholy thing,
D 3 and

and we ought to sprinkle it with floods of tears. I wish, Laura, that I could weep as soon and as well as you can. I would turn my whimpering to some account."

- "I have a silly heart. Forgive me, Emily; I believe that I must leave you, for my tears will but damp your rejoicing."
- "Tut, tut," cried Emily, "you shall not leave us. I may yet turn Orland over to you, for I verily believe that he would accept of either of us."
 - "Hush, Emily, hush!" exclaimed Laura, as her soul writhed beneath this chance of words.
 - "Oh, he is a good easy creature," cried Emily.
 - St. Malo entered the room at this moment. Laura, in great confusion, endeavoured to dry her cheeks, while Emily continued—" I have been saying, Orland, that you are a good easy creature."

" And

- "And fit to be married?" inquired St. Malo.
- "Yes," replied Emily, "to another good easy creature; so take Laura!"
- "Will Laura take me?" asked Orland smilingly.
- "Oh, no, no! no, indeed!" cried Laura, as with a face covered with blushes she rushed out of the room.

Another difficulty awaited her. She was requested by her volatile but unsuspecting friend to follow her to the altar. A ready acquiescence was yielded. She prepared for this sacrifice of feeling.

Emily seemed to have forgotten all the distress which she had suffered, and of which, both to herself and her father, St. Malo had been the relief. She bounded about with a disposition as gay and unconcerned, as if all which was had been contemplated. No trace of past suffering, no fear of future care, brought a shade upon her countenance, or interfered with that gladdening, brightening animation

Animation which played about her form. Nothing serious had been—nothing momentous was about to be. All was sunshine—all was security.

On the evening before the wedding, as she walked at her father's side, Laura and St. Malo strolled on towards the chapel. The ancient walls were slightly touched by the last rays of the sun. There was a temperate and pleasing light upon the scene—a light which was calculated to excite such sensations as would have suited a funeral better than a wedding. It was, however, consonant to the feelings of Laura. On the morrow she should inurn hope, and go in bridal equipment to the funeral of her heart. If she had been alone, she would have cried-" So be it! there is a will which is superior to mine, and to it I am submissive!" Then would she have couched upon a tomb, and wept beneath that temperate and pleasing light.

Laura sat down upon a gravestone.

It happened that there was room for St. Malo; so he took a seat by her side. The breeze of the evening swept in at the opening to the aisle; it flew over the graves with a soothing murmur, and it wasted the faces of Orland and St. Malo with a grateful freshness.

" Well, this is all!" said Laura.

It was seldom that she ventured to begin a conversation, and St. Malo, with some surprise, turned his eyes upon her. She was very pale, and a tear was visible upon her cheek. Few hearts could have resisted such communion. Orland's did not—his caught the tone.

- "And is this all?" inquired he, as he put his hand upon the tomb; "and births and marriages, do they only lead this?"
 - "Nothing more!" answered Laura.
- "And," continued St. Malo, "joy and sorrow, do they end here?"
 - "Risen from the ground, we sink to

it—nothing more!" again answered

- "Oh, good Heaven!" exclaimed St. Malo, "how absurd is life!"
- "How painfully absurd!" rejoined Laura, as she pressed her hand against her heart to repress its struggles. It was a vain effort. A deep sigh escaped her lips, and her tears fell faster.

Orland felt a compassion which was different to all experience, it was so painful, so tender, so of the nature of regret.

- " You are not well?" said he.
- "No! not well!" sighed Laura; "I am not well! so spiritless! so——"
- "Lost," she would have said, but she suffered the word to fail.
- "So spiritless?" inquired St. Malo, in an accent that reached the heart.
 - "So sad!" answered Laura.
- "And why?" asked Orland, in the same tone.

" The

"The scene—the chapel," cried Laura, distressed exceedingly—" it is the scene which makes me melancholy!"

Orland could not but gaze upon her. Their eyes met. Laura's confusion was completed, while Orland felt in that moment a sensation which the next hour, nay, even the next minute, might assuage, but which no length of time should entirely obliterate.

Laura quitted the tomb, and endeavouring to notice the epitaphs as she passed along, she walked up the aisle. In another moment Emily appeared in view, with the brilliancy of her beauty and spirit, to change the course of Orland's reflections.

"You are a most perfidious people!" said she; "because lord Kingsdown cannot skip over the grass like an antelope, you run out of sight, and plot mischief in corners. In three weeks, or a month at farthest, Laura, I will surrender

der St. Malo to you; but at present I miss upon it that he be my slave."

"At present!" thought Laura; "at present! its gaiety intercepts the onward hope, and chains it to the moment. Time breaks the tie, and circumstances at which we never guessed usher in another present, as dark as the past was bright. And then, what think we of our wisdom? laugh on, you that are happy! My present cannot be deceitful, for it rests with the future, on the grave—the grave!"

Her eyes were fixed to the grave of the mysterious foreigner; and from this time, through the evening, she knew not why the denunication, with all the circumstances of that strange man, lived in her recollection. She could not separate herself from his image. She retired from her friends to her swa apartment. A ray of the moon tempted her to the window. She extinguish-

ed her light, and with seelings which some cannot understand, which some undervalue, and others ridicule, but which nevertheless are of nature and of reason, and are exquisite in their indulgence, she threw aside the curtain, and sat down to the contemplation of the countenance and character of night. A few clouds were visible. They rather played, than fought, with the radiancy of the moon and stars, passing for a moment before their brightness, and then, with a tempered gloom, retiring to a distance. It was as if darkness and lusthe played, like friends, till they grew to anger. The clouds thickened-the breeze became a gate, and as it rushed with swiftness and force between the towers, and through the ruins of the casthe it made a variety of strange, though not of unharmonious counds. The henvenly instrument played fancifullymost pleasingly. The lighter symphonies changed to a deeper note—the low

low complainings of lurith anguish arose to the imagination-louder wailings! wild and fitful cries!—the shrieks of utmost agony, accompanied by the boisterous threatenings of the voice of thunder! The weed which streamed from the ancient battlements was yet seen fluttering to the music which piped through every crevice of its parent walls. Yet these were but the preludes to a strain which in its progress promised to bury the weed, and to close the crevice, in a mass of ruins. Higher and higher! the voice was mighty! the music was terrible! the earth shook to its echoings!

As the wind grew, Laura became terrified; yet could she not quit her seat, or turn away from the scene which was before her. She sat with her head thrown back—her eyes uplifted. The gale found an entrance to her room, and at last she determined to exchange her seat for her bed. Her window admitted a view

a view of the chapel, and at this mot ment the light of the moon so fell upon the entrance to the aisle, that the view of that particular part of the building was most distinct. Laura's eyes rested upon it. Something advanced to the opening. Was it a dog that had crept there for a shelter from the wind, or was it some poor wretch that had forsaken the public road for a lodging among the tombs? Her thoughts had rested upon the foreigner, and either now they had power to give their object a form, or by some other agency a deceit was practised upon her senses. The foreigner came forward from the gloom of the aisle, and in dark and terrible majesty filled the chasm! Laura shrieked with the suddenness of her fright, and closed her eyes.

"Impossible!" said she; "it is weakness—it is folly! Thought has become confusion—that is all!"

The weakness of superstition was not hers.

hers. Habit and education had strengthened her reason and her virtue. She was not visionary. Her perceptions were just and accurate, and they who had observed her judgment had noted its truth.

"It cannot be!" said she. "Good Heaven, it cannot?"

A loud voice struck upon her ear between the whistling of the winds..." It shall fall, it shall fall, when the adder winds about its base, and when its turret top is gilded by the sun of fortune. Its blessing shall be when it crumbles; its day of woe shall come in the time of gladness; and when it turns to the heavens with smalles, it shall see despair. Woe to thy friends! and to thine enemies prosperity! The moss that cloaks thy fall shall aid thy ruin, and the hand which brings thee honour shall lead thee to disgrace!"

A wailing, like the cry of thousands, spread around and through the castle.

Laura looked once more towards the aisle; her eye caught the raiment of the foreigner as it floated upon the wind. It gleamed a moment, and it was gone. In another moment the shrieks of Emily were heard, mingling with the noise of the wind, as with a wild and terrified countenance she burst into the apartment, and claimed the protection of her friend.

"What," cried Laura, as she endeavoured to conceal her own fears, "what is it that frightens you?"

Emily, as she strove to collect her breath; a part of the touth turret is blown down. It startled me from a fearful dream. I thought that I was falling amidst the ruins, while the terrible foreigner erected himself above, and wildly laughed to see my danger."

"It was the storm," said Laura, not knowing what she said. "Yes, now it comes!"

As she spoke, the clouds spread with astonishing rapidity over the sky, and the rain began to fall with great violence.

- "Heavens! what a night!" cried Laura.
- "Heavens, what a morrow!" exclaimed Emily, as her thoughts recovered, and recurred to the purpose of the morrow.

Lord Kingsdown rang his bell, and sent his servant to ascertain the safety of Emily and Laura, while the voice of St. Malo was heard in the gallery, calling aloud for lights. Lights were brought, and he proceeded to the door of Laura's chamber.

As Emily's fears subsided in the presence of her friend, her disposition to laugh revived. To St. Malo's summons she was the first to reply—"I pray you to get away to bed," said she; "we have had enough of terrors to-night. What a plague should we open the door for?"

"I want

- "I want only to know that you are safe," cried Orland.
- "Which of us?" inquired the lively girl.
 - "Both of you," replied St. Malo.
- "We are safe," returned Emily, "and we beg of you to go to bed."
- "Remain together to-night," enjoined St. Malo.
- "Most grave adviser," cried Emily, "it is our intention. Will you keep watch?"

With the obedience of a bridegroomelect, Orland replied—"If you desire it, I will."

- "Then will you have an excuse for sleepiness to-morrow. No, no—go to bed."
- .. "I obey," said St. Malo.
- "And, Orland," continued Emily, "when you marry again, do not call up storms to strengthen your wife's resolution."
 - "We take leave of storms on the eve of

of our wedding," returned Orland; "there will be sunshine to-morrow.

- " Heaven send it!" exclaimed Laura.
- "A pretty interpretation of an unpromising omen!" said Emily. "Goodnight!"

St. Malo went to his room, and left the fair friends to sleep away their terrors, that they might awake to a joyful morning.

The morning came; there were inconstant gleams of sunshine; the effects of the storm were visible in the fall of many a noble tree, and in the further dilapidation of the towers of Kingsdown. The ruinous parts were now even more ruinous; but the securer compartments of the fabric yet lifted a noble and an aspiring head to every gleam. It was a place to venerate; and on this morning St. Malo regarded it with so much affection, that he determined to dedicate himself to the work of its renovation, and to make it the home of his affluence.

ence. With an undoubting spirit did he review his hopes; nor would he at this moment admit of any question which operated against their fulness.

Emily presented herself before him, decked in smiles-joyous without as within. Her countenance showed the morning of beauty and of happiness; and while life and gaiety shone in every glance, sweetness and simplicity curied about her lips. In her form there was dignity; and, as she was now seen, in her carriage there was so much grace, blended with so much majesty, that it awed even while it won. Altogether Emily presented a perfect picture of female attraction—such an exhibition of person and of mind, as would excite the devotion of the heart, and induce it to exclaim, in the security of its rapture— " Here I must be blessed!"

A thousand and a thousand times the beart of Orland St. Malo leaped to the acknow-

acknowledgment, and exclaimed ——
"Here I must be blessed!"

And the old lord, the venerable father, all he looked was the intoxication of delight; that quick sensibility which neither years nor suffering had abated, was now aroused by its most endearing and its proudest object; and even the weaknesses of the old lord's nature, his prejudice, tended to the increase of his satisfaction. A St. Malo, the rival of his family, to be won to an alliance, and with every testimony of devotion to take to his breast, as the bond of union, the last fair member of the Kingsdowns. This was a gratifying consideration. Nor was this union to imply a transfer of the power and consequence of the Kingsdowns to the family of St. Malo; the last were to find in the castle of the former their home; and thus the name and the recollection of Kingsdown, should be secured through future generations. This

was

This was a proud reflection! and the care of the father should be surrendered to the kindness of the husband; age should be relieved of its anxiety; affection should be released of its fears; hope should cheer the passage to the grave, for weakness had found a defender, and innocence a protection. This was a blessed conviction! The old nobleman looked upon his child, and upon the object of her choice, with a full and perfect satisfaction. Yet there was one absent one who was to attend the procession to the chapel. There was one yet wanting to the completion of the joyful company; and where was she?

Laura had never felt so trembling and so helpless as on this morning; for all besides, there was no appearance of agitation. She did not weep; she was not heard to sigh; she told no cause of complaint, nor did she mention any source of sorrow. Yet there was sorrow—there was suffering on her countenance; she

was pale and cold as marble; and to herself, even to herself, her grief, the nature
of her pain, was scarcely ascertainable.
Did it flow from the terrors of the preceding night? No! She had reasoned
herself into a belief that those terrors
were a dream, were the visions of a distempered fancy, of a dejected heart.—
Did it flow from the reflections of the
tomb, and did it reach to the business of
the altar? She could not decide. She
dared not to inquire. Severe pangs were
at her heart, and she dared not to confess
them.

She was prepared for the ceremony, but she could not seek its participation; so she sat down in her room, for the purpose of separating her thoughts, and of distinguishing her feelings. The pain of the affections generally grows by inquiry. But Laura was summoned to attend her friends; and the task of inquiry, with its probability of anguish, was interrupted by the abruptness of the call.

call.—"I come," said she; but no sooner was she alone, than she exclaimed-"Why need they be in so much haste?"

She reached the stairs; but as she descended from the upper gallery, she heard the voice of St. Malo.

He was inquiring for her. — "But where," said he, "is my gentle Laura?"

Laura could not help repeating his particular words softly to herself-" My gentle Laura!"

His words, or his voice, or an incommunicable something which attended upon both — incommunicable by any forms of speech, but most painfully intelligent to every feeling, struck upon the heart of Laura with so pointed a force, that it throbbed beneath the touch, and almost overpowered the best efforts of her resohution.—"I must go on!" said she, as with a desperate struggle she fought against her feelings, and proceeded to the door of the breakfast-room. She stopped at VOL. II. E

the

the door, and endeavoured to smile hen: salutation.

". Why, what a drone!" oriest limity.

"An exceeding drone!" sighed Laura.

pest had occasioned a general albumine throughout the castle. Hen fear, and a restless night, were on this accounts the causes of her paleness and dejection; and on she went in the train of happieness—on to the chapel, with a heart——. Oh! if any eye could have sean that generals and virtuous heart, desping in its tenderness, and despairing in its worth—divided, torn, agonized, bleed? ing, it would never more have looked with complacency on the shows of happiness, or spared a glance to the emptioness—the vanity of grandeur.

On she went—a figure in the train of joy—a meek, a mute gazer on the consummation of her own misery. The cenremony, passed. Even the breath that:

at times escaped gaspingly through the lips of Laura, had no power to warm those lips; she pressed them in their chilliness upon the cheek of her friend "Heaven Bless you!" said she. "Be happy! be very happy!" She could say no more, for at that moment she fainted, and fell into the arms of lord Kingsdown.

In a little time she recovered, and be held the eyes of St. Make looking down in kindness and in pity upon her. His hands too were chasing the singgish blood through the beautiful blue veins of her arms. He knelt at her side, and all his concern seemed to be for her restoration. Perhaps the human frame is not susceptible of a more pleasing or luxurious calm, than that which attends a gentle return of animation. For some minutes Laura was only sensible of this calm; for a few minutes more, the sense of St. Malo's watchfulness and attention minuted with this feeling, and again, for

a few

a few minutes, nature required the indulgence of this passing gratification.

She recovered.—"I have acquitted myself shamefully!" said she; "I pray you pardon me! My feelings were disarranged by the alarm of last night. I must endeavour to recover them."

In consequence of the continued feebleness of Laura, Emily consented to her father's wish, and agreed to spend the day of her marriage under the roof of her ancestors. But she positively forbade the making of a public feast at the castle; and in so far she opposed the custom of her family. If her father's will had been consulted, and his power had been wide as was his inclination, his gates would have been thrown open to the rich and the poor, and profusion, revelry, and riot, would once more have prevailed at the castle.

. Orland knew the desire of the old nobleman, and he was unfortunately fond

of yielding to such a weakness. He spread his commissions about with a lavish hand; and by the assistance of Sarsden, he collected in the little town of Kingsdown many who were willing to feast upon his munificence. was called the "Hope of the Land;" and the old lord was perversely designated the "Prop of Independence." The voice of praise, the vociferations of applause, sounded to the ancient towers; and those who had been backward to visit them with their love or pity in the hour of misfortune, were now forward in their adulation, loud in their professions, and fervent in their faith. A fresh prospect was opening upon them; a disposition, which adversity could not inform, nor age temper, was again pouring · out its lavish charities, and tempting with abundance. Enough sped to the feastenough rioted in extravagance—enough laughed where they professed, and mocked where they praised; yet the old lord E 3

lord thought himself an idol; and so he was while he had wealth. Orland was happy in his satisfaction. The names of Kingsdown and St. Malo spread along the coast of Kent; and there was cause of joy. They were for ever united.

CHAPTER III

These blazes, daughter, giving more light than heat, Extinct in both, even in their promise, As it is a-making, you must not take For fire. THE AREA PEARS.

THE business of hife is never still; it is always or maing to its height or lowering to its fall—on, on it goes; its very interruptions accelerate its progress. is like the water of a nataract, which lingers an instant at the intercepting projections of its height, and then gushes with greater wielence to its final rest.

Lord Kingsdown was now reinstated in his possessions. His faded splendour revived—it recovered its lustre—it promised to shine on him through life, and to decorate his tomb. With his ancient consequence securely in his power, he conceived E 4

conceived new schemes for its aggrandizement, and he looked beyond that period of time upon which he had a right to calculate, for the gratification of his desires, and the completion of his designs. He saw much in his castle which required alteration or repair. Referring to the plan of his manor, he found that its shape had undergone, by reason of many sales at many different times, so great a variety of changes, and such contraction, that there were spots of ground which deserved the sacrifice of a few thousands in their acquirement. These would make the estate equal in its extent, and uniform in its features. Looking at the Kingsdown interest in the county of Kent, he could not but be pained at its defalcation. It would now be combined with the interest of St. Malo, and the two interests would be powerful. But still the weight of Kingsdown ought to preponderate in the political scale. No matter why! The

The reason might be in right, or in necessity, or in pride—mere pride! no matter where—the weight of Kingsdown ought still to preponderate in the political scale. So thought the old lord; and soon, when means should abound, and opportunities present themselves, he would submit every opposing necessity to his purpose—his fond purpose. Luton, and perhaps Sarsden, should be made acquainted with these grand schemes; they should be called to their occasional discussion.

In compliance with a desire which: was fully known, it was the intention: of St. Malo to suffer decay to steal over the falling mansion of his own family, and to transfer his abode entirely to the Castle of Kingsdown; a part of his wealth should be appropriated to the restoration of the baronial magnificence of that abode, and a part should be allotted to the extension of its domain. In so far the intentions of the son accorded.

corded with the views of the father; in so far their designs were the same, but time was necessary to their accomplishment.

The bulk of St. Malo's fortune consisted of West Indian property. had found existing against his family many claims, of which, though the law had had no control upon his actions, he had taken such notice as befitted his honest and honourable heart. His cousin, Sandwich Delayal, had been expensive to him; and he himself had not neglected those outward shows which had through many ages surrounded name, and which were the right of his station. Something too must be allowed for a heart whose sympathies were not bound up, and held from the calls of humanity. Orland had always felt his connexion with his kind to be intimate. He had never conceived that the abundance of Heaven's good gifts had been consigned to him for his own solitary

tary gratification—for that he might loll on the softest bed, feed on the most luxurious viends, and trick himself out before the world in the greatest splendour; while those who came from the same hand, were of the same nature, and destined to the same end, were to find in want their inheritance and their desert. When he had found worth, he had not contented himself with thinking that others might give it encouragement. He had encouraged it. When he had found distress, he had not left it to excite an interest in others. In truth, St. Male had very correct notions of himself and of mankind. He regarded himself as the eldest of a large family: respect was due to him—state was his: prerogative. He had his right hand brothers and his left; now and then it was necessary for him to frown, and to erect his head, that he might check the forward and inform the erring. still it was his chief delight, as indeed it

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was his first duty, to smile, that he might conciliate those who were at too great a distance from his seat to share his converse, and that he might encourage those whose weakness was timidity, and whose fault was silence. With these views of himself and of mankind, his wealth, urged by his philanthropy, had made for itself many deep and lasting channels—in return for many sacrifices, he had taken to his heart prayers—prayers and blessings.

St. Malo was still rich—with money in the funds, and with an estate of great value in the West Indies. The encumbrances upon Kingsdown were something more than eighty thousand pounds; Orland could immediately command ninety. He accordingly gave an order to Worselove to obtain the produce of this capital, and with it to discharge the demands of Trickwell and the other creditors. The details of the business he left to Sarsden: it was enough that he

was lord Kingsdown's steward, and an honest man. But he had a desire to extend the manor of the castle, and to have his fortune within the sphere of his own management; to this end, he determined to rid himself of the trouble of his Indian possessions. Till the completion of their sale, his desires, together with those of the old lord, must suffer a delay.

We can well imagine that Laura's painful feelings did not terminate with the occasion of the wedding. We know too much of nature, to believe that the heart will at all times accommodate itself to affliction, because it is irremediable. That consideration will sometimes blunt a pang, but it will not remove it. Laura believed the pain which she felt to be of guilty origin; and thus the fears of a delicate and virtuous consciousness increased her sufferings. Every day she drooped, for every day she struggled against a forceful, an inseparable feeling. Her judgment was strong

in the war against affections which her heart favoured; and the body waned and waxed fainter and fainter beneath the contention. All her recollections of the past were happy—all her anticipations of an heavenly future were blissful; but here there was a sorrow—she was nearly alone in the world, as it regarded relations—friends; she needed one on whom she might repose her crowding but timid emotions of faith and hope. That one towards whom she would have looked, was sealed to another—and that other was her friend. She blessed that friend's bliss; but what did she by her own agony? It would not be reasoned away, so she clasped it to her bosom, and buried it in her heart. There was yet a satisfaction; under the shelter of friendship, love might console itselfthe eye, the ear, might still, without suspicion, drink in the looks and words, and pour them upon the heart with a precious flow. And so they did: often when

when Emily neglected the attentions of Orland, did Laura sit and watch them, and grow eager to reply. But this duty was not hers; and though its contemplation was a satisfaction, yet she would refuse it to herself: she would go away, and strive to live to her own duties, though she was dead to happiness. she should find her friend forgetful of Orland, she should learn to hate that friend; and to be saved that pain, she would forego all her little stock of present pleasure. She would go away with her misery—she would forsake the solace which might be dangerous to her friend.

It was an additional grief to her to perceive the growing carelessness of Emily. She seemed now never to have known any circumstances of embarrassment and distress; and so entirely did she relinquish all thought of the past, that there appeared not any recollection

of common gratitude for the means by which evil had been averted. She seemed to require a constant change of airy, fluttering, whimsical amusement; and where this was not to be obtained, her disappointment was marked by a peevish, captious, disdainful cast of look and manner: all seriousness was dullness—all thought stupidity; silence was ignorance, and a grave reply was matter of derision. But Laura drooped: a few weeks more, and it was evident that so rapid a decline would bring her to the grave. She was sensible of the change; Emily wept at it, and Orland, with heart's grief, lamented it. She determined to go to her aunt at Bath; and though Orland and Emily offered to accompany her thither, she positively refused their attentions. A day or two before that which she had appointed for her journey, she felt so much revived, that Emily, her friend, moved about with

with more than her accustomed levity.

—" How long," said she to her husband,
"have we been married, Orland?"

Sparkling replies made no part of the vanity of Orland, although he knew that folly rather than sense wins with the multitude of every rank.—" About six weeks," replied he.

- "A very direct answer, and a very accurate calculation," said Emily. "How I like novelty at times!"
- "And perversity, at times," interrupted Orland, with a smile of great good-nature.
- "Yes, and perversity at times, if it be ingenious, and supported with spirit," returned Emily. "But tell me, Orland, are you at open war with novelty?"
 - " No-for I have taken a new wife!"
- "That is better—very well!" continued Emily. "But really I was beginning to fear your perpetual opposition to every fresh fancy."
 - " No unreasonable disposition in an obedient

obedient husband, I should think," an-awered St. Malo.

- "Better still! At last you will be human!"
- But still, to pretend to an equality, I must be divine," continued Orland, as he playfully kissed his wife's hand.
- "Oh, now I see," said Emily, "that there is no radical deficiency. We have the light, but we hide it!"
- "In pity to our neighbours, who glimmer if we refuse to shine!"
- "You can distinguish," observed Emily, with a forced smile.
- "Occasionally!" returned Orland, as he left his wife, and with much reverence went and seated himself by Laura.
- "Excellent!" exclaimed Emily. "I will remind you at times of what is within your power."
- "Do so," returned St. Malo; "for with such a competitor I might perhaps grow forgetful or despairing."
 - "We have not, generally, many powers

powers that we can afford to waste," said Emily.

"Remember that!" retorted Orland; "and do not be extravagant with your raillery."

Emily, with the quickness of one who knew, and who had some pride in her own powers, was soon sensible, and was soon mortified at the suspicion of a defeat. Her brow fell, and parting at last the close pressure of her lips—" You are severe, sir," said she.

- "No! no! no!" cried Laura, as she flew to her friend, and as Orland, with the rapidity of love, seized and kissed the hand of his wife, and echoed... "No! no! no!"
- "Well! well! well!" cried Emily, as she struggled with her pride, and endeavoured to be very calm; "I pray you to go and sit down. Do not flutter about me!—the room is sufficiently warm, I do not like to have the air impeded on every side."

" My

"My dear Emily," said Laura, reproachfully, as she sat down, and with her finger checked a tear.

"Oh, you are a strange people!" again cried Emily. "You make me splenetic between you. You will find me tame when you are human."

She was leaving the room, when Orland, in a tone of outraged feeling, invited her to walk with him in the park.

everlastingly treading the grass, for the satisfaction of my domestic husband. You must excuse me." She went away.

Orland stood for some moments, with a look of painful astonishment, regarding the doorway through which she had passed; then he sat down, and put his hands before his face.

Laura dared not to take her eyes from the carpet. Her shame was for her friend, and her grief was for Orland. The thought occurred to her—it was natural

tural—she could not resist it—the thought that she would not so have repulsed the affection of Orland. Just then, when she was indulging this thought, she felt one of her hands enclosed between those of Orland, and she heard his voice of kindness entreating her to accompany him to the park. She would have refused; but her gentle spirit was unaccustomed to refusals—she arose, and went with him.

Laura endeavoured to engage her companion in conversation, but her efforts and his inclination seemed averse to her purpose. He begged her to pardon his silence; but he continued silent.

—" I wish," said he, at last, " that you would not leave us."

Laura did not reply. Orland repeated his wish.

At that moment Laura became sensible of the weakness, the alarming weakness of her frame; and as she rested against

against a tree—" I'must," said slie—"I'must leave you!"

Orland saw her faintness; and he contiprehended her meaning.—" Heaven forbid it!" exclaimed he fervently.

"I cannot wish," rejoined Laura;
"that Heaven's will be contradicted."
No—I cannot wish it!".

"For your friends, Laura—surely, for your friends, you would remain?" inquired Orland.

"Yes, for them," answered Laura;
"but how am I necessary? This tree would flourish as well, though this weed grew not beside it. But, come, come!
I am better. Oh, invalids are intolerable companions! I could make you now in love with melatichory; but for the blossoms of gaiety; they are waning with my life; I have not one with which to raise your spirits, and they are already too low. Come, we will seek our Emily, and call upon her good-nature."

"Will

"Will: she have: recovered: it?" in-

"It never fails," returned Laura: "it hides itself now and then in sport; but you must hunt it out—try all its forms; it needs but to be chased, and it will bless the pursuer."

Orland smiled upon the vindicator of his Emily, and he grew to leve her for her praise. He took hold of her hand—"With such a guide," said he—"with one to direct her liveliness, and to instruct my love; there could be no fear: of years: becoming happiness. If, my dear: Laura—"

There was as thrilling sensation at:
Laura's heart; it was exquisite, but it
was dangerous, and to be dreaded. She
endeavoured to withdraw her hand in
great haste; but Orland still held it, and
placed it to his lips. She pointed to the
paths which led from the tree towards
the castle, and catching the armof St.
Malo, to save herself from falling, she
moved

moved forward.—" You must," said she, with an ardour which was not of her habit, but which present circumstances gave to her nature—" you must take Emily to your bosom, and foster her with all kindness. Her quick feelings require the watchfulness of your love; lead them gently-they will follow; entice them—they will submit; indulge them—they will obey; the patience of a moment will induce the happiness of an age, and bliss will be the consequence of discretion. I am ashamed to say all this, but I may have no other opportunity; and the comfort of my Emily-your comfort, is superior to the considerations of common delicacy. Be happy—yes, yes, yes! remember what I have said, and when I shall be at rest, be happy! then be happy!"

"God bless you!" exclaimed St. Malo, as he pressed the hand of Laura, and lifted up his eyes to heaven.

Laura sped to the castle, and to her room;

room; she remembered by whose aid she had been enabled to perform her duty, and she was humble, and she was earnest and grateful in her acknowledgment.

In the evening there were no mists upon the brow of Emily; she met her husband as if he had been absent for months, and as if her love had grown to excess; she listened to all he said, she played with his glances, she twined his hair about her fingers, she curled the ivory of her round arm about his neck, she made his smiles her business and her delight, and of her thoughts, as of her words and actions, her husband seemed to be the image and the life. Orland was, in truth, the happiest husband in the world.

The day for the departure of Laura arrived; an old friend of her family received her into his protection; sighs and tears, which are supposed to be the evidences, were, with Laura, the disvol. II.

guise of feeling—they were the concomitants of adieu, and were therefore not to be suspected; what they concealed none guessed; this is final—was engraved upon the heart which yielded them.

She reached Bath, and there, to the duty of attendance upon the capricious inclinations of a rich and whimsical relation, we must unwillingly commit-her. At first her removal from Kent promised to be injurious to the delicate state of her constitution; but, after a little while, the duty to which she was called, and those duties of active benevolence to which her nature prompted, dissipated the pain of reflection, and aroused her to some show of life and spirit; glimpses of returning health appeared; the mild eye grew brighter, the soft cheek lifted a little of its former bloom, the blood flowed nimbler, the kind and charitable, but still wounded heart, beat lightlier: yet these signs were themselves

themselves often ruingus, most ruingus, of the hopes which themselves excited; the heart would sink, for it had been high; the cheek would fade, for it had bloomed; the eye would grow dim, for it had brightened: if, in a place of weakest vanity and of wildest foolery, there were any who bestowed a hope on the virtuous for the sake of virtue. that hope became suddenly chilled and deadened by the very objects of its creation. Laura did not grow radically better; but it appeared that her decline would be slow-would be, what the good must ever wish, a quiet and gentle sinking into the grave—a decline, which might be compared to the gradations of a long but a bright evening—a gradual going down from light into a soft shade -and further, further still-into the calm of a beautiful night, the soul weaned from the past, and all its powers onwards, full of finest anticipations, and rich in the hopes of a bright morning.

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We say it was likely that Laura's decline would be of this nature; but yet she had some business with the charities of life, and some strength for their cultivation; yet she could feel anxious for what concerned her friends, and yet she could endeavour for their interests.

Among the interruptions to the placidity of Laura, among the sources of her discontent and annoyance, were the foplings, old and young, who infested Bath. Laura was a fortune, a large fortune, and wherever she moved, the selfish and the needy, the designing and the impertinent, surrounded her; noblemen, who had no earthly recommendation but their titles—the beau, who had no valuable possession but his wardrobe fools, whose only distinguishable quality was impudence—fluttered in her path; obstructed the performance of her generous duties, restricted her liberty, and offended her feelings; on this side and on that, her glance was construed into encouragement, * : .

encouragement, admiration, love; and on rushed the worshippers of vanity and the lovers of themselves, to claim her gaze and to presume on her regard. There was no pity, there was no generosity, there was no manly feeling in any of their oblations; they saw that the beautiful girl was declining-but she had a fortune; they might have known that her thoughts were on another world—but she had a fortune: they might have seen that her hand and heart were subjects of a higher dedication—but she had a fortune, and this they could not see; themselves, to the contemplation of themselves, were the highest and noblest objects that ever had been, or that ever would be; and, to their view, person, fortune, and happiness, could not be better bestowed than upon their extravagance. It was in vain that Laura rejected their offers, that she declared how grateful she should be for the loss of their attentions; this

was affectation, or it was prudery, or it was deceit; there was certainly at heart a latent admiration, a strong desire, a growing affection; and to have asked for what? the question would have struck upon vanity, and, like steel against flint, it must have elicited fine; the suitors, the foplings, would have been fluttered, for, with the daily and hourly contemplation of themselves and their own perfections, the fixing upon the entity of their high worth would have been a matter of difficulty.

There must be a lack of soul in life: the soul is active, reasoning, quick in its apprehensions, bold in its aspirations, and lofty in its views. If, then, there were always soul where we see life, could so many of our species go on habituating themselves in so worthless a course of imposition? could they take comfort at their own glance, become enraptured of their own air, and outweigh even immortality with the delights

lights of self-estimation—the estimation of their own persons? Could a swaggering gait, a high look, a leer, or a ribald jest, be the whole business of life? and yet these form the pride of thousands! The world will admit of other distribution than that which has yet been made. It is not the physical formation of man which determines his equality; neither are they those distinctions of society which have crept in by custom, that are the real boundaries of separation.

Laura turned to her home for that comfort which was denied to her abroad. and she looked towards her friends, that she might find in their happiness all the satisfaction which she could expect on earth.

Six, eight, twelve months wiled away, and every account which Laura received from the Castle of Kingsdown told her of happiness. Sometimes her friend Emily ventured on complaint;

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but

but the cause was so visionary, and the argument was so defective, that Laura saw indeed that it was the offspring of a full content. To our gross and inconstant feelings even happiness is satiety. Laura admonished her friend, and we cannot but think, that much of the satisfaction of the castle was the result of her influence.

About this period, being again in the opening of the summer, Laura received a letter from her friend, which we shall take occasion to insert. The matter of its contents may be of much consequence to our story. We are always disposed to be pleased with the relation of such a talent as that of Emily, and it may, moreover, be useful to give a picture of her heart, and of its inmates, from her own pencil.

" To Laura Feversham.

" MY DEAR LAURA,

"It can never be objected to me that I have no love for discretion; for in all the humours of my mind, and with all the affections of my heart, I turn to you. Now, if discretion were identified with any other person, I should leave it—I should give it to the winds, the bleak—the bleakest winds, for is it not cold as they? But you will tell me that I am married, and that to every wife discretion must be a companion. Now and then, my dear Laura, it may be a correspondent, but the sooner it be a companion in the person of my Laura, the better—ay, the better!

"Why, how strange is my humour now! I could laugh and cry, for my life has gained an object—a new object—an interesting object. We are all runners after matters of interest. If Orland

were here, I would set him to work upon a thousand pounds. There are those indeed who only understand the term in its relation to money; but I have found one of another sort. This, I must warn you, will be a letter of comparison. Put on a grave look, and be as discreet as you please; I may be-perhaps I will be unmindful. You will tell me that my duties must not be compared with what is less binding, but more pleasing. Now this is all that wisdom can say, and I know it—I know it by heart. need is there then for further descant? A divine would go on, and preach about a weakened inclination, and a warring spirit, till he brought you to an abandonment of right; and then, not satisfied with that, the best conclusion, he would torture plainness into perplexity, and elearness into confusion. The sum of what you would say, and you are wisdom, I have given in a short sentence. But still this shall be a letter of comparison.

rison. Oh, I am natural! I know what is right, but I defer to do it. Thus with the preacher!

- " For several months I have inquired, whether if a bright black eye had presented itself in the situation in which Orland's mild blue eye found me on the night of my surprise in the chapel, I should have been equally pleased with it, and have yielded to it as soon? and the answer has been, yes! It is strange that things which continue as beautiful as ever should not please for ever. I am sitting before a fine plant that has been. in gay blossom for a week. A week ago, I was in ecstacies with it. But now I could almost take it from its stem, and throw it-no! but I could give it to another with infinite satisfaction.
- "If there are these perversities in our nature, must I be blamed?
- "But to what does this tend? to a comparison reflecting on—On whom?"
 Not on Orland! No! no! no!—Orland,

 F 6 dear

dear Orland, even at this moment the tears of an unfeigned repentance are in my eyes—are falling from my cheeks. His love and tenderness, his faith and virtue, are warm about my heart, and all my soul is in my homage towards him. Do not think that the first pages of my letter speak my sentiments. They are full of perversities, which, that you may know me thoroughly, I suffer to remain. I am dangerously fond of making the impulse of the moment a point of constancy, and of thinking my obstinacy a virtue. But in truth I am tired of Kingsdown, and what is good in it I disregard, because it is common.

"Could you see Orland now, his fine face glowing with the charities of his heart, and his eye illumined with the love of Heaven—he is at this moment busied with the old lord, arranging a plan of the estate. Here the castle is lifting a statelier form; there cottages are building for the industrious; here institutions

institutions are raised for the poor; and here rewards are adjudged to the deserving. He is heated with his energy. All the morning has he been prosecuting his good works, and the old lord at his side has given to him, and to him only, his sight, and speech, and love. Lord Kingsdown has deserted your Emily. Orland is all in all with him. I am contented to be deserted for such a one; and yet I alone meet that one with frowardness. But yet I love him, Laura. The happiness that I have with him, the pride I feel in him, can do no more than make me what I am, proud and happy. Orland is my life; therefore be satisfied!

"What a strange and unreasonable occupation in a wife of twelve months is that of praising her husband! Faugh! I am ashamed of it! I have wearied you, no doubt. I have offended myself, which is even more material. But I hasten to make amends. I must recall

my design, and praise any body rather than my husband. But good people, when they come before us, have certainly a very positive way of winning our respect; and they will not be dismissed without sharing our praises. Now I turn to another good person, and of the same family. Will Laura object to that? Can the St. Malo be unwelcome? No, not to Laura!

"Some two or three weeks ago I visited with Orland the rude cross which you recollect to have seen on the sea-side, and no sooner had we arrived at it, than I perceived a gentleman approaching in the direction which we had left. His form pleased me, and his carriage was such as I had often fancied, but never seen. I pointed the attention of Orland to the same object, and his surprise increased mine.

'Can it be?' cried he, and in the next breath—'It is! it is!' He flew from my side to the embrace of the stranger. In another another minute he returned, and placed my hand in that of his ward, and cousin, and brother, Sandwich Delaval. 'Take,' said he, 'my brother to your love, Emily—your best love!'

- 'I promise you!' said I; 'I promise you!' I was pleased with my relation, Laura. I was pleased with his figure, with his look and smile.
- "After a little while I had leisure to compare the cousins; and my preference was at first given to Orland; but I knew not how stealingly treacherous were the personal qualifications of Sandwich.
- is that tractile and easy grace which bespeaks the gentleness and excellence of his disposition: his form, like his sensibility, seems not to have been created for boisterous scenes, for waves, and winds, and battles: it is suitable to the breath of summer, of soft music, and to the admiration of every kind and tender spirit: it should be pictured amidst flowers—like

like an Adam, in the centre of a paradise, with lions crouching about its pedestal—lions awed into peace, by a winning and mild majesty; and his face, his loving eye, his merciful brow-why these should be given to the angel Michael, when he comes on an embassy of love. There is no fury in their ire, and no determination in their resolve. They are ever seeking occasion to be satisfied, and ever suing opposition into accordance. This outward grace, which Heaven has given him, may be copied, and transmitted to other generations; but his voice, Laura! his voice! why that cannot live in an eternal echo. and echo must be mute; and where will there again be so soft and yet so thrilling a music? It is now sounding to my ear, and surely all which I love is in This is Orland.

"But of Sandwich I know not how to speak. Think of Alexander, but forget that he was lower than Hephæstion think

think of Alexander in his exploits, and then make a remove of a few ages, and imagine Antony in his love; disrobe Milton's Satan of his evil designs, and let him rise to your fancy, with all of his angelic strength, and with much of his dark majesty, and you will behold Sandwich. His height is loftiness, and his strength is grandeur; his hair is of jetty blackness, and on his countenance there is no streak of that bright colour which lives on the cheeks of Orland. At first I thought its sallow tint uninteresting, and I took no pleasure in the melancholy of his brow; but when his face was lighted up with the radiancy of his eyes, and he glowed in the ardour of conversation, not the thunder-cloud, but the lightning, became his character-Suppose him in a storm, rearing himself against the winds, or beating down the fury of the seas-surround him with what is most terrible and sublime, and he will be an appropriate hero. Yet,

Yet, in his general bearing, his mildness shows his affinity to Orland. Nay more, there is a melancholy in his look and manner, which steals upon the sympathies of the heart, and gains a powerful mastery. I fancy that he has known misfortune, but he is not forward in the acknowledgment. Sometimes I imagine that he has never found a fit companion, and that his high spirit has pined in loneliness. Perhaps the best cause which can be assigned for that melancholy of which I speak, may be found in the circumstances of his birth. Without fortune, and with few friends, perhaps the generosity of his relation has been burdensome to his heart, and that he had disdained the necessity which he has been obliged to contemplate. Whatever may have been, or may be the cause, yet the effect is pardonable in its appropriation of character to person. The gay laugh, the airy spirit, would be incongruous, uncongenial, offensive,

but deep feeling—the quick, but firm resolve—the dangerous, but lofty purpose, suit his periods of animation; and in moments of abstraction, thought, seriousness, solemnity, and melancholy, become the proper expression of his height and dignity. Such is Sandwich!

"Now then weariness is banished from Kingsdown. Every thing wears a fresh appearance, and all I see is inviting. Lord Kingsdown has his dear recollections; Orland has his generous purposes; and I have my solemn, yet my enthusiastic and kind companion. I endeavour to chase away melancholy from the face of Sandwich, and sometimes I succeed. But more frequently does he suffer his brow to become overcast by my efforts. I lead him about to every favourite place, and when I would find him, I seek him on that spot which I the last extolled. You must come to thé castle, Laura: you will be equally pleased

pleased with the gentleness and with the ardour of Sandwich. You must come to the castle, Laura, and with a good purpose for your invitation. I find that my enthusiast has some notions which you might correct. The principles of Orland would war on the same side, and against two such combatants his resolution could not hold out. Your united efforts did great mischief to me: my opinions were liberal as those of Sandwich are. They had fought against the dogmatism of our good Luton, against custom, against persuasion and reproach. But an occasional tear from you, and a sideway argument from Orland, brought me back to patience and obedience, and made me willing to be conquered.

"Come then to the castle, for till you arrive, I shall be obliged to dedicate myself to Sandwich; and, in faith, strange fancies break in upon me, as I listen to his words, and as I look upon his features.

tures. It is not every face that was made to be seen; nor, as the world goes, is it to be wondered at, that there are more who are willing to talk than to hear; for there are few whose words have a tone to invite, or a meaning to inform. Is it then surprising that strange fancies break in upon me as I listen to Sandwich, and as I look upon him? He has much to complain of in the allotment of this world's goods. Depend upon it, Laura, that the best and most agreeable of a family is the poorest. You are unjust to nature, or to Heaven, if you doubt my position. For what good purpose could it answer, for one man not only to have his pockets crammed with all the ducats, but his head stored with all the brightest attributes, and his heart filled with all the best qualities? No! no! there is a justice in the distribution; and in as much as mind is superior to wealth, is the poorest of a family above the richest.

"I am

"I am so well pleased with this maxim, that some day or other I shall enlarge upon it to the extent of—proof; no, of an ingenious treatise. In the meantime, my loving services shall be given to the youngest and the poorest. I will advance an Isaac before an Esau; therefore come—come to the castle, and to one who dearly loves you—to your own

"EMILY KINGSDOWN ST. MALO."

This letter, its beginning, and its conclusion, gave so much pain and alarm to Laura, that in despite of the risk, if she could have moved at all, she would have journeyed to Kingsdown; but her disorder had gained strength, and it was to be feared that she was confined to a room, from which she should never be borne with life. Yet what she could do for the safety of her friend she did: She

She sent to her every kind admonition, and she breathed for her every pious prayer.

CHAPTER IV.

"Mere airy dreams of air-bred people these,
Who look with envy on more happy man,
And would decry the joys they cannot taste.
Quit not the substance for a stalking shade
Of hollow virtue, which eludes the grasp."

MILTON.

IT is not the particular fault of the dealers in fiction, that in their representations
of life, they, in one material point, err
against the known economy of nature.
It is in vain to say that we see wise men
with dull countenances, and heroes who
are not giants. Our notions of wisdom,
virtue, and courage, have their attachments of penetrating eyes, gentle smiles,
and fierce demeanour; and though Socrates, according to the physiognomist,
looked rather waggish than wise—
though Cæsar was not lofty—though
our

our own Milton was blind, and Johnson was not comely, yet that narration would not be credited for its grace, which allowed not to its favourite agents such characteristics as without reason we desire, and against all experience we expect. But now we gladly turn from the contemplation of face and form to what must be of greater consequence to final issues—the powers of the mind, and the qualities of the heart.

Sandwich had, for the greatest part of his life, been in a bad school. Our disposition to vice may be resolved into a love of licence: the child delights in a negligent tutor—the servant grows heedless under a relaxed authority—the monarch becomes a tyrant, the subject becomes a rebel, by concession. Every man desires wider privileges than appertain to his neighbour, and he who attains the widest privileges grows wild and wanton in their exercise; for it is VOL. II.

the business of the passions to make the field of liberty a world of disorder.

Sandwich Delaval had a subtle and lively apprehension, and a susceptible heart; his powers might have been turned to good, but the moment of their direction passed, and their bias was ill. It was not that ill which is the determination of doing wrong, but that which adopts wrong for right, by reason of an overweening vanity. He soon found that the sanctity of high wisdom was more readily attained by doubting than by receiving—that to dispute the claims of wisdom was to be superior to those claims—and that to withhold assent to established positions, was to affect a higher power of decison. Voltaire and Rousseau first reached his heart through the medium of his fancy. Bayle, D'Alembert, Diderot, and their satellite Hume, finished the perversion. He became, of course, proud of his own weakness,

ness, and attached to confusion. At first, the clouds which these lords of disorder collected about him were an inconvenience, and he would fain have scrambled his way into a better light; then, mist seemed to him to be the natural atmosphere, and he wished not to exchange it for a clearer view of the heavens. Like the followers of Circe, he became proud of his prostitution; he took his stand upon common groundsall ancient rights were absurdities—all religious ordinations were impositions all belief was credulity, and fear, and faith, and hope-nay, the world itself was but a composition of prejudice. Here then was licence, and he loved it.

But these opinions could not be adopted and maintained without a reference to argument. But were they not established? what sense was comparable to that of the sight? The rush-light, which was blazing, was apparent; but the sun, which was felt through every.

every vein, being concealed, was not to be acknowledged. And to whom should argument be submitted? To people whose comfort was error, and whose wisdom was credulity? No; silence should be a security for the privileges, as well as a shelter for the dignity of thought. He would not disturb the stupid complacency of the ignorant—he would look down upon their prejudices with pity and in silence. But there was an interruption to his equanimity; his calmness was ruffled when he reflected upon his subjection to Orland-when he recollected his great obligations to his cousin. He would quit his studies of philosophy, and go out into the world—that world which he scorned. that he might release himself of his debt, and be furnished for indulgence; but he had not heart! The necessity continued, but he had not heart—the obligation grew deeper, but he had not heart! Nature was the sovereign power—the paramount

paramount guide. He could not become prejudiced, and do a violence to her. No; it was his pride to be constant to first principles. The advantages which he needed and received, it was natural to him to appropriate; it was his view of them as a debt which was in opposition to right. No! duties might be imperative—customs might demand observance—honour might be restless reason might be eager. Nature should not be controlled: he would remain his cousin's debtor, still scorning the world, and disdaining to be obliged. But this war of nature and necessity induced melancholy, and he moved along, in melancholy grandeur, an unrepining -a self-satisfied victim.

This was the end of his closet reflections. He found out for his inconsistencies some glowing imaginative excuse, and for himself he discovered some touching, romantic appellation. At one time his Creator, at another the world,

was to be blamed for all which he suffered, and to be loaded with all his sins. He had, in his principles, a full power of justification for every action; and to none on earth, and to none in heaven, did he owe obedience, or own submission.

In this assurance he formed a connexion with a young Frenchman, Jourbert D'Evereux. He was introduced to the chateau, where he became a great favourite with the uncle of his friend, the count D'Evereux, and with his friend's sister, Rosalie.

The old count was an amiable man; but his views were confined to life. He was of that disposition which prevails so much in France, and which we think and hope is peculiar to the people of that country: his days were passed in continual good-humour—in the cultivation of every present enjoyment, and in total disregard of every grave consideration. In sickness, at times when the casualties

of life presented an opposition to his gaiety, he did not seem to need any more solid satisfaction than that which trifles could bestow; his mind acquired no superior support—his heart asked for no certain rest-he had that foresight which is called worldly wisdom—evils could be seen, yet would he offer no prayer for their prevention. They would pass away, yet would he give no thanks for his escape. It seems so natural for the fearful heart—the sinking spirit, to resort to some superior intelligence—to lean upon some higher power, that one cannot well appreciate that careless temper, or that steady will, which depends upon its own strength; yet this strength, or this slightness, was the quality of the old count. With many of his countrymen, he had run on with the PRESENT from youth to age, mindful only of a world which he must leave, and wholly insensible to G 4 every every source of brighter hope and better gratitude.

Sandwich found the old count in this careless vein; and some of his opinions being similar to his own, he became as great a favourite as was his nephew, Jourbert.

Rosalie D'Evereux was a beautiful and timid girl; her features were French; but they were the finest of French features. Her disposition was indeed suitable to that calm retired shade in which she had been reared; so gentle and shrinking, that every one who saw her became her preserver—became interested to save her in her loveliness from spoil, and blight, and sorrow.

Sandwich found this loveliness in its security, and he met it with admiration. Every kindness was, to the heart of Rosalie, a deep obligation, and many kindnesses were wrought into love.

To the joy of Jourbert, and with the consent

consent of the count, a close and fervent attachment was formed between Sandwich and Rosalie; indeed, the count regarded the future protector of his niece with so true a partiality, that he included him in his will; and in case of the decease of Jourbert without issue, he left him heir to a large property, which he had placed in the English funds—heir to all his disposable means.

We have said that the count had worldly wisdom. He had for some years foreseen that a political convulsion must be the consequence of the extension of those principles which he himself favoured, and of the financial difficulties of his country. The last cause would urge the former; but they were co-operating causes, and their effects, he knew, would be the confusion of right, and the transfer of property. For many years, therefore, he had been laying up for the evil day, and at the time of which we are treating, about the ninetieth year of

the last century, the truth of his calculation began to be proved, and the prudence of his proceeding to appear. He had about forty thousand pounds in the English funds, and to this sum he looked as a provision either for Jourbert, or for Sandwich, in right of Rosalie.

Things were in this state, when, with a pained heart, Sandwich took leave of Rosalie. The beautiful girl hung on his neck; 'her heart beat against his; her eyes too were fixed on his, and as their tears escaped, every glance told him of her sorrow and her love. —" But a month," said he—" but a month."

"Your friends will love you," said Rosalic, "and they will not spare you then. I shall look for you, but you will not come. I shall watch for the end of the month; but you will take no notice of its termination."

Sandwich took her handkerchief, and wiped her eyes; he placed a kiss upon her cheek as he pressed her to his bosom.

-" Rosalie

—"Rosalie knows her power," said he; "she never can be forgotten: the heart that she has reached beats only for her."

Her distress increased with every effort which Sandwich made to free himself from her embraces, and to tear himself away. He tenderly loved her, and so much did he feel her sorrow, that with the communion of attached hearts, he sat down with her and wept.

The emotions of intense affection are of infinite variety. Rosalie took comfort in the tears of Sandwich; she watched and wiped them as they fell. At that moment the recollection of her gentle nature—of all her kind attentions—of all her generous cares, and looks, and words, grew so full, that Sandwich determined to wave his duty towards his cousin, and to continue at D'Evereux.

"I cannot leave you," said he: "dry up your tears, my Rosalie. Kings, cousins, duties—what are they, weighed against

against those tears? I will not leave you, Rosalie! I cannot leave you!"

"Now then you shall leave me," cried Rosalie; "your grief is my security. I can trust you for a month."

It was in vain that he objected. Rosalie would not hold him from his duty to his cousin. In a month he was to return, and then he should be hers for ever.

Sandwich departed; and as Rosalie turned from the window, at which, with strained eyes, she had been watching his departure, she saw the handkerchief with which she had caught his tears.—"Ah!" sighed she, "as the poor Maria of your own countryman dried the handkerchief in her bosom, even so, I, Sandwich, will dry your tears on my heart."

The fond and faithful girl put the handkerchief to her breast, and afterwards she laid it up among her precious relies.

Sandwich had now been more than a month

month in England. Another week, and another, his visit had nearly stretched to two months, and he was sitting in an arbour of the park of Kingsdown with Emily. He was leaning upon an arm of the seat; his eyes were placed with an expression of much melancholy upon the face of his companion.

Emily had gathered some wild flowers, and she was twining them into a chaplet. She looked up suddenly—" Bless me!" cried she, "you almost startle me with that melancholy gaze. Sandwich, you love sadness."

- "For its constancy," said Sandwich:
 "it is always with me. I wish that it
 would leave me, for you hate it."
- "No," cried Emily; "now and then it is interesting enough, and at the present, if you can give me some pretty little cause of sorrow—something that is not too powerful, I will weep you to your heart's desire."
 - "I do not know any little causes of sorrow,"

sorrow," said Sandwich, with a faint smile.

"I hope you do not know any great causes of sorrow?" said Emily.

Sandwich caught her hand with eagerness—" And do you hope so?" inquired he, as his eyes shot fire, and fastened themselves upon her countenance.

"Lack-a-daisy!" cried Emily, "you frighten me—indeed you do. I lose my breath when you speak with such suddenness. Where got you the habit?"

"Here!" ejaculated Sandwich, with a deep and solemn tone. He threw himself back in his seat, and again relapsed into thoughtfulness.

Emily looked upon him; his fine face was agitated—his hat had dropped off, and his shining black hair, now wasted backwards and forwards by the wind, exposed its length and lustre, and played at random over his features. It was a face for gentleness to sooth. Emily had never seen it to such advantage.

She

She inclined a little nearer, that she might see it with distinctness. A long curl impeded her view; she caught it as it eddied about, and raised it gently between her fingers. The lips upon which she looked turned into a smile.

Sandwich lifted up his eyes for a moment; but the glance of Emily sank beneath them.—" Are there no great causes of sorrow?" whispered he.

"I fear, indeed, that there are," returned Emily.

She felt the impropriety, the inexcusableness, the wickedness of her confession; and throwing down her chaplet of wild flowers, she hastened through some sudden windings of the walk, and reached the castle.

Sandwich felt a surprise, in which no pleasure should have mingled; nor should he have felt surprised. The whole tenor of his conduct, from the first week of his arrival at the castle, had tended to such an admission. That inclination

clination which he should have dreaded. and which he should have flown-which in its stubbornness he should have carried to a distance, and buried in his heart—that inclination, for which that heart should have been subjected to every mortification, to continual penance, he had nurtured night and dayhe had studied in its extent, and cherished in its baseness. An admiration which it was natural to feel, it was right to indulge. The impulses of nature were, too, superior to habit; and ingratitude, the most monstrous ingratitude, was considered as a venial crime, in comparison to any effort by which the heart might be subdued. Every look, therefore, every word and action, had tended to the formation of an impression on the heart of Emily, which must, if it should be made, be the ruin of her happiness. The consequences of such an impression were seen; they must be very sad, very unfortunate, perhaps

haps very calamitous. They might be avoided by an immediate absence. But this would be a sacrifice of feeling—of nature; and against such a sacrifice imperative feeling, powerful nature, rebelled. The actor in this evil would be the only sufferer. Yes, he again would be a victim—doubly a victim: for the danger which threatened others—it must take its course; restraint could not be practised upon sovereign nature.

Sandwich was engaged in these thoughts when his generous cousin and benefactor—when Orland, unheard and unobserved, took a seat by his side.—" Look up!" said he, "look up, my meditative youth, and let me share your speculations."

Sandwich even shuddered at the voice of his cousin, and for once, once again, that trace of the Deity, which for some years he had been at great pains to erase from his heart, deepened in his heart, and in a sensation of pain and terror, awoke

awoke a right and reasonable feeling. A faint tinge overspread his countenance, and his eyes fell from the glance of Orland.

- "Some indefinable feeling," said St. Malo, good-naturedly, "some thought which is too rich for participation, and too exquisite for speech!"
- "You are happy, Orland, and therefore you jeer me."
- "And why," asked Orland, "are you so unhappy as not to jeer again?"
- "It is my custom," said Sandwich,
 "to keep my troubles for my own reflection; those which I cannot conceal
 must be known; but for those which I
 can hide, why I keep them; for I am
 neither so weak as to desire pity, nor so
 vain as to hope relief."
- "Your opinions, Sandwich, are generally favourite ones; they either spring from first feeling, of which you are an advocate, or they are the result of meditation, and therefore a matured offspring.

But

But for your custom of keeping your troubles to yourself, I do not see its wisdom. Either you are fond of these troubles, or you are mistaken in them. Now, if they be matters of mere private indulgence, keep them—keep them; if not, let me know them; for remember that a mountain was never removed by an individual. United efforts become powerful."

"It is not you who can assist me, Orland."

"That," said Orland, "we shall see. Look here," continued he, as he took from his breast a couple of papers, "look here. You are my brother, Sandwich. Once you was my ward; but now you are grown beyond my trust."

Sandwich turned his dark eyes upon St. Malo with a strange meaning.

Orland continued—" Our feelings are the same; our interests must for ever be connected. It is time for you now to quit Caen entirely—"

" You

- "You must excuse me," interrupted Sandwich, with a look of more manly pride than brotherly feeling.
- "I know," continued St. Malo, "that you are the best judge of your own time and actions. But do not be testy with me, Sandwich; I am speaking to one over whom I would exercise my love, and not my command."
- "Well, well, Orland, you know I hate business; and at the present—"
- "Ay," continued St. Malo, "at the present you may hate business; but I will hope that it is no general hate, no common hate; for we have occasion to remember of how much consequence business has been to our family; and where there are no other means—"

Sandwich leaped from his seat.—
"You have found out some very sufficient causes of trouble for me, Orland,"
exclaimed Sandwich, "and I congratulate you on the success of your inquiries.
Now then, I will say, good evening!"

"No:

- "No; stop a minute," cried St. Malo, extending his hand as he spoke. "Have I," inquired Orland, "guessed the subject of your serious meditation?"
- "Yes," returned Sandwich, "if you must be curious, I will say that you have."
- "How shall I live?" said St. Malo, as his eyes became bright with tears. "How shall I live? must indeed be a serious question; and when I see one to whom it has often been a necessary question, God knows that my heart turns towards him, and I wonder for why I am rich!"

He was silent for a moment. Sandwich felt affected, but a false pride kept him from any outward acknowledgment of his sensations.

Orland recommenced—"But now, Sandwich, I am not rich. You smile. I understand your meaning. It is very true that in comparison with him who

has

has nothing, I am rich; and it is also very true, that it appears—"

"Once more, good evening!" interrupted Sandwich; "my temper is unsocial."

"Let not your heart be unkind," said Orland, as he put the two papers which he had taken from his breast into the hand of his cousin. The first was a grant of four hundred pounds a year for life, and the last was a written authority for a quarterly application to Worselove, either in person or by his agents.

As Sandwich read the documents—
"Let not your heart be unkind," said
Orland, "and form an erroneous opinion of my love. This foolish affair has
given me more anxiety than you can
well imagine; and all I wanted, when
you interrupted me, was to prepare you
for the smallness of the gift. I was rich,
Sandwich; but I am not rich. The liquidation of some debts, and the purchase of the castle, must be my apology.

When

When I shall have sold my West-India estates, I shall be able to make a grant of greater worth. Till then——"

"Till then!" iterated Sandwich, as his heart softened with the generosity of his father, friend, and brother, and as his eyes were moistened with the dew of thankfulness and gratitude—"Till then I must live on, increasing my unredeemable debt, and embarrassing my generous benefactor. No, Orland, what you have allowed me shall suffice, till I can repay all, and meet you on more equal grounds."

He recollected the bequests of count D'Evereux; he remembered Jourbert, Rosalie, and he combined their remembrance with that of his late guilty meditations. He could have flown from the presence of his cousin, from the castle, to those kind and generous friends of another land, who wondered at, and grieved for his absence. His impulse was of virtue; but his habits were of vice.

He would have died for his friends; but by a present violence to his feelings, where the occasion was not wide and public, he would not consult the interests of those friends. His heart and his imagination were always on the stretch, even while both disdained, as trifles, forms and things which the world considered important. The vanity of going his own path, and of making that a new one, was one of the leading principles of his life. At this moment he would freely have surrendered the whole that he enjoyed through the benevelence of his cousin, and have taken his chance, in common with birds and beasts, for the supply of necessary aliment to nature; but he would not obey his duty, fly from the castle, and in his absence consult his cousin's peace, 'and his Rosalie's happiness. No! If he had so flown from the castle, some speculative notion would have prevailed against duty, would have beautified danger, and. would

would have sublimated crime.—" My college allowance of two hundred a-year shall suffice," said he; "my expenditure decreases as my years extend. Many of the purposes of life to which others dedicate their time and means, are unobserved by me. With you I will go farther on the road of acknowledgment, and say, they are despised by me. not go out of my way to add to those who smile where there is no mirth, and weep when they feel no sadness. In the society of my friends, or in the loneliness in which it is my pleasure to remember them, I find as much happiness as I permit myself to expect; and because my means cannot be extended by my own efforts, I feel their sufficiency."

"This is pride, Sandwich; but it is not wisdom—it is not affection," returned Orland. "But let us dispose of one part of our argument first. This additional grant you must accept; I do not ask you of your occasions; it is not the vol. II. He duty

duty of man to collect much, and to distribute nothing. There are many ways into which the superabundance of an income may run, and to good effect."

Sandwich, with much composure, put the papers into his pocket.

"But now, Sandwich," continued Orland, "now for the more material part of my errand; I have sought an occasion of unfolding my hopes of you. A: station at a foreign court is what I have ever destined you to, and—"

Sandwich, as his brows gathered, but could not conceal the fire of scorn and hate which glittered beneath them. "You pain me! you incense me beyond all forms of utterance! If there be any radical antipathy in nature, surely it exists in my feelings against courts—against modes and laws—against all that buzz and stir which one man makes about another, for the great purpose of furthering his base existence.

You

You will say that I am inconsistent that but now you found me with a desponding look, considering and bewailing my necessities, yet that I think the forms of life but subjects of ridicule, and its business but a matter of contempt. Take your pleasure as to what you think me; this is the light in which I would be considered—That I should be upon this earth a burthen to any man, it must be my affliction. I find myself, according to every grave estimate, my brother's peer. Now I have the same wants as my brother; but I have not the same means with which to answer them; the deficiency preceded my existence—I protest against it; I am an unwilling party to it; but since I am here, I must live. Now either I must struggle in this world alone, or accept of your bounty; I do accept your bounty; it is the offering of one brother to another. If the Power that sent me here naked, should of its own will, and

and in its own way, send me the portion which it has withheld, I should, as is the custom, 'cast the superflux' to you in way of payment; but till some such time arrive, I must be your debtor; for this must be understood—I will not be confined to station. I will not bow to puppets, for the sake of the gilding which their condescension might shake upon my suppleness."

- "Sandwich! Sandwich! I begin to fear!" cried Orland.
- "Fear what?" shouted Sandwich, as he glared with the triumph of a violent and proud soul—"fear what?"
- "My own heart," replied Orland,
 "since I must mistrust your principles."
- "That is reasonable," answered Sandwich; "but you are more in danger from the first than the last."
- "I must consider," continued St. Malo; "your opinions have a form which is new to me; but nature and reason prompt me to fear them."

"Beyond

"Beyond the moment they shall not surprise you."

"I believe, indeed, that they are calculated rather to dazzle than to inform; but they are nevertheless dangerous."

With a look of high offence—"They shall not harm you!" exclaimed Sandwich.

"I do not know that," returned St. Malo; "every one to whom they are repeated must be interested in them. Opinions govern society, and upon their wisdom depends the safety of society. I am grieved and offended, Sandwich!"

"If your grief had cause, I should lament it," answered Sandwich; "if your offence were warranted, I should excuse it." He threw down the records of Orland's gifts—"There!" said he, "your generosity must not be more active than your confidence."

"This is a child's work," cried Orland; "reason has nothing to do with it—

it—passion, every thing!—Stay, Sand-wich!"

Sandwich turned back, and looked sternly at his benevolent cousin. Orland's heart failed; for a while he could not speak. At last—"You have," said he, "disappointed all my hopes."

- "They were of a nature to be disappointed," replied the ungracious relation; "they were too many and too weak."
- "It may be a true description," answered St. Malo, "but it is not a kind one."
- "I endeavoured at its truth," observed Sandwich.
- "Ah!" continued Orland, "truth is worthy of your efforts. Be inflexibly true; I can desire no more."
- "If a brother were here, he should not express his doubts," exclaimed Sandwich, with a frightful frown.
 - "Allow a cousin to declare his hopes, Sandwich,"

Sandwich," returned St. Malo, "and do not refuse him your hand because he hopes, yet fears for your happiness."

Sandwich gave his hand to Orland, while the latter once more took the deed of gift; and presenting it-" Sandwich," he continued, "the opinions which now and then I have heard you express, I have believed to be but the offspring of that pride which we sometimes allow to superior powers, or of that love of contradiction which will surprise us with the moment; nor do I yet believe this perversity to be conviction. If you be sincere in the principles which you profess, I must rely no more upon your strength; for it will be apparent that you adopt any guide rather than that of experience, and are influenced by any motives rather than those of established wisdom and acknowledged truth. One word—one word!— This is not the place for argument. But I will

H 4

I will tell you this:—to him whose feelings are not impressed with the fallacy of your tenets, argument must be address in vain. For the object of your education—if you relinquish it—I can say no more. My power cannot be yours, but my regard shall."

"My opinions," said Sandwich, some little affected by the remembrance of his cousin's continual generosity, "my opinions I am never forward to declare, because I know that they war against those of my brethren. That I think them right, must be shown by my adherence to them—that they are right, will be seen in their result. One principle, I am sure, must be a consequence of them—that of continual gratitude for all your brotherly love and kind wishes, Orland. To you I must be true."

"You will! you will!" eagerly cried out Orland, for he tenderly loved his cousin, and he was fond to magnify every

every gleam of virtue which shot from his heart into an established—a wonderful excellence.

At this moment Emily came out to meet them. She had sat watching for their approach, till her impatience had grown beyond endurance; and now she came out with a light step and a merry countenance to meet her favourites.—
"Among the many subjects which you have been canvassing," said she, "I should like to know whether you have mentioned me?"

"Too trifling, too trifling, much too trifling," said St. Malo, with a smile, in which his excessive affection was visible.

"Well, it is no matter of desert, I know," cried Emily, "only I had a fancy that people's thoughts, one of another, were now and then connected by a chain of sympathy."

"You then have been thinking of us?" inquired her husband.

- " Of one of you," replied Emily.
- "It matters not of which, for we are one," said Orland, as he held out his hand to Sandwich.

"Licence and authority!" exclaimed Emily, as she left her husband, and drew her arm through that of his cousin.

It happened that at this moment Orland caught a view of the new works which he had commenced at the castle. He loitered behind a little while, to consider of their effect.

Emily looked back, and saw in what way he was engaged,—"This laying together of brick and stone," said she, "is an unaccountable taste. What now are Orland's thoughts?"

- "Brick and stone! brick and stone!" observed Sandwich, as he allowed his lip to curl with an expression of contempt.
- "And we are in the distance, what?" asked Emily.

" Lime

- "Lime and mould, or a werkman's leather apron; no more," replied Sandwich.
- "Is it possible that we are such tools?" again asked Emily.
- "Oh, very possible! very certain!" answered Sandwich. He continued—"I have, Emily, so thorough a contempt for all the little, but important businesses of man—for those things which make him happy, and make him proud, that I am not adapted for life. Though I cannot leave the world, I must leave you, Emily."
- "And do you call me one of the little butinesses of man?" inquired Emily, with much simplicity; "am I one of the things which make him happy, and which make him proud?"
- "Ho who knows what you are must be proud of you," answered Sandwich; "but he who knows you not, comprehends you in his views of lime and mould, and leather aprons."

- "If you know me, and are proud of me, why then would you leave me?" asked Emily.
- "Because I cannot think as others think, and so cannot act as others act. What is lovely, I am inclined, by nature and by habit, to—love."

He hesitated as he spoke the last word; it was to him a natural declaration, and therefore it was not reprehensible.

Emily hung down her head; a deep crimson passed over her cheeks; her breast heaved with an agitated motion. She had suffered herself to hear her lord spoken of unworthily, and she had not felt resentment. Now her feelings were confused—her thoughts were many and clashing; she was rather perplexed than pained, and she was more surprised than pleased.

Orland turned to follow. He saw the two beings whom he loved best together, and in cordial conversation. It was the very bliss of his life to see and to create union and happiness. He recollected the principles of Sandwich, and he pleased himself with the prospect of engaging Emily on his side in the work of conviction—"Yes," said he, "our affection must win back the heart of Sandwich to reason and duty—to the love of loyalty, our country, and our religion. Then, indeed, shall I be St. Malo the Happy!"

-Dorkill thy physician, Strike through my throat; yet, with my latest breath I'll thunder in thine ear my just complaint, And tell thee to the face that thou dost ill!

SHARESPEARE.

THE thoughts are the enemies of virtue. In solitude and in society their tendency is evil; and the task of purifying them, and of giving them a good direction, is our first, and last, and greatest difficulty.

Emily carried such thoughts into retirement as warred against her peace; yet were they gratifying to her vanity, and in so far they were a pleasure. was sensible of an increasing delight in the presence of Sandwich. But he was a relation; he was her husband's ward and favourite. His manners were interesting;

teresting; and that melancholy which occasionally vanished before the wildness of an ardent disposition, induced her pity, even while it tempted her wonder. The povelty, too, and singularity of his opinions, as at times, in defiance of his habitual reserve, they appeared, excited her curiosity, and prompted her question. In truth, he was just amiable enough to command her attention, and he was sufficiently unaccountable to enchain it. Curiosity became habit, and wonder became respect. lost by a comparison. There was no mystery about his nature or his circumstances; and those who could not be satisfied with honesty and candour, could not find about him a cause for their attention. A lively, and romantic spirit required, to be strictly, governed, or, it would speculate upon, other objects; it would need enterprise, and it would choose its field, unconscious of the danger. It would not be satisfied with a mild mild and steady light; gloom or glare would be its choice; nor would it acknowledge its folly till it mourned its loss.

Orland suffered by a comparison with Sandwich, and fell lower and lower in the affections of Emily; he knew not this-Emily knew not this; but Sandwich knew it; and, if in compliance with his duty towards his benefactor, and towards his Rosalie, he had flown from the castle when he had first become conscious of it, he would have saved the happiness of two families. But no! Emily differed from all of her sex that he had ever known. Her gaiety was feeling; her grief was not dulness. When it appeared that her meaning was but to amuse, she reached the affections. When she played with the fancy, she touched the heart. In every thing which she looked and said, there was soul; and from one so gifted, he could not fly. First he taught her to laugh

laugh at Orland's consistency, then to despise his meekness—first to mistrust his taste, then to undervalue his abilities and his goodness; and, finally, to dislike his love. But this was a slow work: more weeks passed before it was accomplished; and even then its accomplishment was not acknowledged. Orland would present himself as a most tender and filial son towards that father of whom Emily was proud, and the affection and duty of the wife would revive. But evil inclinations never pause of themselves; if they be not checked by our own efforts, on, on they go to the gulf of misery, dragging along with them the hopes of this life and of eternity.

The little remaining joy which Emily had in the presence of Orland soon less-ened into nothing, when its decline was allowed; and yet, as the object of her attentions was always before her, she knew not how complete a transfer of affections she had made. At last Orland

land perceived her neglect of painting and music; he found, too, that he was not so frequently called upon to read to her. He fancied that the pleasures of the day were not so varied—that they sooner passed, and were more vapid; he complained of this change.—"My Emily loses her spirits, and forgets her paintings, her piane, and her books," said he; "why is this? And I, too, found myself sitting alone to-day for two hours, without any pleasing intrusion—why was this?"

Emily felt it necessary to conceal her face; for the suddenness of the question surprised her in her security, and aroused for the first time a full consciousness of her great imprudence.

"It certainly is so," said lord Kingsdown; "Emily is now very neglectful; she has not finished the moonlight view of the chapel; and where she 'consorts,' as Tibalt says, I have no fancy."

"I can tell you," said Sandwich.

" Do

- "Do so; do!" cried the old lord;
 "turn king's evidence, for I believe that
 you are in the plot."
- "I cannot deny it," returned Sandwich, as he felt his cheeks burn, and as he grew most desirous to conceal his confusion; "I cannot deny it! I am an earnest actor in the plot."
 - "Very well, very well!" exclaimed the old nobleman; "you can discover the whole secret then. I have no great opinion of such renegades; but be honest...be honest!"
 - "Ay, ay!" cried Orland, "be honest!
 Oaths are but little binding to the crafty
 —be honest!"
 - "Emily," answered Sandwich, "has been so wicked, that she has not hoped for the forgiveness of the formal, or sought the sympathy of the wise. She has wandered from uniformity to variety—she has forsaken the drawing-room for the sea or skies—she has been following the

the fawn, or learning economy from the ant—she has been conversing with the wind, or listening where the water makes the pleasantest sound. Indeed, she has been guilty of natural delights; and Nature, as she has received her worship, must be called to hear her judgment."

- "I believe, Orland," said the old lord, as he fondly turned towards his son, "I believe that if we were called to account for our occupations, we could acquit ourselves more satisfactorily. Their delights have been weak and transient—they must end with one season, while we have been preparing for cold days and for stormy nights. We have been strengthening our towers, and securing our home."
- "We have not asked you for a defence," said Emily.
- "Because you have discovered no fault," returned the old lord. "Now we have

have found your fault in your idleness; but we have not heard your defence."

"I will sing it to you," cried Emily, as she went to her harp. "It is a song which I learned yesterday:—

LOVE.

What think you my love like the adamant seated,
. In earth's deepest bosom, chill, rugged, and drear;
By tempests assailed, or the softer winds greeted,
Lies buried, unchangeably fixed, and severe?

Alas! gentle essence—the nymphs that were bounded By such silken wires as those of the vine, Were by fetters, harsh fetters, insulted, surrounded, Compared with the laws which contract its design.

Tis paced like the breath of the south, but still changing

Its form and its hue, as the clouds of the west, When the swift-sloping sun their glad tints disarranging, They blush at the touch of their monarch and guest.

Learn this of my love—Like the gay dapper fairy,
The place of its rest is the home of its ease;
But its flights and its fancies are free, wild, and airy,
When it pleases to trifle, or trifles to please."

" Then

"Then fly away with it!" cried the old lord; "for if it be so uncertain and capricious, it is not worth the seeking when you have it not—it is not worth the keeping when you have it."

"Indeed," said Orland, "its possession must be slippery; and at last, perhaps, like its venerable but volatile relation, Master Will-o'-the-Wisp, after leading a man astray, it may laugh at leaving him to his chin's point in difficulties."

"Do not follow it," said Emily, as she continued carelessly to play upon her instrument.

"I do not know," rejoined Orland;

"our pursuits are often visionary, and those which give us the most amusement are perhaps the best."

"To amuse!" returned Emily; "we pay actors to amuse us! Then there are people with whom we participate; between ourselves and the first there is no necessary union."

"What

"What is the inference, Emily?" inquired Orland.

"That," returned Emily, as she continued to touch the strings of the harp—"that the occupation of playing upon these strings is an amusement; but it requires a portion of the soul of music to understand and to relish the notes which these keys produce."

This was a specimen of that feeling and sentiment which Emily had of late acquired Sandwich understood it; he looked at Emily. In a momentary exchange of glances, much was told which was derogatory of real worth, and in favour of fancied merit. But this exchange of glances was unobserved by Orland; he, before the close of Emily's observation, had been called to the contemplation of some other object by the old lord.

Emily continued to sing, in an enthusiastic but delightful strain, such airs to Sandwich

Sandwich as had often chained his attention and won his applause.

But there was one at the castle who was most unhappy—one whose love was ever waking for the honour and glory of the Kingsdowns—one whose soul rested on Heaven and on Emily—the chaplain, Luton.

Luton disliked Sandwich. From the first, he had observed and doubted the meaning of his dark glances. He had seen sarcasm, scorn, selfishness, pride, and all unamiable feelings, prevailing in his looks, with the licence of a high selfestimation. He had noted his attachment to Emily, and he had long feared for her inexperienced and lively spirit. We have sometimes seen the anxiety of that good man for his pupil; we have seen him trembling for that gaiety of her disposition, which he had never been able to restrain; and when her gaiety has become wildness, we have noticed noticed his terrors; he knew not of any imperfection in his favourite; he could not have been shown one. Her liveliness might be a misfortune, and for that he feared.

It had ever been a particular pleasure with him to follow Emily at a distance, and when his company was unsoughtwhen it would have been unwelcomeit was then his pleasure to follow at a distance, to observe the looks of his fawourite, her sprightly antics, her merry ways, and innocent gambols; and now, when she was grown up, and was a wife, and had extended connexions, and many objects of regard, it was still his practice to retain, as much as he could, the offces of his tutorage, and yet to watch and dote upon the words and ways of his pupil. In the course of this practice, he had seen with pain and grief the constant companionship of Sandwich and Emily. Of her honourable principles he was entirely secure—for them he could VOL. II. I

could not have a fear; but he was enxious for her happiness—that no arts might mislead her thoughts of the past, or her views of the future—that the suspeptibility of her heart might not be engaged by new notions, to the mistrust of her dyties, or the depreciation of her privileges—that her comforts might be allowed to fulfil their promise, and to grow up from the blessings of the wife to the glories of the matron. For these things he was anxious, and as he came to be apquainted with the philosophy of Sandwich, his alarm increased, and his fears accumulated. He went on, following his favourite from place to place; and wheresoever he had opportunity, he made it his purpose, as he knew it to be his duty, to oppose the opinions which he heard, to detect their fallacy, and to denounce their danger.

In his habits and conversation there was great simplicity. The business of his profession had ever been the nurpose

of his heart; and as to that alone he had given his attention, in that alone was he wise, stedfast, ardent, bold, enthusiastic, and not to be deterred.

If he had had authority at the castle, he would first have assailed Sandwich by reason and feeling; and if he had found his heart flinty, and his spirit proud, and not to be subdued, he would have commanded him away, and have shut his gates against the danger of his presence. But as it was, he was in a sore dilemma; he could advise St. Malo to forget his favour for the sake of his comfort; he could advise lord Kingsdown to forego his hospitality for the sake of his child; but how could he say to the one-"your comfort is at stake;" how could he say to the other-"your child is in danger." If he gave advice, he must assign his reason; and here was his perplexity—would not his master rage? and would not the happiness of St. Malo be sacrificed by his care for its 12 preservaPreservation? This was his dilemma. He went on, following his pupil from one place to another, in confusion, pain, and terror.

There was an ancient temple in the park of Kingsdown, which, as it admitted a fine view of the sea and land, was a favourite place of retirement to Luton. There did he sometimes compose those essays of mild and persuasive eloquence, which won upon the hearts and governed the hopes of the parishioners of Kingsdown. The place was favourable to such a species of composition; it was quiet, and nature presented her beauties about it. In this place Luton was now engaged in study. It was an evening of summer, and the windows and door of the temple were open, for the admission of the gentle and lovely breeze. Luton heard the approach of feet; in a few minutes too he distinguished the voices of Emily and Sandwich.

"Here," said Emily, "upon these steps

steps will I sit down. You shall preach to me as you have been preaching; and I will listen as I am wont to listen."

- "But do you perceive," inquired Sandwich, "the truth of what I say? do you feel convinced?"
- "Why yes," returned Emily, "I am inclined to think as you do. But, in seriousness, and it is a humour to which I find myself more and more disposed, I do not like to give much thought to the customs by which we are governed; that they are perverse, and oftentimes unnecessarily harsh and severe, I perceive; and on that account I do not like to inquire how far they are peremptory, or I am passive."
- "It is to the same account," said Sandwich, "that their power is to be attributed. If all who suspect the justice of their imposition would inquire into their nature, and their obligation, they would fall away like the mists of the 13 morning,

morning, and men would walk in a better light."

"Do you allude," inquired Emily,
"to any particular customs that we regard as duties, and yet are unreasonable
impositions?"

Luton could not close the door, nor could he now discover himself. He was anxious, extremely anxious, for the answer that might be made, for it must determine his doubts, and dismiss or justify his fears.

"It is difficult," said Sandwich, hesitatingly, "it is difficult to make a particular answer."

"Oh, it is very difficult!" thought Luton. "The philosopher will change his position as often as you like. Oh, rare philosophy!" thought Luton, "it is thy practice to generalize what is particular, and to particularize what is general! in fact, to make all things obscure but thy own presumption!"

" Well

- "Well then," cried Emily, "since it is difficult to find an answer, we will withdraw the question, and the customs of the world shall continue as binding as ever. But, I pray you, tell me one thing once again!"
 - "What is it?" said Sandwich.
- "How you came to forget the English custom of loving England?"
- "I do love England!" answered Sandwich.
- "And yet," continued Emily, " you have been in it but a little, and now you do not seem satisfied to remain in it."
- "Have I your permission to remain in it?"
- "Yes, yes!" cried Emily; "you have my command."
 - " But Orland desirés my departure."
 - " Has he told you so?" asked Emily.
- "By his looks often," returned Sand-wich.
 - "Then go!" shouted Luton, as be rose

rose from his desk, and appeared standing at the door above them.

Emily shrieked with fear and shame, while Sandwich started from his seat, and stood staring with astonishment at the chaplain. When Emily saw more clearly the object of her alarm, she would have laughed; but another look surprised her with awe and dread. The venerable clergyman wore upon his brow so severe an expression of reproach and command, that she could not encounter it; and when he spoke, his voice was so deep and solemn, that it chilled and deadened all the lighter emotions of her heart.

"Then go," he continued, as he slowly descended the steps which led from the temple, "then go, nor wait for a more necessary and decided authority."

Sandwich began to recover, and to uplift his brows with high contempt and disdain.

Emily

Emily too could not help ejaculating the name of "Luton!"

The good clergyman turned towards her, and the severe expression of his countenance relaxed into that look of entire fondness, with which it was ever wont to regard her; but there was in it also a cast of painful grief.

"Emily, my dear Emily!" said he, "it is for your sake that I am stern. and I have passed some years together, in the observance of customs which the wise ordained, and recommended by their practice; and it is not becoming to an English matron to listen to their impeachment. And for the man who takes advantage of every shade in which he finds himself, to let loose the evil inclinations which are his curse, who endeavours to undo the happiness which he cannot enjoy, and who returns the kindness of his benefactor, by intruding upon an ear that should be sacred to his worth, every rash suspicion and degradatory suggestion—he, I say, is not a fit companion for the honourable and the virtuous, and the testimony of words and looks should not be wanting to inform him that his presence is unwelcome."

Emily hung down her head. Sandwich endeavoured to smile, and while every feeling of rage was struggling in his bosom—" Is this," cried he, " Mr. Luton, and the chaplain of lord Kingsdown?"

"Yes, sir!" returned Luton, "I am the chaplain of lord Kingsdown, and it is my English custom, when God and my conscience are concerned, to speak out boldly. If I have wronged you, you will complain of me. If my suspicions of you be correct, you will do as you have done—seek the shade, and endea-your to avoid me."

The old man took the passive hand of the abashed Emily, and drew it through his arm.—" Come!" said he, " come with

with me to your husband and your father! their love is without danger, their speech is without guile, their honour is without spot, and it is yours; with them you will be safe and happy."

Emily could neither reply nor resist. She walked with downcast eyes by the side of her venerable tutor, while the serpent, like his prototype of old, hid his mischievous head among the beautiful leaves and blossoms, confounded, but not repentant.

An ordinary man would, without further speech or hesitation, have taken flight from the castle. His mistake would have been evident to him, or he would have been ashamed of his mischief. But it is astonishing how much an education in a neighbouring country perverts our English views. The imagination is perpetually exercised, instead of the judgment, and the vanities rather than the virtues of the heart are called to the presidency. In this court, as in the

the courts of judicature in that country, reason is shamed by means of the petty tricks, the paltry artifices, and the nonsensical subterfuges which are allowed to the passions. Glare, cant, and parade, are the substitutes of gravity, wisdom, and virtue. So, by comparison, was it with Sandwich; his soul rested on Emily; his heart therefore was not to be consulted as to the duty which it owed to His pride was concerned in showing how much he despised the suspicions of Luton; his virtue, therefore, was not to seek security in flight. His affections were at the castle; he could not therefore preserve, or seek to preserve, his honour in France; he would endure the suspicions of the clergyman, that he might share the smiles of Emily. But from this hour there was so material a change in the manners of Emily, that it most particularly and painfully attracted the notice of her husband. She grew fond of sitting alone; all those duties

duties in which she had been used to take delight, she neglected. If she sought music, her merry airs were exchanged for sad ones. When she spoke, her voice was faltering; and when she was perceived to sit in silence, she was perceived to sit in tears. Her answers were in general sighs—her look was sorrow.

Orland was quick to notice the change, and he was prompt to inquire its cause. But to him, in particular, she seemed averse to talk. She would turn away her face from his gaze—she would turn away her steps from his pursuit.

Her father missed the presence of her lively spirits; but her only answer to his question, her only return to his kindness, was a kiss, or a tear, or a sigh. Once she told him she was most unhappy.

Her dislike to the attentions of Orland increased; and though he sought to arouse her affection, her gratitude, by anticipating ticipating her wishes, by visiting her with every tenderness, by providing for her every indulgence, yet so completely had his treacherous relation estranged her heart, that all his efforts to recover it were in vain. She looked at him almost with loathing; her marriage vow was her cause of agony.

In the meanwhile, Luton congratulated himself on the change of conduct which succeeded his interference. He saw that Emily left Sandwich to his own walks and meditations. He liked that she should be in solitude, rather than in such a company, and very frequently he would himself intrude upon her loneliness; nor was it a little satisfying to the good man that she seemed. the most pleased with his society. Sometimes indeed he would take occasion to weary her, by descanting upon themes to which he was fond of recurring; but still she seemed to take comfort in his presence. She would sometimes walk with

with him to the chapel, and she was fond to speak of the night of her first meeting with Orland. She would speak of it as relating to that strange appearance which she yet doubted, but could not disbelieve. Luton was himself pleased with the subject; it had an interest which he loved to indulge.

On one of his visits to the scene of this adventure, Emily sat down upon the tomb on which Orland had supported her.

- "Oh," said Luton, "I must bless the occasion when the benevolent St. Malo met you here!"
- "It has not been blessed in its result, Luton," said Emily.
- " most blessed! it saved your father's life, by rescuing Kingsdown; and to you it has given the affection of the noblest heart!"

Emily wept as she looked upon the tomb.— "Oh, Orland! Orland!" she cried,

cried, "could I but look upon you, and love you, as at our first meetings, I should be happy! but my time of happiness is past. You are not changed, but I am changed!"

Luton took her hand with painful amazement.—" Do not say so!" exclaimed he; "do not say that the efforts of a wicked and false friend have perverted your views, or lessened your hopes. Do not say that you prefer folly to wisdom—that your heart yields to him who dazzles by vicious embellishment, rather than to him who shines by virtue!"

"I make no confessions, Luton!" returned Emily. "It is not my fault that my heart sinks at its duty. I must be, what indeed I am, wretched! I must remember my name! I will remember my name! My nature is not to be changed—I am a Kingsdown and a St. Malo, and I am proud! I am an Emily, and I am wretched! Pity me, Lu-

ton-

ton—pity me and pray for me! Once I needed no prayers, and I despised pity!"

Luton bathed the hand of his pupil with his tears.—" All of us have needed and do need prayers," said he; "but it cannot be that Emily has so played with her happiness that she has lost it. She must be proud of a protection that is her father's pride! She is too wise to prefer a fallacy to a truth!"

"Come, Luton, come!" said Emily, as she arose from the tomb, but still suffered her hand to rest upon it; " not your words, Luton, though they be good and wise, not your words, but the tomb, must be my remedy! I need not blush! the evil which is was made for me, and all my comfort is in the pride of endurance! It is a hollow comfort! hollow as the tomb, Luton! but still it is a comfort. Do not weep, my friend! It is the very principle of our nature to love the highest—it is my misfortune! But droop not, my kind tutor; you shall

shall preach my funeral sermon, and you shall write my epitaph; let the last behere lies a wretched, but an honourable wife!"

Luton could not reply, and Emily herself was so affected, that as she walked away towards the castle, she was seen to wipe her tears at every step.

Luton could not reply, nor could he follow his unhappy favourite. He continued to sit upon the tomb, to weep, and at times to make an exclamation of pity, or of unusual rage, till the dews of the evening had descended, and till the night had closed around. Then he got up from his resting-place, and he would have returned to the castle, but his spirit was so dejected, that he could not move.

For some time longer he continued in the chapel. The scene, and its appropriate visitor, the wind, were dear to his melancholy. He sat, and watched, and listened, and wept, in soothing but sad

sad conceit; and as he watched, to his surprise and dread he perceived the gap at the end of the aisle to be darkened. and possessed by a tall and stately figure. The place was associated with the recollection of such an appearance, and with all the strength of mind and pious confidence which were natural to the good" man, he felt nevertheless an awe which he could not govern. Once or twice he attempted to speak, and as frequently did he find his incompetence. He heard a sigh; it was repeated, and it was deep-The person advanced from the ruinous entrance, and the partial gleams of the moon shot through the opening. A faint ray fell on the face of the stranger, as he turned, apparently with an intention of noticing a grave-stone. cheek was sallow, his brow was black, and the expression of his eye was dark and melancholy. It was very much the likeness of the foreigner; but another look informed Luton that the disturber

of the peace and happiness of Kingsdown was before him. He felt every disposition to start from his seat, and to relieve his feelings by reproach; but his feelings were too powerful to be told, and he therefore remained in silence.

Sandwich went to a window of the aisle. From it there was a view of an upper apartment of the castle, which belonged to Emily. There was a light in the room at the present time. Sandwich stood and fixed his eyes upon it. He sighed frequently.

"Ah!" said he, at last, "it is even a satisfaction to look and dote upon the walls! Let others practise upon themselves the imposition of restraint; this is a satisfaction of which I feel no shame, and which I will indulge! But one look—but one word to-day, and yet your heart is mine! This is virtue! this is matronly pride and prudence! this is all but nature! and yet I will not leave you, Emily!"

"No!" cried Luton, "that would be prudence,

prudence, that would be pride, that would be virtue, that would be right, and you are not capable of it!"

Sandwich even groaned with sudden terror, as he turned round and saw the listener to his soliloquy.

" Now, now!" continued Luton, " do I know how desperate a lover art thou of vice and infamy! and no weak fears, no foolish prejudices, shall delay thy discharge from a home which thou pollutest! Go, go, thou wretch! nor longer endeavour to bring down honour from its height—happiness from its security! I say nothing of thy ingratitude -of thy peculiar, unnatural, monstrous ingratitude! I look upon thee only in the light of a seducer—of a stealing, crafty, tenacious seducer! and with this knowledge of thy character, I invest myself with the authority of husband and father, and bid thee go!"

"Are you mad?" asked Sandwich.

"Ay,

"Ay, I am mad for the virtue that thou art hunting to destruction!"

"Recover your reason, and I will speak with you," cried Sandwich, affecting a moderation which he did not feel.

"My forbearance, you mean!" returned the old man; "no! I will never forbear to command your flight, while I feel that the honour of Kingsdown requires my voice!"

"You watch me! you hunt me!" exclaimed Sandwich; "wherever I am you are! in every path, in every place!"

"The virtuous fear not to be watchsd!" returned Luton; "but why do I
talk to you of virtue—you, whose ways
are in hate of virtue—you, whose life is
the bane of virtue? Oh, wretch, wretch!
how perfect was the happiness which
you found at Kingsdown! and how
complete is the misery which you have
made! How rich was the promise!
now how black is the prospect! And
this

this evil you accomplish, not by the impulse of passion! not through the medium of sudden but concurring casualties! but with the ecolness of a calculeter, though with the show of feeling! with the narrow spirit of an egotist, yet with the broad vanity of philosophy! Oh, you have formed a precious art of it! You have made for your wickedness a splendid shield; but it shall fail to cover you! Vice so refined as yours makes suspicion a public and general virtue—the virtue of necessity! and this, wherever you go, shall haunt you! this, wherever you rest, shall cover you, till. worn and wearied by the principles which are your pride, you acknowledge their danger, and avoid their responsibility!"

"You have acknowledged yourself to be mad," said Sandwich, "and I will avoid the danger."

He attempted to pass by the chaplain as he spoke, but Luton stood erect in his

his path, and would not suffer his escape.

- "Stop, sir!" cried the old man: "first I will have your promise that you will urge to Mr. St. Malo a necessity for your departure, and that you will leave the castle in the morning. If you refuse to promise me this, dreadful as is the alternative, I will adopt it. I will inform my lord of the danger of his child—I will caution the husband to beware of his wife; and though I increase the sorrow of both, yet will I save both from shame, by a discovery of your baseness."
- "You are a meddling and an audacious fool!" exclaimed Sandwich, in excessive wrath.
- "And you," returned the chaplain, "are an insidious and a vile seducer!"
- "Be cautious—you are in danger!" cried Sandwich.
- "I know it, for you are near me!" answered Luton.

" Remove

- "Remove yourself from my way, old man!" shouted Sandwich, as he became sensible of a rage which feared no consequences.
- "Not I!" returned Luton; "here will I stand, till you promise me that you will quit the castle."

Sandwich, with but a slight effort of his strong arm, pushed the chaplain against a tomb, and made his way to the end of the aisle.

"I will follow you!" cried the chaplain; "I will make you known! security is at an end!"

"It is! it is!" shouted Sandwich, as he turned suddenly about, and seized the venerable clergyman. His rage was at its extremity. He caught Luton by the chin, and with the other hand, drawing back his head by its grey hairs, he so inclined his aged countenance, that the beams of the moon fell upon its expression of agony. His first impulse

· VOL. II. K was

was to dash this offending head against a tombstone, and so to glut his fury. His next thought was to take up the old man in his arms, and to throw him from the chapel like a dog. He continued to gaze and grin upon his victim. Luton's breath was fast exhausting; his face was discoloured, and in a few minutes he would have been beyond the reach of offence or injury, if Sandwich had not listened to fear or pity, and leosed his grasp. He relaxed his hold, and thrust the old man from him.

"Murder! murder! murder!" with a convulsive and trembling eagerness, shouted the chaplain. At first his cries were as murmurs of the dying. But they grew in strength; and—" Murder! murder! murder!" echoed through the darkness.

Footsteps were heard, and immediately after, the voice of St. Malo was distinguished. He approached the chapel, crying—

crying—"What is the matter? Luton, is it your voice? Speak! I am St. Malo!"

Sandwich turned to fly. Luton perceived his design, and acquired fresh strength for its prevention. He continued to cry "murder!" and to couple the dreadful charge with the name of Delaval.

- "What does this mean?" asked St. Malo, as he made his way through the weeds and underwood, and appeared at the ruined aisle.
- "It means," answered Sandwich, with a sudden but high effrontery, "that your chaplain has lost his senses. He fancies dangers! I see none!"
- "Bold as well as crafty!" cried Luton, as at that moment the moon showed her fullest radiance, and exposed to the view of Orland the agitation both of his consin and the chaplain.
 - "Bold as well as crafty!" cried Luten;
 "but it will not avail. Mr. St. Malo, I

 K 2 charge

charge your cousin with an intention of murdering me! Do not inquire for what! Your happiness is concerned in silence! He tried to murder me! it is flagitious enough. Dismiss him from your castle!"

Sandwich laughed contemptuously.—
"Oh yes!" cried he, "do not inquire
for what! let the good man make a black
charge, and do not inquire for what, because he is a good man! This is the
privilege of the priesthood! Their gown
is their licence! When they sin, it is—
'Show me your authority!' They put
on their gowns, and the world is satisfied!"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Orland, with a look of severest affliction, "what am I to learn? Your impiety, Sandwich, I perceive more and more; but what mystery, what dreadful mystery, depends upon your words, Luton?"

"Do not ask! do not ask!" cried the chaplain, in agony. He attempted to murder

murder me; dismiss him! dismiss him! he is dangerous! His ways are evil, Mr. St. Malo! I swear it to you, in this sacred place! His design is black, and is to your ruin!"

Sandwich would have leaped upon the old man, and with the weight of his great strength would have revenged himself; but Orland saw his rage, and stepped before the chaplain.

"Ah!" cried the disappointed fiend,
he is safe in your presence. Orland,
approach to this window, and listen to
my words! That reverend hypocrite is
secure in his impotence. I will not molest him. Come here, I say!"

The voice of this guilty enthusiast was loud, but it was clear and sweet-sounding in the silence of the night. His form was now erect with pride and indignation, and the fire of his glances penetrated the gloom with a fearful brightness. Altogether, there was visible in his appearance a right of command,

which Orland strove not to disobey. He went towards him.

"That passion which I am proud to feel," said Sandwich, "I will not be anxious to disguise. Your chaplain charges me with crime, because I am true to nature. If to look upon a beautiful blossom, till you love it-if to listen to a sweet sound, till it be your favourite music—if this be a guilty indulgence, then I am criminal. My strongest impulse was to contemplate this blossom; I obeyed it. Now, it seems I must foregomy bliss, because an old, an insensible, a mischievous dissembler has found it in its shelter. Again I am obedient; sun and shade, Orland, both are yours. Your star predominates; blame me not! Envy not my misery, for that is all my confession!"

Orland stood listening with his eyes fixed upon his relation. With every word there was a fearful meaning; and the painful suspicions of a few days—a week,

week, were justified. Suspicions which had been rejected as unlikely, as impossible to be true, were now recalled; and the unhappiness of Kingsdown was resolved into a monstrous ingratitude. At last—"I cannot talk! I cannot prate to you!" said St. Malo: "your goodness or your guilt is too much for me! Go on! go on! I would say yet, my dear Sandwich! I have loved you! I have endeavoured to merit your love! But go on! go on! No doubt that this is worth—all worth!"

- "Ay, Orland, you may reproach me with your brotherly love! it is my curse!"
- "No! no!" interrupted Orland, "I do not reproach you with it! you know it all, and you are true to nature and to reason!"
- "This I must endure, and more!" returned Sandwich; "I must endure all which the habit of your thought will k4 throw

throw upon me; but I shall be justified to myself!"

"It is no matter then!" said Orland;
"it is no matter!" His lips quivered,
and his hands shook as he endeavoured
to remove the tears which obstructed his
sight.

"Orland!" exclaimed Sandwich, in a wild transport, "my heart bursts at the sight of your sorrow. If my death could bless you, you should be blessed! and all which you would ask, before you make a request, I concede. I will absent myself from Kingsdown for ever. I must be wretched, and in loneliness. But you! look, Orland! look at the light which shines at that window! it shines for you! The ray may brighten, and then it will be yours! but I must be wretched, and in darkness! Farewell!"

He rushed from the chapel, and was in an instant lost in the gloom.

Orland continued to gaze upon the window

window to which Sandwich had pointed his attention. If he thought at all in that moment of assured agony, his thoughts were upon his fond but misplaced confidence—his much-prized, but ruined happiness. At length he heaved a deep groan, and turning his eyes to the aperture through which his cousin had disappeared.—"Oh!" cried he, "thou disturber of our peace, thou shouldst have had thy title! I should have told thee that thou art, with all thy precious feeling and reasonable principles, a black ingrate and an insidious villain!"

The weeds rustled. An exclamatory start was heard, and again a low and wrathful murmur, as of a person who was discontented and debating with himself; but it ceased, and no sound was heard but of the winds.

From fright and wrath Luton had declined to grief, and now his audible sobs aroused Orland.

Orland

Orland at once remembered the marks of care which he had of late observed upon the countenance of the good man, and he became alive to the cause. The constant attentions, too, which of late he had dedicated to Emily, the afflicted husband ascribed to the same watchful disposition for her happiness. He went towards him, and he grasped his hands.—" My friend!" said he; "my Emily's friend! come, we shall need your consolation. You must wean us from the sorrow which we have made, and teach us to be happy again."

"If I can accomplish that good work," said the chaplain, "then shall I look to the rest of this chapel with a quiet and contented heart."

He arose from the tomb, and taking hold of his friend's arm, he was about to leave the chapel, but his eye fell upon a full and perfect outline of the figure of the foreigner. He had risen tremblingly from the tomb, but now the

every feeling, and he turned to the contemplation of this object with a steady and serene air. The eyes of Orland followed those of the chaplain, and the same object presented itself to their gaze. There, where the rays of the moon struck upon the wall of the chapel with the greatest force and radiance, was the dark shadow of the mysterious foreigner.

"It is but a reflexion!" said Luton:

"it is but the shade of some material object—of a man—of a part of the arch—of a distant tree—of some accountable object. I am satisfied of this truth, however deceptious is this appearance. It is strange!—it is wonderful!—it is afflicting!"

The word afflicting produced a louder and a more distinct echo than any preseding word had done. It was the last, but still the manner of its reverberation

was so remarkable, that Orland looked around, and Luton started.

St. Malo left his companion and went to the wall of the aisle. There was no shadow but that of his own form. He drew his hand across the plaster. He returned to the chaplain.—" It is all a juggle!" said he; "but I have no heart to seek its actors."

Luton bowed his head, and followed St. Malo from the chapel.

As soon as Orland reached the castle, he went to the apartment of Emily. Solitude and silence, and tears and sighs—unloving looks and hasty and repugnant words, were now explained. Why had they so long needed explanation? They had themselves been growing and plain evidences, yet now they were explained.

Emily was in tears. She did not notice the entrance of her husband, and when he went and seated himself at her side,

side, and with all imaginable tenderness seized and kissed her hand, still she regarded him not. She continued to weep.

- "And why does my Emily weep?" inquired he.
- "Because her heart is heavy," answered Emily.
- "I remember when she was gay and cheerful—when kindness was her nature—when Orland had her smiles!" said St. Malo, as his eyes filled with tears.
- "I wish that you could forget that humour," returned Emily, " or be contented with the present."
- "There is no generosity in such a wish," cried Orland, with a voice of grief and of just offence.

Emily looked at her husband for a moment. She saw his sorrow, and she remembered his affection and his virtues—she became desperate with herself—she sprang from her chair, and fell

fell on her knees before him.—"Oh, Orland! Orland!" she cried, "forgive me! I cannot love you, but I must reverence you. I would not wrong—I cannot reward you."

"Show me only how I may lighten your sorrow!" exclaimed Orland, "and I shall be happy!"

Emily looked around the room with fearful wildness; then, in a suffocating whisper, she cried—" Send Sandwich Delaval from Kingsdown."

- "He is gone," answered St. Malo.
- "I am glad! I am glad!" exclaimed Emily, as with a shrill cry she fell at the feet of her husband.

CHAPTER VI.

"Yea, I do mark thee, o'er the sun
That shines upon a happy roof,
Intrude thy shade, so drear and dun,
And cloaked in gloom, thou strik'st aloof.
So all unseen, unguessed, thy dart
Deth hurry to the joyous heart,
And innocence in wee repines,
And happiness to grief declines."

SANDWICH started from the weeds which flourished in the chapel-way. "Thou art a black ingrate, and an insidious villain!" sounded to his ear, and festered at his heart. He started up, but he was too natural to fly from the castle. He was too fond of mischief to forsake the mischief which he had made. He watched the departure of Orland and Luton from the chapel, and again he took his station in front of that light

light which he knew to burn upon the sorrows of Emily. He fancied the scene which must follow the confession He fancied with corof his passion. rectness the grief and tenderness of Orland, and the shame and anguish of Emily; yet his heart was too well fenced by selfishness and pride to be afflicted by the grief of the one, or the anguish of the other. Nay, he had so long idolized depravity, that now he was gratified by his contemplations. His vanity, which was indeed his cherished nature. was fed by the tears of his dearest friends; but he had been called "an ingrate, and a villain!" and now his soul felt their meaning, but would not admit their justice. The fiend which was in his heart, by urging the consciousness of his desert, prompted the evil passions which denied it; but their denial was ineffectual to his comfort, and in some way his rage and hate must be indulged. With the quickness and the force of evil thought, he discharged

discharged from his bosom all traces of that affection which was due to Orland, and, instead, he supplied to his spirit a licence for the worst extreme of its worst wishes. He had been wronged; he felt that he had been wronged, and his feelings could not be moderated or equalized but by the commission of wrong. What he had known before, he regarded not-The services which he had not returned. he could forget-To the love which he had abused, he would not listen-The gratitude which he had neglected, he would abandon-All which he had owed, he beheld as cancelled; and he opened his eyes to another account, every line of which must be traced by the tears or blood of his offender. With all his refinement of reason, his bad purposes had, even to himself, wanted a sanction. This sanction was now to be afforded by revenge—a principle of nature.

He was now satisfied that his course was in nature, and with a direful complacency,

placency, he reared himself in front of the castle, and watched away the night. In the morning, with every fit and fellow spirit of darkness, he slunk from the countenance of his design. But he did not turn with an intention of quitting Kingsdown. There was now mingling in his resolve many a malicious wish to view, as well as to extend, the misery which he had created. He determined to abide in the neighbourhood; but as he had been for some days without letters from France, before he sought out a lodging, he called at the post-office in Kingsdown. There, as if for the prevention of his diabolical object, he found a summons from Jourbert D'Evereux. He was told that the count lay on his deathbed, and that if he would pay regard to the wishes of a friend who had long loved him, he would hasten to Normandy.

At first Sandwich determined to pay no regard to the summons of his friend, but but after the weak and perverse habit of his high reason, he resolved to sacrifice his most dear affections to a friendly duty. We know not that he remembered the count's will, but we have good reason to suspect the disinterestedness of one whose actions were so entirely governed by the love of self. With tears of bitter regret he bade adieu to the towers of Kingsdown, and crossing the Channel to Normandy, he reached the Chateau D'Evereux.

It was night when he approached the house of his kind friend. He could not but suspect that his arrival would be too late; for the quietness and the solemnity of death seemed to rest upon all he saw. The chateau had an extended front, and often had he watched this front at night, and seen it bright and dazzling, and imitative of the gay and brilliant temper of its lord. And now, but one light shone from it, and contended against the darkness of the hour; and that showed like the

the feeble efforts of one falling, amidst many fallen—now it sank, and now its sickly radiance diverted the eye and thought for a moment, and then directed both to gloom and to extinction.

"Surely," said Sandwich, so powerfully did the scene impress his feelings, "surely I come not to the place of one death only, but of many deaths!"

He thought of Rosalie—the gentle, tender, constant Rosalie; and some rapid and ardent sensations of love and shame awoke in his heart.

"I have wronged her," said he, "but I have sought no opposition of feeling. I have tempted no contention of persons, or of interest—I have not, of my own will, forsaken one and flown to another. If the soils of France and England are different, and yet equally fruitful, are they not both to be loved and blessed? Man is nothing without circumstance; and of the circumstances which are about him, how few are of his own contrivance!

trivance! He is led and acted upon by a secret, yet a strong authority; and all that can be said for him is, that it is his nature to laugh when he is merry, and to weep when he is sad. I wept when I left Rosalie. I weep that I have left Emily. There are objects in France and England to be loved and blessed, and for I love and bless them I am wretched."

Thus justified to his own heart for all the misery which he had made, and prepared for all which he might make, he entered the Chateau D'Evereux.

The old servants of the count brightened at his entrance. Their master had been anxious for his arrival, and he was waning fast. They pointed eagerly to the chamber of the sick, and Sandwich passed on in silence. He came to a little room which adjoined to the apartment of the count, and there, upon his knees before the image of our Saviour, he perceived a clergyman. He was in fervent

fervent prayer for the mirthful dying. The old count had rejected his offices, and, in the merriest vein, had jested at his seriousness and piety. The good man, either in horror or in participation, had stood mute, and had nearly forgotten the purpose of his visitation, though in France such an humour was not extraordinary or unadmired. He had quitted the chamber, and had come in search of some outward show of the object of his duties, by which to recall his wandering fancy, and to elevate his thoughts. He had found a beautiful representation, and it had had the effect of aiding his apprehensions.

When Sandwich entered the room, the good clergyman was so intent upon his supplications, that he heard no intrusion. Sandwich paused, and looked at him for a while with exceeding pity, and then he moved along into the presence of the dying with exceeding grief.

The old count had been speaking of his

his favourite, and now, with that alacrity which sometimes attends the decline of the powers of life, he guessed whose soft and stealing step it was he heard upon the carpet.

"Fear not, my friend!" said he; "fear not! you will not detain me!"

Sandwich advanced to the bedside. The old count was supported on the breast of Rosalie, while Jourbert stood near, now wiping the tears as they fell from the pale and lovely cheek of his sister, and now attending to the wishes of his uncle.

Rosalie looked up a moment at the entrance of Sandwich, and a faint expression of pleasure at his sight told her feelings. But she could spare no more. She bowed her cheek again upon the head which she rested on her bosom, and again her tears fell for her relation. Jourbert too retained his position. In silence he stretched his hand to his English

lish friend, and then his thoughts and glances dwelt upon the dying.

The count smiled as he lifted his hand to Sandwich. He spoke in a low tone, and with frequent interruptions; but the spirit in its decline was characteristical of its strength, and its habit was wearing away only with itself.

"Welcome!" said he, "welcome! my journey has been delayed only on account of you! my wanderings commence where yours terminate."

"Not yet, sir! not yet, sir!" said Sandwich. "To be kind, you must remain!"

"Your next desire I will obey!" answered the count. "Sandwich—"

The count's breath faltered. Sandwich bent down over the bed to listen to his words.

"This," said the dying, "is a worse tyranny than any which I have known. I am not only to be dragged away against

against my will, but to I know not where, and with such twitches as—leave me—no breath—to complain."

As he spoke, he grasped the hand of Sandwich with all the little power which remained to him, and in the midst of his pains it was evident that he desired to jest and smile. Sandwich had ever been more ready than Jourbert to trifle with him on matters of grave import, and now, in the presence of his favourite, it was his wish to revive his custom of merriment.

"Scorn death," said he, "while you may, for in his own time he will revenge himself. He is rude—very rude—a perfect barbarian; a savage, whether he come from the west or the east: time cannot refine him; mirth cannot amuse him; breath cannot content him: he has taken mine, and yet he tears and pinches. Verily he has no sort of respect. Oh! he is a most uneducated monster!"

At

At times, as he spoke, the writhings of the old man were dreadful; but still, amidst the distortion of countenance, the smile was visible upon his fips. Sandwich knew not what to reply to him. Jourbert looked upon his sister. Rosalie averted her face, and strove to suppress her sighs and tears. The sorrow of the gentle and excellent girl recalled the attention of the count.

"Poor Rosalie!" said he, "my poor girl! Well, well, our next interview shall be a quiet one. Here, Sandwich, here; we should do our good actions while we are here; for there is much uncertainty in other places. Here; Sandwich, take this hand! make the girl cheerful and happy, and when I recover my breath, I will thank you!"

He joined the hands of Sandwich and Rosalie upon his breast, and as he finished speaking, exhausted and breathless, he rested his cheek upon their union.

In a little while he looked up again:

His

His eyes were brighter; his features were composed; his breath was less restrained. Once more he strove to speak and smile. "If," said he, "there be any civility, I will correspond with you. If it should be all darkness, you must excuse me!"

He closed his eyes, and a noise like that of a faint laugh passed between his lips. Rosalie raised her head, and her uncle fell back a corpse upon her bottom.

Example and habit had failed to pervert the feeling and sensible dispositions of Jourbert and Rosalie. The levity of gay moments they did not extend to occasions of gravity; and now they had not only to lament the departure of a friend, they did not alone contemplate the awfulness of death, but they remembered the manner of the dying, and with drooping and sorely-afflicted spirits, they hung upon the dead.

Sandwich felt those sensations which 1. 2 few

few among the multitudes of men have conquered—those deep and solemn sensations which creep upon the heart at the presence of death. But the levity with which the arrow of the universal vanquisher had been met, brought him no pain of thought, and occasioned him but little surprise. It was, on the contrary, recollected with a feeling of partial triumph. He regarded it as a kind of proof that common customs are common prejudices, which cannot stand against that peculiar wisdom which the count had professed, and which he himself acknowledged.

He passed round to Rosalie, and removing her from the body of her uncle, he breathed, as he bore her from the room, sighs responsive with her own. He had witnessed death, and that the death of a friend.

To all the dues and forms of mourning Sandwich was constant; and yet, for some weeks, the death of the count was so faithfully deplored by all the inhabitants of the chateau, that there was little time or inclination for the noting of other occurrences. No change was yet observed in the conduct of Sandwich. and, indeed, his conduct yet afforded not any opportunities for such observation. Unrestrained, unguided feeling was his boast and pride, and to the natural sorrows of a lovely female he could attach his natural sympathy. When he watched the tears of Rosalie, his own would fall. When he counted her sighs, he would tell them with a sigh. he listened to her lamentations, he would be sensible of correspondent feelings. He did not listen to her without pity: he did not look upon her without love. The feelings will make an essay for contentment, and, in their violence, they are but travelling to their rest. Rosalie recovered her spirits, and with them her recollection of that portion of the past which related to the future. Sandwich L3

wich again stood before her as the first and dearest object of her affections; as her own, by the will of her own heart, and by the command of her venerated uncle. She had not yet perceived that he was more melancholy or more cold. His attentions to her had been so natural and usual, that she had almost forgotten that he had ever been absent, She had not yet reproached him for his long delay. He was before her, and she scarcely knew that she had wept for many weeks in the fear of his neglect. Now that her spirits had revived, she remembered that the name of Sandwich was united with her own in the will of her uncle; nay, that in the event of her death and the death of Jourbert, the property which was in the English funds would be the property of Sandwich. To one, then, thus united in interest and in feeling, she turned with a free and an undoubting heart. The object of her affections was the object of hope and right.

Sandwich

Sandwich had taught Rosalie to enjoy the authors of his country, and to speak the English language with great facility. He was sitting by her, and was listening, but seldom replying to her, when she presented a volume of Sterne, and reading that passage which relates to Maria's treatment of the hand-kerchief of the sentimentalist, she produced the cambric which she herself had dried upon her bosom.—"They were your tears, Sandwich," said she, "that I dried upon my bosom; it was not the simple water of a brook."

"Less pure! less precious!" said Sandwich.

"As pure! more precious!" exclaimed Rosalie; "but," continued the, "we will banish tears, and have recourse to smiles. That sorrow which has produced a pleasure, it is a luxury to remember. I have known the grief of parting, but I know the bliss of a return."

L 4 "I must

- "I must leave you again, Rosalie," said Sandwich.
- "Yes," said Rosalie, with an affectionate smile, "very soon you shall leave me again. In a dozen years, or in twenty years, when I shall have grown old or ill-tempered, then you shall leave me, and I will promise you then to look for no bliss of a return. I will fret myself out of your way, and when you come back, neither my ugliness nor my ill-temper shall teaze you."
- "In seriousness I must leave you, Rosalie."
- "Yes," continued the unsuspecting girl, "if you were to leave me, it would be in seriousness; but not yet will I be frightened by your grim look. You are more melancholy and silent, Sandwich, than was used to be your custom. There is a melancholy without dulness, and such was yours. I do not say that now you are dull, but I will say that you are very silent. Now this must be nature.

nature. You know the charges which we bring against your country. This flight to England has done you an injury."

Sandwich raised his eyes to her face, and sighed deeply.

- "Ah," cried Rosalie, "is that your country's custom? Well, with particular persons, it must indeed be as expressive, be even more expressive, than many words; but come, since I have discovered that England has done you an injury, tell me what injury it has done you?"
- "It has taught me to love it," answered Sandwich.
- "Well," said Rosalie, "and must love for England always comprehend hate for France?"
 - "I hope not," returned Sandwich.
- "And so do I," continued Rosalie;
 "I know that you despise prejudices, and I have heard you say that your philosophy——"

" Talk

- "Talk no more of it!" exclaimed Sandwich, hastily. "Why have you listened to my notions of philosophy? It is not philosophy at present, but feeling, that is our theme."
- "I thought that your feeling was under the government of your philosophy," said Rosalie, "but I see it is not. You are angry!"
 - "Not angry, Rosalie, but wretched."
- "Indeed!" exclaimed Rosalie, with quickness and earnestness; "are you wretched? Tell me why, that I may be wretched too."

Sandwich took her hand and kissed it; all his pity was for her, and if he could have taught himself the acknowledgment of the wickedness of his vanity, all his love would have been for her. But he in pride opposed the wanderings of his thoughts, and brought back his meditations to their worst object; he would compel his views to England, when some latent feeling of satisfaction

satisfaction attached itself to Francewhen his heart would have dwelt upon the love and gentleness of Rosalie, he would bind it to the beauties, and the mind, and the loss of Emily. His philosophy had taught him to despise the blessings which were within his reach, and to look at those possessions alone as valuable, in the attainment of which, restrictions had been burst, common notions offended, and common customs trampled; perhaps, too, there was in some hiding-place of his heart a portion of that vanity which belongs to many of the foplings of the world, and which regards the acquirement of female affections as a necessary aliment. But this lighter vanity, if at all it had shelter in the breast of Sandwich, was closely concealed; and we must do him the justice to acknowledge, that he contemplated the disappointment of Rosalie with regret. In truth, he had so cherished the L 6 pride

pride of self to the scorn of others, that now, in a degree, his wilfulness was error, and its consequences, evil though they were, were not so much to be attributed to the wickedness of the present, as to the folly of the past.

Sandwich kissed the hand of Rosalie.
—"I am wretched, Rosalie," said he; "I want a power which is not."

"Oh!" said Rosalie, with a brightening look, "if you only cry for the moon,
I revive; she shall shine upon you, and
in the time of my ill-temper she shall
take you to herself; though even then I
may dispute the right of possession."

"I am wretched, Rosalie," continued Sandwich, "for a power which is not; or which if it be, is not for those who live to think."

The features of Rosalie fell from their joyfulness.—"Oh!" she cried, "you would have forgetfulness! Your French friends are of so little worth, that to be kind

kind to them, you must forget England. Go, sir! go! we can live; and what is better, we can die without you!"

The tears came into her eyes, and she sat down by Sandwich and wept. With the quickness of feeling, she now remembered instances of absent thought, of inattention, of a cold regard; indeed, some change became suddenly apparent to her, and with the recollection of the prolonged stay of Sandwich in England, recurred the fears which sometimes, during that period, she had allowed herself to indulge.

Sandwich looked at her with feelings of sincere commiseration.—"I must go, Rosalie!" said he, "and for I must, I am wretched. I would prepare you for my absence."

"I am prepared!" answered Rosalie, with momentary pride; but as she spoke, her hands trembled, her lips quivered, her tears fell—"I am prepared—very well prepared! I can do as I have done —I can

I can wait for you—watch for you; and if you do not come again, I can weep for you! I do not ask you why you go—I have no right to demand, and you have no pleasure in satisfying me. Jourbert will be surprised—I am surprised—but it is no matter; surprises are sometimes cruel."

"I go from necessity," said Sandwich.

"I hope you do!" answered Rosalie, with more spirit than Sandwich expected; "I hope you do not go to necessity."

"You are witty, and can bear my absence," said Sandwich, as with an un-kind glance he left his seat.

Rosalie too got up, and hastened to be the first to leave the room.—"I am strong, I hope," said she, while every limb faltered, "and can bear your absence."

"Adieu then!" answered Sandwich, as with the stalk of haughtiness he turned away.

Rosalie saw his determination, and in the fear of losing him she forgot her resentment sentment and her pride.—" No! no! no! no!" she cried, "you cannot mean it! you do not mean to leave me! not now to leave me!"

"To-morrow — to-night — now—the sooner the better!" answered Sandwich.

"You shall not!" shrieked Rosalie;
"you shall not leave me for one unkind word—I meant it not! I know not why I said it—you shall not leave me, Sandwich! We have mourned but a month, and I was beginning to smile too soon; I will mourn with you now again; you shall not fly me because I am happy."

"No, Rosalie!" replied Sandwich; "whether or not you made an allusion to the circumstances of my obligations, I know not; if you did, I forgive it. The partiality which I have enjoyed, I have perhaps not deserved; but its effects may never reach me."

"What do you mean?" asked Rosalie, with a look of painful surprise.— "Yet do not tell me! you mean to be cruel cruel and unforgiving—but remain here-—say you will remain here; I ask no more!"

"You ask too much, Rosalie," replied Sandwich; "my fate is for the present held to England—it cannot be so terrible for you to hear, as for me to tell—I may return, but you must not look for me; my destiny is uncertain—here. I cannot suffer myself to remain; I may return, and our happiness may be of a nature with the happiness which we see around us. Rosalie is in my heart, but she must not be in my sight."

Rosalie stood mute and motionless—her transports had ceased—her emotions were stayed—her hands had dropped from the arm of Sandwich—her eyes were fixed to his countenance with a steady uninterrupted gaze. His words had reached to her heart, and there they were as ice to the warm blood and the kindly feelings—chilling, chilling, deadening,

A con-

A considerate and merciful spirit would have sought some other way of communicating an evil to a gentle heart; but Sandwich disdained every form of preparation that might weaken the effect of present feeling; his actions were always the result of some powerful impulse, which looked upon every degree of restraint as a degree of guilt. And here was vanity—his influence was to be acknowledged, without any abatement of the misery which it might occasion.

In this moment of tearless agony, Sandwich would have departed; but Rosalie caught him by the arm, and continued still to look upon his face. He could not endure her penetrating and painful gaze; his eyes sunk beneath it. At last, as if she had but then derived the power, she spoke to him.—"I do not," said she, "understand you; what have you said? You go away, I know, but some mystery goes with you; need

need there be mystery?—you have business? may it prosper!—you look for pleasure? may you gain it, and may it be lasting! But what mystery more? You prefer England to France? it is your country—I thought that your country was mine; so thought my uncle, so thought Jourbert; you have found a distinction; well then, Heaven prosper you!—but need there be a mystery?"

"No, no!" answered Sandwich, glad in any way to escape from the earnest-ness of her looks, and from the anxiousness of her words—"no, no! there need be no mystery!—I go, Rosalie, for I must go; there is necessity, but no mystery—I go, and it is uncertain when I may return. Forget me, Rosalie; forget me if you can."

Rosalie interrupted him. She took her hands from his arm, and crossing them upon her bosom, she lifted up her eyes.—"I cannot!" said she, with great solemnity

solemnity and force—"I cannot! the resollection of you has been so long an inculcated duty and a true delight, that I cannot—I never shall forget you, Sandwich! go if you please, but go with that conviction!"

"Adieu! and may Heaven comfort and bless you!" said Sandwich, as, while the large drops of sorrow rolled down his cheeks, he turned, in the determination of his vicious purpose, to abandon Rosalie. But again, the fond and usflicted girl threw herself in his way; she held in her hand the handkerchief with which once before she had caught his tears.-" I have desired," said she, "to take comfort in your joy, but I must now seek content in the recollection of your sorrow. Never again will you weep for Rosalie! give me those tears! they are mine! I will have them for my Oh, Sandwich! there is a content! heart which you have taught to love you, and you leave it! go then! go!" With

With loud grief she was rushing away, when Jourbert, who had been reading in a room at a little distance, heard her lamentation, and in astonishment stood before her.—"My Rosalie!" said he; "my Rosalie in an agony of tears, and Sandwich near her! what new trouble?"

"Oh, Jourbert! Jourbert!" cried Rosalie, as she fell upon her brother's breast; "you will pity me! you will give me your tears! English hearts are hard or false—your heart is Rosalie's, and that is true!"

There was indeed but one heart between Jourbert and Rosalie, but that one might have supplied the world with what it needs—with charity, love—with the rich affections of virtue. Jourbert had so much love and pride in his sister, that any thought of wrong to her was a crime against all his feelings. He looked at Sandwich with a surprise which combined the expression of reproach.—"You will explain," said he.

"A word

"A word will do it, Jourbert!" replied Sandwich, with an answering look, which told of pride even more than of affection—"a word will do it—will tell of my misery, and Rosalie's tears!"

"The last speak for themselves," said Jourbert, as he put his hand to his heart; "they are to me sufficiently expressive; they are here, Sandwich, here! and if you have caused them to flow, the injury is here."

He beat his bosom as he spoke, with the violence of the most ardent brotherly love.

Sandwich advanced his form to its full height, and lifting his brow—" I must leave D'Evereux for England," said he.

"He leaves us, Jourbert! he leaves us!" exclaimed Rosalie, as she clasped her brother's neck in the painfulness of her grief.

With reason I suppose, Rosalie!

with reason!" answered Jourbert, as he frowned his meaning upon Sandwich.

"The strongest!" replied Sandwich.

"I will listen to it in a little time," said Jourbert, as he pointed to a wood which flourished at some distance from the chateau. Sandwich understood his desire, and bowed haughtily.

At this moment Resalie looked up from her brother's caresses.—"Take my blessings!" said she; "take Jourbert's blessings! You say you have necessity to go—that is enough! Jourbert is satisfied, and I—I pray for you; your friendship need not forsake us—we are friends, you know."

She stretched out her hand as she spoke, and Sandwich kissed it ardently, while, as he bowed upon it, her tears fell on his head.

Before he turned to depart, he presented his hand to Jourbert, with a glance which remembered of his past friendship. friendship. The gallant young Frenchman took the pledge for the satisfaction of his sister; but at the touch his blood recoiled, and still, with a look of determination and offence, he pointed towards the wood. Again Sandwich bowed upon the hand of Rosalie, and secretly answering the signal of Jourbert, he hastened from the chateau.

Rosalie looked for several minutes upon the place where he had stood, where he had sat, while her brother continued to regard her with the sincerest love and pity. She turned towards him, she caught his glance, and with a shriek of affection, which told that all her hope was now in him, she fainted on his bosom; he took her up in his arms, and bore her to her bed.

Jourbert attended by the side of his sister till she had fallen into a gentle, peaceful slumber; he then left her chamber, and taking with him a double set of pistols, he proceeded to the wood.

It was a fine clear evening—such an evening as seemed not to have been sent by Heaven for the witnessing of murder; the sun was yet hovering above the place of his repose, and those active and wanton breezes which are fond of playing about him at his decline, were now busy in their sports, and with their music; there was not a tree which they did not climb or descend—there was not a leaf on which they did not quiver, and they rushed towards man with a note which seemed to woo him to be happy. The heat of the day had not been great, so that every wild-flower retained its health and freshness, and sent up from the bright green grass the sweetness of its odour. Birds and beasts enjoyed this evening; the first told of nothing but of thankfulness and gladness, the last met each other without a look of strife, and then passed onwards with an air of ease and of content; yet Jourbert, actuated by that love which is of

of Reaven, proceeded through the shows and notes of harmony; intent to kill.

In the centre of the wood there was a beautiful glade; the way to it from the chateau was by a circuitous path, which, near its termination, turned so abruptly, that the wanderer was at once precipitated into this luxuriant opening, and left, as it were, to wonder at the suddenness, as well as the delight of his enchantment. Jourbert entered the glade alone: he had desired a servant to wait at some distance, and in half an hour from the time at which he left him, to come to the glade; he entered alone, and in agreement with his expectation, he beheld Sandwich waiting his appearance.

Sandwich, when he beheld his friend, advanced to meet him with an outstretched hand, saying—"I have wronged you!"

Jourbert put aside the hand of his friend.—"I feel that you have," replied vol. II. M he;

he; "but how, I know not, nor will I inquire: the suspicion that you have wronged me, is an injury to my being which I may avenge now, but which I must lament for ever."

"Jourbert!" said Sandwich, as his eyes filled with tears, "I could kneel to you, and think it no degradation; and to the chance of dying for your sister, I would spring as to the only chance of happiness—I would die for her!"

"The contrary is your duty, or was your duty!" said the high-spirited Frenchman, with a frown.

"Do not interrupt me, Jourbert!" commanded Sandwich; "I leave the chateau for the sake of your honour."

"Are you," asked Jourbert, "in leaving it, mindful of your own?"

The question stung to the inmost soul of Sandwich; he recollected for what madness he was leaving the chateau—he recollected the happiness which it was his purpose to hunt down to abject

ject misery—he recollected the obligations which before he had forgotten, and that indeed he did not consult his honour in his flight from France. But these recollections were enough to induce fury, nay, hatred; but not candour not repentance. His brows darkened over his eyes, and as impatiently he stepped backwards, he demanded—"For what purpose do I meet you here?"

"For that of unfolding to me your regard for my honour," answered Jourbert; scornfully, "rather than for your own."

"I have no explanations to offernone that shall interfere with your design."

Jourbert made no reply, but bending down upon the grass, he took his pistols from his pocket, and prepared to load them.

"I have no fire-arms;" said Sandwich.

Jourbert and Sandwich had frequently fenced together, and it had been established

blished that the former was infinitely the best swordsman; on this account, Jourbert had brought to the glade a double set of pistols, determining that his skill should not be exercised against a breast which he had loved.—" I have armed myself for you!" said he, in reply to Sandwich; "take your choice."

. Sandwich answered not, but continued to walk apart, while Jourbert engaged himself in loading the deadly weapons. Sometimes Sandwich turned and paused, and looked at his early friend; and once or twice, Nature or Heaven so touched upon his beart, that he relented, and felt the tears of his affection struggling to the light; but it was in vain! He conceived the impulse by which he was tempted to seek England to be arresistible; and he had so long worshipped error, that now he knew not what was right. Once he determined to prepare his own weapons, and to omit the ballhe went towards Jourbert, but the pistols

tols were loaded—he must trust the chance which he had often scoffed, and be the first to explore its uncertainty, or be the murderer of his friend—it was an alternative sufficiently dreadful, but horrors were the familiar objects of his thoughts.

"I am ready!" said Jourbert, as he carelessly walked away from the pistols. "If you have any forms which you would observe, arrange them; I will agree to them."

"I have none!" exclaimed Sandwich, with great indignation, as he snatched a pistol; "you know that I am no observer of forms; and if it be my death that you desire, you may be gratified without forms. I have ever taken pride in your wishes, Jourbert, and now—"

As he spoke, he turned the weapon towards his own breast. Jourbert sprang forward eagerly.—"What harlequinade is this?" said he; "you cannot mean to excite my pity!"

"No, Jourbert! no!" replied Sand with, as with measured paces he stalked from his friend.

The Frenchman took an equal number of strides in a direct line—they arranged to fire together-each held his watch in his left hand, and at the same point of: time, the shots were to be exchanged. The instant approached—the combatants raised their arms—they were at so short' ai distance from each other, that death was near them, and was rejuicing in the certainty of his prey. Upon the verge of the instant, Rosalie, with a wild shrick, hastily clothed, and breathless with anxious apprehension, rushed through the sudden opening to the glade. "Hold! hold! hold! while she cried; "for my sake, for Heaven's sake, hold! Oh, Jourbert! Sandwich!"

She could utter no more; her weak and agitated frame drooped across the upraised arm of her brother. alourbert suffered his pistol to fall upon the grass, while

while Sandwich, casting a look of deep and earnest pity towards Rosalie, discharged his weapon in the air, and then threw it to a distance from him. Rosalie looked up, and saw the ingrate escaping with a hurried pace from the glade; he glided away, and was lost amidst the trees.

Rosalie had recovered a momentary strength; she stood gazing after Sandwich, with one hand extended the contrary way towards her brother. Her brother caught her hand, and watched her anxiously. At last—"Let him go!" she cried; "let him go, Jourbert! we can live without him! we can be happy here!"

She was sinking upon the grass, but Jourbert caught her to his breast, and sheltering her as well as he could from the air of the evening (for now it was cold), he carried her from the glade.

END OF VOL. II.

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COINCIDENCE;

OR,

The Soothsayer.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

PAUL SEBRIGHT.

With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole.
SHAKESPEARE

VOL. III.

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COINCIDENCE.

CHAPTER I.

Why, when I woo your hand, is it denied me?
Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?
Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,
That heart which I have purchas'd with my own;
Lay it before, for it is my due.
Yourg.

HE happiness of Kingsdown was blighted; a viper had crept within the ancient walls, and in his round he had circulated poison. There were chances yet of health and wholesomeness; but these were finite and distant; they were to be carefully sought and cautiously cherished; they were not to be attained but by the nicest prudence; they were not

not to be secured but by the strictest virtue.

On the day succeeding the departure of Sandwich from the castle, Emily was in a state of being which admitted of no reasonable definement; all her recollections were vague, and all her hopes confused; she knew not on what her thoughts had rested, or should restwhether her life had been of good or ill, or whether the feelings to which she should yield indulgence, should be those of pride or shame. She remained alone in her apartment, and on the application of St. Malo to be admitted, she sent an humble request, that on that day she might be suffered to seelude herself. Towards the evening her spirits calmed, but they calmed themselves into the rest of pride; she felt that in the confession which she had made to Orland there was cause of shame; and when she reflected her sorrow was not so much for the occasion of her confession

as for its weakness, she wondered that she had been betrayed into an agitation. which had produced from her own lips. an acknowledgment of error. This error she might have indulged, or might have bewailed, in secrecy; it might have been her own torment, der own reproach: she might have advanced it against herself; and borne it to her own consciousness. But in that her pride would have triumphed. Now, it might be whispered to her by a husband, or clamoured by the world; and in this her pride would be outraged. She was miserable, but she did not allow that her wretchedness proceeded from her own vanity or weakness; no she fancied that it proceeded from her reason, her strength of reason; and though the world should load her name with censure, still would she justify her conduct to the world, and declare again, as she had declared to Luton, that it was the principle of her nature to love the Highest,

Emily

Emily knew the honour of Kingsdown to be safe in her pride—to no other principle did she trust it; but her rash confession she conceived must now lower her in the eyes of St. Malo, and subject her to suspicion. Her thoughts arrived at this conclusion, and her plentiful pride, as if already it had been injured by reproof, took the alarm; already she erected her brow with scorn-already her eyes lightened with contempt and defiance—already harsh impressions were at her heart, and bitter sayings were on her tongue. But, amidst this clash of painful feelings and evil determinations, Emily remembered her father; it was difficult to forget the love which had grown up with her being, and this she must forget in her contention with St. Malo. She could not despise the last without a disregard of the former; she could not frown upon Orland without an offence to lord Kingsdown.

In the meantime the unconscious father ther noticed the gravity of Orland; he inquired for Emily; he wondered at the sudden departure of Sandwich.-" I have heard of French leave-taking," said the old nobleman; " pray, Orland, can you tell me whether Sandwich be in love with the custom? But perhaps he has the vanity of being eccentric; he likes to come nobody knows when, and to go nobody knows where. He is too melancholy and unaccountable for my fondness, and I am much afraid that he has assisted to correct, or rather spoil, the taste of Emily. But we must accomplish another change, Orland; we cannot, we will not be persuaded that sighs are better than smiles; we are not building up our walls for the echo of lamentations."

St. Malo became more grave; and that the feelings of his bosom might not be guessed, he left the breakfast-table, and went towards a window.

"Do observe," continued the old nobleman,

heterogeneous patch, as it now stands, it appears! I am impetient for that dark tint which it must derive from thany years and many storms. Well, other Kingsdowns will witness it; and their gratitude will be due to us, for that we gave them a building which sould withstand storms and time. We inherited a eastle which fell thundering about our heads when our hearts were disposed to mirth; it promised to be our tomb when we were thinking of the temple."

The recollections of St. Malo were deeply painful, and almost he shuddered at the words of the old lord. Luton was present, and he endeavoured to engage the attention of his patron.

At this moment two letters were presented to St. Malo, and with a look of thoughtfulness and anxiety he continued to read them, and appeared to meditate upon their contents. He soffered the hand

hand in which he held them at last to fall by his side, and with the other he concealed his eyes from the scrutiny of lord Kingsdown. Yet this action but increased the curiosity and care of the old nobleman; he left his seat, and went to his son with the kindest expression of impairy and concern upon his venerable countenance.

Luton, seeing that St. Male had received some communication of importance, left the room, that his presence might not interfere with that confidence which existed between the father and his son.

"Orland," said lord Kingsdown, as he approached St. Malo—"Orland, you have some trouble which you would keep from me. If I have no right to know it, you must tell me to; if it be of a nature to be participated, you must suffer me to have my portion."

St. Malo looked at his friend, but B 4 he he seemed not to be conscious of his words.

" Orland." continued the venerable lord. " there is some matter of difference between you and Emily. The girl has been neglectful—hasty perhaps—unkind? I have no desire to be busy, nor would I be idle. Marriage differences, as they make themselves, must be referred to their own mode of concord. A meddler is like a buzzing fly; he does not amuse at all, and he offends a little; he is certain to be peevishly, if not violently repulsed; he is very likely to be hated, and it is positive that he will never be loved. I would not be a meddler for the chances of your hate, but let me be a father to the certainty of your love. Emily is wayward;—letme talk to her; the girl has correct notions of my right; she has a noble heart -If you had known it in some exigencies—well, these are never likely to OCCUIT

occur again. She may be a little perverse—Luton and I have been too fond perhaps; but Emily is attached to her duty—she has a noble heart."

"She has," responded St. Malo, as, without changing his position, he held up his letters to the old nobleman.

Lord Kingsdown took them, and was 'indeed surprised by their intelligence; he found that revolutionary symptoms had made their appearance in the British West Indies, and that, for the present, there was no hope of accomplishing a transfer of his son's property to England. In addition to this, he was informed that the settlements had been visited by one of those sweeping hurricanes which are peculiar to the climate, and which bury in one common ruin the hopes of past labours and the promise of future seasons. Among the estates which had suffered by this dispensation, that which belonged to St. Malo was unfortunately distinguished; and it was expected that for some years its produce, if at all it were profitable, would be inconsiderable.

Lord Kingsdown looked up from the melancholy record of his son's losses; and now the thought occurred to him, that all the gravity and vexation which he had witnessed admitted of an easy explanation: these evils had been expected-experience had led to their expectation: there were no family differences-there had been no family differences in Kingsdown.—" The estate remains, however, Orland," exclaimed the venerable lord, with much cheeriness-" in spite of the tornado, you have the soil for sugar-canes; and we must remember the sweets that will be, if we know not of any that are. Since this be all, look up, Orland—the hurricanes are at a distance; and, should they blow here, why, we will meet them.

Dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home."

Orland

Orland did look up; and grasp the hand of his friend; but he caught not the alacrity of that friend: his sources of disquietude were very much increasing; the hurricaties had blown from a distance, but he fancied that he saw them advancing towards his home. It was certain that those consolations and * tendernesses which are associated with the name of home, and to which his nature in particular was attached, were not the residents of his hearth; and now that ease and security which dependupon an ample and unfeared means were threatening to forsake him. Yet he hoped that his circumstances were not embarrassed—that he had not been betrayed into an expenditure so much beyond his present resources as to have involved himself to any dangerous extent. He was inclined to a severity of judgment towards himself; he conceived the common principles of honesty to be closely connected with a just and regu-

lar control of expences. To others he would concede, he had conceded, the excuse of error, of exigence, of casualty; but, for himself, the necessity of such an excuse had till now never been contemplated; and now that it was by possibility admitted, he opposed it with all the anxious hopes and fears of one who knew his principle to be right, and who dreaded it to have been trespassed. If he had erred, if his expences had been great, if his estate should be found insufficient to the claims which would be made upon it as soon as his losses should be reported, he would have the consolation to reflect that, not by any vices of his own, but by the weakness of humanity, his troubles had been occasioned. He had indulged not his own desires, but the desires of another; his own delight had been sought in the gratification of others. Orland, in the rapid view which at this moment he was taking of probable consequences, paused

at this power of consolation, and then he rejected it—it could not long delude him. As one who must be answerable for his own actions, he had erred; he should have been the steward of his own fortunes, and not have risked their dilapidation by thoughtless concession; he should have preserved for necessity, for the claims of justice, and for the grace of charity. He feared that he had followed in the track of folly—had been extravagant, but not munificent—a spendthrift, but not a donor.

affections urged upon this conclusion, and the husband acknowledged to his own heart, that where he had lain up his hopes, he had met with disappointment. But not yet, not yet would he conceive himself to be that desolate wretch for whom there was no communion. It was sorrowful to reflect that all the sympathy which he had a right to expect he must not hope; but yet he

had not been entirely neglected, and yet he could not be despised; his yielding disposition had promoted trouble, but its errors had given him a claim upon affections which would not suffer his exposure to severer sorrows.—" Today," said he, mentally, " I will comply with the desires of Emily; she shall be alone; but to-morrow will I seek from her virtues that consolation which it has ever been my pride to lend."

The old lord endeavoured to prevail upon him to break upon the retirement of his wife; but he, to engage the attention of the father, led the way from the castle, and began to discuss the measures which, in the present state of his fortunes, he thought it necessary to pursue.

The venerable nobleman had no love of contracted plans, and periods of retrenchment were to him periods of ill-hamour and mortification; yet had he so great a fondness for Orland, that he could

could offer nothing, either by word or deed, against his determination. It must be confessed that he could not himself see any immediate necessity for the suspension of his great schemes; he knew not why a hurricane in the West Indies should interfere with the renovation of his castle, the extension of his domain, or the strengthening of his importance; and he thought it too, above all things, unreasonable that the rebellious proceedings of an upstart colony should be of weight to oppose the inclinations of a British noble. But there was he felt that there was, a kind of connexion between the day past and the day present, between the ancient and the modern, between English grandeur and trans-Atlantic wealth; and to this connexion, by whatsoever means it had arisen, he was fain to submit. Yet the prompt retrenchment of Orland seemed to be without an adequate reason; but still is should not be opposed; indeed, the old lord.

lord, with great alacrity and spirit, attended St. Malo in his round of prudence; and though now and then he felt disposed to be peevish, yet so great was his affection for his son, that he succeeded in restraining the quickness of his temper.

In the evening, Orland wore on his features so confirmed an expression of melancholy, that lord Kingsdown again suspected that he had at heart an anxiety which he had not declared. Under the influence of this suspicion, and with some degree of anger for the continued absence and neglect of Emily, the old lord went in search of his daughter: he found her sitting in the new tower of his castle, and with tearful eyes she appeared to be watching some vessels that were speeding in the breeze of the evening towards the coast of France. did not hear, or did not attend to her father at his entrance: and when he was at her side, she did not turn to look upon

upon him. She felt the sudden pressure of a hand upon her neck; she recoiled, as if the touch were offensive, and still without looking at the person of her visitor.—" Why do you come here?" said she. "I sent an humble request that one day might be allowed me; but now you will remember that it is your privilege to refuse. You will not suffer my suspicions to be mistaken; the superiority which I am inclined to acknowledge, you will oblige me to feel."

Lord Kingsdown looked upon his daughter with astonishment.—" Emily!" said he, reproachfully.

Emily started at the sound of her father's voice, and with a glance of guilty confusion she turned away from his scrutiny.

The old lord followed her, and taking her hand, he led her to a seat.—"Whose severity do you fear, Emily?" inquired he.

Emily

Emily made no reply.

Her father looked at her meet tenderly. He continued.—" You are unhappy."

- "No," answered Emily, in a quivering voice, and while her lips moved fast, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.
- "You are changed," after a little while, said the old nobleman.
 - " No," again responded Emily.
- "And there is a change, an unhappy change, throughout the castle," continued the old lord.

A glimpse of faded kindness revived in the bosom of Emily at this remark, and she felt anxious for Orland.—"What has happened?" inquired she. "Orland is well?"

- "No," answered her father, with a tone of less tenderness, "Orland is not well."
- "Indeed!" ejaculated Emily. "Heaven heal him!"

" You,"

"You," quickly rejoined the old lord —"you, Emily, must heal him: your attentions might be salutary."

Emily checked her tears, and with a ready pride she asked—" Has he complained?"

"I fear indeed that he has cause," answered lord Kingsdown.

That universal feeling which will not allow of interposition awoke in the breast of Emily, and she could have rebuked her father for his purpose.—" His complaints should be reserved for my ear, sir, and not told to you."

She arose from her chair, and would have left the tower: her father still retained her hand, and now he grasped it firmly, and held her before him. She stood as it were for judgment; and though her pride was active, her fears were not passive. However she might justify to herself those thoughts of which she was fond, she knew that their confession would be met with condemnation

tion by her father; she was fully aware that his notions of honour and of innocence were combined with many ancient prejudices, and that, in the matter of female conduct, he would make no compromise between the ways of vice and the ways of virtue; he would admit of no subtle distinctions; his ignorance would be stubbornness, and his stubbornness would be principle; it would mock at information, and scorn to be directed; it would elude art, and defy power; straight-forward and irresistible in its course, it would bear down nature and reason with all their nice explanations, and be imperative in its own inexorable demands for its own right and justice.

Lord Kingsdown looked at his daughter with extreme severity.—"You mistake, Emily," said he; "Orland should have no complaints to make to me, and no cause of complaint to reserve for private discussion."

" I will

- "I will not hear you, my lord," said Emily, with an effort of pride; "I cannot but know the extent of your right and of my duty."
- "You are proud, Emily—you are very proud, and something impertinent too," said the old lord, as he shook with agitation.

Emily had often eluded, she had never before openly resisted his authority; and he was fond of authority; and if he had not lost the distinction between his rights and his eccentricities, it is likely that he conceived the latter to have derived from years a sanctity, which his child, the least of all, should be inclined to dispute.

"I would not," continued he, "offend you by my rights; I wanted only to increase and secure your happiness; it appears to me that it has suffered some interruption. I am fearful that, if there be fault, it will be found in your perversity. I am jealous of your merit, Emily; I have been proud in you."

« Yes,

- "Yes, sir," said Emily, ungraciously, "you have taught me pride."
- "And you have abused my instructions," retorted the old lord.
- "Suffer me to leave you, mr," exchanged Emily, as she endeavoured to liberate her hand from the grasp of her father.

"Certainly, certainly; you will tell me that I have no right to detain you."

The old nobleman released her hand, and Emily turned to quit the apartment. She had reached the door, and without one relepting look she was passing away, when she heard her name pronounced in a weak and tremulous tone by her father. She could not proceed, offended though she was, and inclined to scorn the advice even of her first and dearest friend; with a hurried step she returned to her seat, and resting her area upon the shoulder of the venerable man, she looked up at his countenance with an expression so tender and so atoning, that the

the kies of reconciliation could not be delayed.

"There," cried the old lord, "we have had a day of ill-nature and evil chances; Orland has been sulky, Emily has been sour, and between both, I have had a large share of mortification. There has been infinite disarrangement in consequence of your abstraction, Emily. We have had a letter full of misfortune, and we are now about to do penance, on account of a high wind which happened to blow some months ago in the West-Indies; I say ostensibly on account of the high wind; but I believe it will prove a fair wind, if you will learn to forget your new habits, and will again adopt your old ones. The penance shall be done in the West Indies, and our scheme of happiness shall be renovated and enlarged, if our daughter and wife will trick up her smiles, and be once more in love with good-humour."

It was in vain that the lively eye of the

the venerable nobleman wandered over the features of his daughter: there was kindness, there was affection, there was attention in her countenance; but there was no responsiveness of mirth, or happiness, or hope. Again the gaiety of the old lord fell before the dejection of his daughter, and again his concern and grief revived.—" Emily," he cried, with the earnestness of one who was deeply interested, and not to be rejected—" Emily, you must not say that I am impertinent, because I ask you for why you are unhappy?"

Emily would have rushed away immediately, but now her father was determined not to be left without an explanation.—" Are you fond of folly?" inquired he. "Do you forsake your husband and your duties for a trifling consideration? Do you frown for a slight offence, or sigh everlastingly for a petty wrong? I know what you have been, Emily, and I do not like to see

you as you are. If you know your husband's worth, or have regard to my feelings, you will abandon these girlish freaks, and resume your station in the castle."

- "Do you reproach me because I am unhappy?" asked Emily.
- "I reproach you because I think you are perverse, Emily," answered the old lord, with a peevishness which made a part of his nature.
- "Your censure may be converted to pity."
- "I would have no child of mine an object of pity," exclaimed the old lord.
- "There are chances," said Emily, mournfully, "which are independent of our fathers, and they will find the feelings which they are adapted to afflict; whether scorn, or pity, or reproof, be attached to them, they will strike where they are aimed. Let me leave you, my lord; I am unhappy, and—and——"

As she spoke the tears arose to her vol. III. C eyes,

eyes, and, with a look and manner of the deepest and most pitiable. affliction, she leaned her cheek against her father's breast. She sighed heavily, and, relieved by the pause of a few seconds, she continued—" And I have no hope of alleviation but in your tenderness—your quiet but constant tenderness. My father, my dear father, have confidence in me. I am wretched; you see that I am so. Do not ask me for why I am wretched, but have confidence in me."

The sorrows of the daughter—of the only child and only hope, were sufficiently powerful to pierce to the inmost feelings of the father; the venerable lord pressed the beautiful mourner to his bosom, he fondled her to his heart, and in a moment of inexplicable, but of precious anguish, he mingled his tears with hers.

When he was so recovered as to recollect-the words which had excited his
sympathy, with the partiality of a parent,

rent, he fancied that any one was wrong rather than his child. Dearly he loved Orland, he had great confidence in him, and for none but for his child could he have thought that Orland was an injurer. Yet Emily was to be justified and to be admired, and for her merits even the virtues of the favoured Orland were not too high a price. Emily then had been wronged by her husband, and her silence and her tears were evidences no less of his faults than of her own perfections; they were proofs of an injured—of a noble nature.

Again the father pressed the daughter to his heart.—"Have confidence in you!" said he—" yes, my confidence in Emily is not to be surrendered; nor will I, because she is a wife, forget that she is my daughter. No man shall wrong you, Emily, in what character soever he appear. My poor girl weeping and sighing here from day to day, and I thought it frowardness or whim! My tender-

c 2 ness!

ness!—ay, Emily shall never want her father's tenderness."

Emily threw her arms about her father's neck, and as she lay weeping upon his bosom, Orland entered the apartment.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said lord Kingsdown, with a look of severity; "your wife finds her father's bosom to be her best home. Your gloom and silence are accounted for; we have been inconvenient to you. But this is rash talking, and I beg you to pardon me. You are surprised, St. Malo!"

"I am indeed," returned St. Malo, as he slowly walked towards Emily and took her hand.

There was something in the action so unlike deceit, so indicative of affection, that the old lord could not countenance the suspicions which yet he entertained.

—" It is a delicate, a dangerous thing," continued lord Kingsdown, " to interpose between you; but I know the heart

of Emily, and I know it to be too worthy to deserve neglect—if it be neglect of which she would complain."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Emily, now first being sensible of her father's mistake— " no, no-Orland has never neglected me—never injured me. He is all goodness; love him, love him, my father, and pity me."

She arose from her father's embrace. and rushed from the tower, while St. Malo, in amazement and dread, waited the effect of her conduct upon lord Kingsdown.

The venerable man sat for some time in silence, and with his eyes fixed upon the door of the apartment; frequently he seemed disposed to call upon his daughter, but the pressing intervention of painful and contrary thoughts would prevent the full utterance of her name. A suspicion to which he could not listen arose in his mind; he had so strong a conviction of the noble principles of Emily, **C** 3

Emily, that he could not injure her by the admission of so base a suspicion; yet the suspicion would intrude itself, and because it was base and unlikely, it was most painful in its obstinacy. A fear of Emily in her honour and nobleness would itself be a positive and lasting shame; the father could not admit it for his love—the man could not admit it for his pride. After a long period of meditation—" Impossible!" exclaimed the old lord—" impossible!"

He arose, and hastening to Orland—"Forgive me," he continued; "I have wronged you, my dear Orland. I am a rash and weak old man, and the happiness which you have brought me has made me forgetful. Forgive me; misery will make me mindful, and that is seldom wanting."

He grasped with exceeding fervency the hand of his son as he spoke, and then with a hasty step he left the room.

St. Malo would not inquire into the particulars

particulars of the scene, the termination of which he had just witnessed; he thought there had been rashness in the candour of Emily—that she had suffered the poignancy of her own feelings to spoil the calm of her father's unconsciousness, and much he dreaded the result: the intelligence too which he had that day received had brought perplexity to his feelings. Between two evils his thoughts were engaged, and he had no counsellor to direct—he had no partner to participate his hopes or fears; his anxiety, as it regarded Emily, he must conceal: his cares for the conduct of his estate must be his own. Yet these troubles belonged not solely to him; they promised in their effects to reach to a venerable and worthy man-to a man whose very errors were a source of endearment. Against the terror of this promise it was the hope, though now the weakened hope, of Orland to labour; his difficulties were so much opposed to the C 4

the niceties of generous feelings, that they were painful by their nature, and fearful in their confusion. It is likely that once he became sensible of an uncherished recollection — that once he thought of one with whom he might have gained the happiness upon which he had fondly speculated—that once he remembered what once he had admired, the sweetest beauty and the gentlest manners, in conjunction with the softest heart and the soundest judgment; but yet he did not aggravate his troubles by regret; if at all he listened to the recollection which we have whispered, he reproached himself for having sinned against Emily; he acknowledged not to his heart what was apparent to his reason, that benefits which are despised should be recalled, and that it is natural to bewail the evils which might have been avoided.

St. Malo fancied that the presence of a mutual friend might promote his happiness, piness, in conducing to the happiness of Emily; he knew not any one who was so gifted to revive in Virtue a consciousness of her own loveliness as Laura; it was long since he had heard of her, but now that he was in distress, and that there was a particular necessity for her presence, he dwelt upon the thought of seeing her with sudden but great satisfaction; he doubted not that she would presently repair to Kingsdown, and cooperate with him in the effort to restore felicity.

Without acquainting Emily with his intention, he wrote to Laura. He stated only the dejection of the former, and his confidence in the happy effects of those attentions which he requested.

In a few days he received an answer, not from Laura, but from her physician. The gentle girl had laboured too assiduously in her charitable ministrations, and now she lay upon a bed which it was expected she would exchange but

for

for the grave. Orland paid a sigh to her virtues and her loss, and for the moment so fully did he contemplate her worth and bewail her sacrifice, that he remembered not the wreck of his own hopes. He wandered into the park, and there, under the shade of that tree at which he had noticed her failing health, and listened to her friendly advice, he again called to mind her beauties and her virtues. He was restless and wretched, and in the sadness of his soul he went back to the castle, and sought out Emily.

His coming was now never met by smiles; and, of late, frowns, instead of tears, had been the greetings of his presence. Emily had grown attentive to her father, and she had succeeded in soothing his mind to a passing forgetfulness of her strange conduct; but since the interview which we have described, she had been constant in the belief that Orland had been at no pains to conceal

his discontent from her father. One error, as is always the case—one favoured error, had grown into much wrong. She was to be pitied, but not condemned: for censure she could return hate, and against the suspicion of blame she could level the certainty of anger. Like the wretch whose pride it had been to mislead her ardent feelings, she now knew not what was right; at times the lenity of her husband was his reproach; now his fondness was her abhorrence, and now his backwardness was her wrong: when he laughed, he was unfeeling; and when he wept, he was unkind; his pleasure was without sensibility, and his offence was without justice.

Through this wild of capriciousness Orland kept a steady, though a painful course; his heart was too sensible and generous not to feel, in its extreme, every arrow which was thus unjustly urged upon it. But still, while he did not refuse acknowledgment to the wrong

which he suffered, or to the atonement which was his right, he was cautious to avoid extravagance; neither to be subjected to tameness, nor to be excited to violence. He remembered his own dignity; and though sometimes he could have implored that consideration which was his due, or could have exposed the injury under which his soul rankled, yet generally the simple expression of his look or manner was all that declared his consciousness: he suffered for himself, but he sustained for lord Kingsdown.

St. Malo found Emily in a distant apartment of the castle. She was sitting in the midst of books which she had not read, and of music which she had not played: flowers breathed from the window, but she did not notice them; waves murmured against the walls, but she did not hear them. Orland approached her seat, and she arose to leave the room; her brow darkened, and

and she averted her face when he looked upon her. He detained her, and drew her softly back to a chair.—" Do not go," said he; "I come not to disturb you with a word—I come to sit by you, to look at you, and when you sigh, to sigh with you."

"And having in kindness watched me to a fault," said Emily, "to go and make it treason to my father?"

St. Malo faintly smiled; he could not descend to the trifling of denial in such a matter, and he would not contradict the spirit which he desired to tranquillize.—" I have," said he, "been endeavouring to surprise you with a pleasure—"

Emily interrupted him.—" Surprise me indeed!" said she emphatically.

- " But I have found a pain."
- " I cannot doubt it," returned Emily.
- "Our Laura," continued Orland—" I have had hopes that she would succeed in teaching us peace."

" I hope,"

"I hope," said Emily, as with a look of inherent dislike she turned away her face from the frank and noble countenance of her husband, "I hope that Laura has too great a regard for her own peace to venture to Kingsdown."

"Are we then like the tree of Java," asked St. Malo—" poisonous to every being that comes within our sphere?"

"Flowing—quite flowing and poetical!" exclaimed Emily, as her features lost their gloom and assumed a cast of irony—"You have been studying with our Laura, and now you cannot fail of success. Sermons, such as she would preach, must sound well from your lips to my ears."

"Her sermons, Emily, will never offend you."

"No," retorted Emily, "unless you change relations, and she be the instructed—you the instructor."

" I have sought no instructions."

" You

- "You have not profited by any," comtinued the deceived and erring wife.
 - "And yet, Emily, I could instruct you to a good purpose, if you were willing to become a learner."
 - " All your purposes are good," exclaimed Emily, with a scoffing air: " what then is my unwillingness but bad? This common household balance is easily adjusted: the wife errs that the husband may talk, and the husband talks that the wife may err; the power of the one would not be displayed but for the weakness of the other; and as power and weakness are privileges, their display in the husband and the wife is a common and necessary duty. But I am tired of it. Orland-I have been tired of it now for some time, and I believe that my weariness will not be removed by your poetry, or by Laura's sermons."
 - "The first shall not molest you," said Orland—" my ways of thought and action are too plain to occasion you much apprehension;

apprehension; and for the last—for Laura—she is going where good actions shall be well received, and kind thoughts shall be understood."

"An admirable reference!" exclaimed Emily; "her kind thoughts and good actions were little thought of in that speech! Accusations of ingratitude are the evidences of a superiority which I am willing to allow; and now, having paid the only tribute which can be required of me, you will suffer me to leave you to your complacency."

"Yes—go, unkind, ungenerous Emily," said Orland—"go, and, if you can, derive satisfaction from the recollection of your scorn."

Emily remained, and she pronounced the name of her husband in a subdued tone. But Orland interrupted her.— "You will not understand me, Emily," said he. "For myself, I have made no allusion to that place to which, I acknowledge, I have transferred my hopes of happiness; I would have directed your attention to one who was once an object of your love—Laura is on her deathbed."

"Oh," exclaimed Emily, in an ecstacy, "that I could bid her rise to that strength which is my torment—that she might live, and teach others to be like herself -that I might fall, and be forgotten! Languor, sickness, death—why do they seize on her? The world wanted her, and the world had objects on whom her goodness might have expanded itself, and not grown wearied of its ministry. But for me, I have a strength that defies death; and though every day is tedious, long, and harassing, as misery and disgust can make it, yet the prospect of many days is before me-days of unmitigated penance, of unalleviated pain."

"No, Emily, no," cried St. Malo; "if your heart be so durable, it may survive a change: cruelty and insult leave

leave incurable wounds, and how long the soul can struggle with their rankling, you may be empowered to decide."

Orland left his seat, and with a look wherein the dignity of sorrow was discernible, he walked towards the door of the apartment.

Emily had covered her face with her handkerchief, but, on hearing her husband's departure, she looked up, and with a faltering voice called to him. Orland turned back, and paused at the entrance to the room. Emily was in tears, and the expression of repentance was on her countenance and on her tongue.—" Forgive me, Orland! forgive me!" said she.

Orland hastened towards her. He fell upon his knees before her.—" I do forgive you," said he. "But tell me, Emily, in what way these scenes are to be prevented? I kneel before you: you have injured me, Emily—deeply injured me; you have taught your looks and

and words to injure me. But I forgive you. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that it is always in your power to revive my excessive affection, and to induce me to forget my injuries. But now, I will ask you, is it for this weakness that you scorn me?"

Emily could only answer with her tears, and these flowed plentifully.

Orland continued.—"I cannot but be sensible of my due, and you have so stung me, Emily, that you must excuse me if I assert it."

For a moment the wretched husband could not proceed; the drops which fell from his eyes were those of a concentrated and deliberated sorrow; they were urged by present agony, but they had been long collected about his heart by the apparent hopelessness of his situation. He continued.—" I have lost your respect by that which I hoped would sustain it—my tenderness. Show me how I may regain it; or, if that be impossible,

impossible, remember your father, and show me a resource. For myself, that misery which is not combined with dishonour I can support—I will support. It is hard to bear scorn and contumely, and for the unworthiest object."

Emily checked her tears, and with an hysterical sob shuddered, and turned away her face from her husband.

Orland had never before hinted at her confession; he had fancied that so erring a truth would work its own correction. It had been his hope, that the reward of his delicacy and silence would be the continuance of lord Kingsdown's happiness, and the increase of his own comfort; but, now that his hopes were fast diminishing, and that his injuries were augmenting, he was compelled, by a regard for that personal dignity which hitherto he had reserved, but not submitted, to establish his claims, and to exact their observance. There was nothing lordly or imperious in his nature;

to the right he was constant; but in his constancy there was seen the temper which sought to invite rather than to command—the power which aimed to persuade rather than to enforce; and now, upon his knees and in tears, he was mindful of his dues; but he would take to himself all pain in their support, so only their support might be accomplished without pain to others; and this was, and is, the disposition to be abused. The stoutness of the rock and the glare of fire are the characteristics for the business of the world: the tender and the mild are either dupes or sacrifices. It requires many years and many concurrent circumstances to make the extraordinary meekness and humanity of an individual a fashion; and, till they be a fashion, he who possesses them is but mocked or deceived.

Orland observed the agitation of Emily. He continued.—"This may be offensive to you," said he: "I have hither-

not tended to your peace, or to my own honour. Again, I say, it is hard to bear scorn and contumely for the unworthiest object. I am secure of your principles, Emily, as they are at present known to you; but the error which you are at no pains to correct, must grow by indulgence; every day it delights more and more in my offence, and now it has so severely wronged me, that though from my soul I pardon you, yet for that which is as dear, I must be secured from similar wrong."

With an affection the most respectful, Orland kissed the hand of his wife as he finished speaking, and with looks of the tenderest feeling he waited her reply.

Emily, with a resolute and proud effort, restrained her tears; and withdrawing her hand, she got up from her chair. She endeavoured to smile, as with an affected carelessness she moved away.—
"You have," said she, "I have no doubt,

doubt, determined as to your proceeding. I have been impertinently slow in furnishing you with a cause; but now the boldest measures will be the best. I desire only not to be menaced with them."

Orland arose from the ground, and with shocked feelings he regarded the departure of her who had been his pride and hope—who was his disgrace and misery.

CHAPTER II.

"Her glance did speak of cureless woe;
It spoke that deepest sorrow,
Which ne'er shall mingle in its flow
The hope of brighter morrow."

Orland left the tower with an assured determination to consult his own honour and interests, to remove himself from his perverse, self-willed, and ungrateful partner; but in his way to another part of the castle he met Luton; soon afterwards he was stopped by lord Kingsdown. He fancied that in the countenances of these venerable men he read supplications to pity and forbearance; he knew that their happiness depended upon him, and if yet it could be promoted by his patience, he was willing to endure; in every glance of the good chaplain

chaplain there was so much anxiety discernible, so deep an interest for Emily, that yet St. Malo could not reject the silent but touching appeal.—"Yet, yet," said he, internally, "I will submit; a little while, for the sake of these sufferers, whose feelings are, with my own, neglected or despised, will I bow before the wayward. It is to be misunderstood, that is all; to be thought weak, because I am patient—dishonourable, because I would forgive—a fool, because I am not a madman: this is the estimation which I must undergo from them to whose self-exalted principles my blessings are a sacrifice. I have now but little hope that good will be the result of my forbearance; yet, if there be a chance, for the sake of the aged and the worthy, I will sustain the trial."

A few weeks passed on. There now mingled in the attentions of Orland an appearance of respect rather than of fondness, of dutiful attachment rather vol. III.

than of andest devotion. Emily percoived the change, and her pride was prompt to convert it into an apology. for her error; she delivered herself up to the contemplation of her misguided affection; the coldest acknowledgment was all which she returned to the kind offices of her husband; she removed herself more and more from the sphere of her duties, and to those customs of society to which she sometimes submitted for the sake of her father, she brought no heart, nor show of heart. Her retirement, her retirement—it was there that evil had been cherished to a mistake of its nature, and it was there that its effects were now to be seen in continual sighs and tears, in a wasted frame and a debased mind.

With Orland, or Luton, or Sarsden, lord Kingsdown now constantly busied himself. Suspicions, to which he dreaded to listen, to which he was resolute not to listen, would now and then break upon

upor his mind; but it had always been his custom to engage himself in an eddy of business or of pleasure when he expected evil, and to pay no attention to it till it pressed irresistibly upon him. He now addressed no remonstrances to his daughter, no inquiries to his son; he became active, that he might not think, and thoughtless, that he might not fear.

A scheme of mischief was suspended above Kingsdown, a dark spirit hovered about its towers, and Luton, with the intuition of Shakespeare's Hecate, felt the approaches of the evil through his frame; he walked over the neighbourhood of his ancient master's domain day and night; none knew his fears but himself, and till their cause should cease, his restlessness must continue: if that should last, his exertions and his life must terminate together.

Emily, the good man perceived, now confined herself almost entirely to the p 2 castle;

castle; when she ventured abroad, he was, by her own election, her companion.

It was a fine evening in autumn; there was melancholy in every note which the wind issued from the trees. and the leaves fell in unison. like the tears of unceasing sorrow; it was an evening which was not adapted to evil purposes—it was more likely to eradicate than to deepen evil impressions; and why? A matured solemnity prevailed, and was presented by every object; and change—there was the view of change in every thing which was seen, and the mind was led to inquire whether that which was to come would be better than the past? If this were the moment of transition, it was awful; and if that which was to come were to be bad, the mind would seek by its own worthiness to propitiate that which should be better: if that which was to come were to be good, the heart would fly from guilt and

and bound to its reception. The sun was setting, and every shade which it cast upon fading nature was deep, and of a gloomy brightness.

Emily had from her window looked upon the evening with the eye of meditation, and she had transmitted her notice of external objects to a heart of feeling. Perhaps she had thought of gracious but rejected offerings, of rich but neglected promises, of ripe but fallen and withered fruits; perhaps a feeling of virtuous repentance had mixed with feelings of erring refinement, and truer notions of worth had triumphed over the speculations of her fancy. However, it was the impulse of the moment to wipe off a sudden tear, and with more than her usual earnestness to inquire for Luton. The good man had waited beyond the customary hour of exercise, and then had strolled from the castle.

"Why did he leave me?" said Emily.
She heard the voices of her husband
and

and her father in an adjoining toom, but to neither of these could she apply. At this moment company would have been a blessing to her, and at this moment she heard the voices of those who were, in the eyes of earth and Heaven, her fittest companions, and to them she could not call. To the desolation which she had made she was compelled to submit; but she confessed it by her feeling, as, with a bitter pang at heart, she rushed from the gallery to the park.

Emily looked from a cliff to the beach; she saw the stone cross in which, in happier days, she had taken interest, and she became desirous once more to view it nearer. She descended the winding path which led to it, and turning the projection of rock which formed one hide of the bay, she perceived a tall figure, with folded arms, pacing at a little distance from the object of her search. The figure recalled to her mind recollections which were deep, too deep, and

and too forcible; but the garb was strange for such a figure; whether or not it were for the purpose of disguise, she inquired in the gaze of a moment. In this moment, unobserved by Emily and unnoticed by the stranger, Luton looked From the cliff which regred above the bay, and with feelings of fearful anxiety he remained intently watching the recognition of the persons below. stranger turned suddenly, and at the instant that Emily saw the features of his face, her soul acknowledged them to be the features of Sandwich. The surprise occasioned her to shriek, and for the moment her eyes dwelt upon the countenance which they knew so well; but in another moment, in obedience to an impulse which she felt to be right, she turned to quit the scene.

"Thanks be to Heaven!" exclaimed Luton, in a quiet but a fervent tone, "my child, my dear child is skithful to her duty."

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The suddenness of the meeting had occasioned Sandwich to remain silent and motionless; but when he saw that it was the intention of Emily to leave him without a word, and with but a look, he recovered his recollection. He called to her in the gentlest accent, and hastening after her, he turned the corner of the bay at the same instant with herself.

The path from this place, though narrow, was direct to that which wound through the underwood from the steep above, so that a person descending to the beach could, unobserved, hear the conversation of persons below. To this, the only path of which he was aware, Luton sped, not for the purpose of listening secretly to the words of any one, but that he might congratulate virtue and astound vice. He distinguished that Emily was continuing her rapid pace to the ascent, and that she gave no attention to him who had brought wretched-

ness to her bosom, and to the bosom of her family.

- "Your last look has been my lamp in darkness, Emily," cried Sandwich. "Do you refuse to give me another look for future guidance?"
- "Yes, I refuse," breathlessly returned Emily.
- "I am wretched, Emily—most wretched."
- "So am I," answered Emily, as she quickened her tottering pace.
- "And you are cruel, Emily—most cruel," continued the false and mischievous supplicant.
- "Tis you have made me so," replied Emily.
- "One moment—but a word!" shouted Sandwich, with despairing ardour.
- "No, no, no!" answered Emily.—
 "Oh, Luton! Luton! you shall henceforth guide me and protect me."

Age, infirmity, weakness, anxiety—they were all despised, as, with the D 5 strength

strength and activity of youth, the good chaplain leaped down several paces of the cliff, and burst his way to the sight of Emily; the fire of his enthusiastic love blazed—all the feelings of his excellent heart were for the offspring of his lord.—" I will guide you—I will protect you, now and ever!" exclaimed he.

Emily shrieked with surprise and joy, as, with arms outstretched to the utmost, she flew to meet him. He received her on his bosom, and as he held her there with one hand, he lifted up the other, with a show of threatening against Sandwich.—" Go-go away, thou exectable wretch!" he shouted—" hence, I say, and bury thyself beneath the wave or the rock; dare not to extend the misery which thou hast occasioned. I can forgive—God knows that I do forgive my greatest enemy; but if thou presume to linger in these precincts, I will cutse thee—I will call upon that Heaven. whose

whose minister I am, to preserve and bless virtue by thy ruin and destruction—I will call on Heaven to curse thee."

Thus was Sandwich again foiled by one whom he despised; and now, either he became conscious of the blackness of his design, and so forgot his boldness, or his feelings were impressed by the particular circumstances of his present situation; for, with a sensation of terror which he could not resist, he turned away from the presence of the venerable chaplain, and rejoiced in the shelter which boughs and crags afforded him in his confusion. In the bitterness of his soul he breathed a malediction upon the clergyman; and it was a satisfaction in his violent hate to reflect, that the worst which he could do against his enemy was warranted by nature.

The kind and excellent Luton sat down upon the rude step of the descent, and as he rested the drooping head of his favourite against his bosom, he pressed

pressed the kiss of parental joy and solicitude upon her faded cheek.—" Joy to you! joy to you, my poor child!" he exclaimed—" joy, and reviving peace, and richer happiness! Joy to you, my own dear Emily—my dear lord's hope, St. Malo's pride! The evil one is gone —we have defeated him; and now we shall be happy at Kingsdown."

Emily concealed her face against his shoulder. Luton listened to her sighs, and he guessed her agony; he thought it best to be silent a while, and to suffer her sorrows to make their free escape. But he could not be patient when Emily wept; he struggled with his feelings—he looked upon the sea, upon the cliffs; but his glance could find no rest. Again his eyes rested upon Emily. He played now with her tresses, and now with the long weeds which grew beside his seat: but not long did these diversions prevail, to the restraint of his feelings; he could have borne the heaviest calamities

of life, and bowed before Heaven with resignation; he could have borne the pains of the body, the pains of disease or age, and have looked to heaven without an expression of complaint; but he could not bear this trial of his fond sympathies—he could not see the child of his bosom and the object of his pride sinking with sorrow, and not complain. -" Oh, Heaven! Heaven!" he cried, "why is this triumph permitted to the vile? Emily, Emily, my own dear child, I cannot live and see your wretch-'edness. One hope had I on this earth; and it rested on you: if you fall, I fall. Emily, my own Emily, you have gained a victory fit for angels to rejoice in. Revive, for my sake—for your old Luton."

Emily threw her arms about the neckof her tutor, and with that fond and simple grace which she could readily assume, and which had made so deep a way in the old man's heart, she succeeded in quieting his grief.—"Now, Luton," said she, "let us return to the castle. You have been successful in making a great fool of me; but I thank you. The world cannot produce such a pair as we are; but I thank you. Well, presently it will be nothing, and our folly, like the tears which we have shed upon the sand, will be without a trace."

The good chaplain was slow in perceiving what was wrong in Emily; but his feelings had now derived another shock from her words.—" Not so our guilt, Emily," said he, in a low and sunken tone of voice—" not so our guilt; it will not be like tears shed upon the sand, nor like seeds flung upon a barren soil; it will be like a weed which fire cannot consume, nor the ploughshare root away; it will survive and flourish in its rankness. Oh, beware of it, my Emily!"

Emily pressed and kissed his hand. He little knew that her safeguard was pridepride—that conviction of her folly had not touched her heart—that she was still bent upon cherishing her perverseness, or that the triumph which she had gained was likely to confirm her will in the ways of error; these things he knew not; he was too partial a judge of the principles and conduct of Emily to foresee the danger which resulted from her obstinacy. But before he suffered the effects of the late scene to fade upon her heart, there was one effort for the correction of that heart which he was anxious to make, and for this effort her own words induced an opportunity.

"Luton," said Emily, as her eyes fastened upon the ground with that steadiness which denoted resolution—"Luton, I am determined, from this hour, never, but by the decree of St. Malo, to quit the walls of the castle. The seasons shall have their change—I will be constant; the seasons shall breathe their

their pleasant invitations—I will reject them all."

- "Your husband's decree," said Luton, mindful of his purpose, "will never tend to your privation or discomfort; he is all mildness, forbearance, generosity, and faith. Let Emily be but just—Orland will be kind."
- "No eulogiums! no eulogiums!" exclaimed Emily, as she averted her face and motioned her hand with an expression of impatient repugnance—"enough has been exacted from me to-day, for all the purposes of penance on my sins. Do not be angry, Luton—my dear Luton!" She wound about his neck as she continued—"I love you, but you cannot direct my love beyond."
- "Yes, surely—there," said the chaplain, as he got up from his seat and pointed upwards.
- "Yes—there," answered Emily; then pointing to the ground—" or here—anywhere

anywhere that promises peace—peace, continual rest."

"To have that, Emily," exclaimed Luton with a sudden vehemence, "you must not desert your first and most positive duty—respect as well as faith towards your husband."

It was enough—the wretched Emily would hear no more; the plain-way path of duty had been abandoned for courses more mazy, and by reason more interesting and astonishing; and now reason but offended, and custom was despised.

Emily ascended the steep; and to mark her determination not to listen to any advice which should relate to her husband, she continued to walk with her best speed towards the castle. Luton overtook her, but he forbore his advice.

In a week or fortnight after this event St. Malo was surprised to perceive, at the extremity of one of the shaded walks of the park, a female form upon the grass: their please them all g I nearer: she the br>ever

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was that of the mourner; her eyes were closed—she was either asleep or dead. Her gloves were at some distance from her on the grass, as if, in the heat of fever or the weakness of fainting, they had been withdrawn, that the blood might flow to the fresh air, and carry health and vigour to the heart. And those beautiful arms, glowing in their whiteness—far off and in the season they might have been mistaken for stender ribs of snow, that the winds had cemented and hardened; or, appearing above the bright grass, they might have been thought wedges of marble or of ivory, which had been left there for the beauty of the contrast; they were so round, so delicate, so dazzling, that for a moment

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ful direction; it seemed either to re, 'urat the rest of the unfortunate, or to mak,

mirth over the fallen and helpless.

Orland walked softly round to the head of the stranger, and bending upon one knee, he placed the back of his hand with the utmost gentleness upon her pale check. It was satis to the touch, but it was cold as a mass of ice. He took hold of the hand which fell over the bough of the tree, and he felt the warmth of life.—" Sleep," whispered he—" it is only sleep—no more, I hope."

The stranger put her hand to her foreliead, Again she rubbed her forehead, as if she felt a pain, or endeavoured for recollection. Orland now suspecting that she had fainted, and that, on her recovery, her words would be uttered in a low and weak voice, bowed down his head, that he might learn her wishes. After several ineffectual efforts to speak, the stranger succeeded in pronouncing the name of Antoine. Soon after, she called again to Antoine, and in the French language bade him assist her to rise.

Orland extricated her drooping head from the branch of the tree, and rested it upon his arm.

"I have been unwell," said the stranger; "but I am recovering very fast."

St. Malo made no reply: the stranger was evidently recovering, and, with more strength, she might be able to support the surprise to which she would be excited by her situation.

"What time is it?" she inquired.

Orland

Orland hastily replied.

- "I am cold," continued the stranger—" on the sudden I am very cold."
- Orland drew her handkerchief about her neck, and with his best care sheltered her from the wind.
- She thanked him.—"Bless me!" she exclaimed, on seeing the open sky and the wide scene by which she was surrounded—"Trees about me! and, further on, a park! I remember—this is Kingsdown. Antoine, how came you here? When did you find me?"
- "But now—just now," returned Orland.
- "Well then," continued the stranger,
 "help me to get up; we may be discovered, and treated as trespassers in
 this strange land. Let us go home."
 - St. Malo saw that he could not longer retain his name of Antoine, so, in a brotherly tone, and speaking still in French, he bade the stranger rest a little longer, and assured her that she should not be molested

molested by him who had a right to that strange land,

The desolate stranger was at first startled and embarrassed at the discovery of her mistake, but she seemed to be aware of the common nature of casualties, and to be superior to affectation; illness needed no apology, and the words and manners of Orland were so distinguishable for their brotherly feeling, that tranquillity and confidence were their necessary consequences.

There are some few persons in the world, who, having become dissatisfied with the flippant forms and modes of their brethren, have resorted again to Nature, and have been by her impressed with those simple characteristics which are more dignified than fashion, of greater worth than art, and which never fail in their sincerity to obtain credence.

The stranger felt assured in the protection of Orland; with eyes modestly bent upon the grass, she retained her place place beneath the tree, and waited patiently the restoration of her strength.

- St. Malo fetched her gloves, and as he presented them, she told him that, in her anxiety to see Kingsdown, she had presumed upon her strength, and not remembered her weakness. She now spoke in the English tongue, and with just so much of the accent of a foreigner as made the exceeding simplicity of her expression more apparent and more interesting.
 - "You have a desire to see Kings-down Castle?" inquired St. Malo.
 - "A very strong desire," returned the stranger—" it has almost brought me to the grave."
 - "You shall see it," said St. Malo, "and the grave shall remain open—open for many years."

The stranger faintly smiled; and as she turned away her face, Orland fancied that she whispered—" No, no—Heaven forbid!"

She gave her hand to St. Malo, and with his assistance she got up from the ground. She was so enfeebled, either by sorrow or sickness, that, but for Orland's support, she would have fallen again. The arts of reserve are seldom available at the view of death; distinctions cease before the grave is opened; and we regard every ear as friendly that will listen to our hopes or our complaints.

The stranger thanked St. Malo for his kindness.—" I am unhappy in having left my country and my home, sir," said she; "but I desired to see England—Kingsdown in particular; and now I desire again to look upon those scenes, upon which I have looked my last."

There came a slight colour in her cheeks, and then it went and came again; but, when it lingered, her beauty was so dazzling, that the eye sought relief from its splendour. But this was

not her natural beauty; it was the tint of a fever, of an intermittent fever, which was preying with remorseless activity upon her life. Her natural beauty was mild, and for the eye and heart; and this was seen in its fading, when there was no hue but of the lily; it was felt too in great power, when it was known to be declining.

Orland felt the greatest pity for the failing one, and he endeavoured to comfort her by the assurance that she should look again upon her country and her home.

"No, sir—I fear I shall not. Could I but get to Normandy, I should ask no more. I want to die where I have fived. I came from France in health;" she paused a little, and then went on—"yes, in health—anxious, but in health. An accident happened to our ship, and in the night I was obliged to take refuge in the boat. The wind was violent, and the sea beat upon me. For several hours vol. III.

I sat in terror and in dampness. I have been ill since. To-day I thought myself better, and I ventured abroad without my good Antoine. But it is here, sir," said the stranger, putting her hand to her breast—" the effect of my perilous voyage is here; and it is so powerful that I must not hope to reach D'Evereux again."

"D'Evereux?" inquired Orland, with a look of amazement—"D'Evereux?"

The unfortunate Rosalie, at the recollection of that home which she had quitted, ceased her slow pace, and began to weep.

At the moment, Orland could remember only that the name was familiar to him; but, after a liftle while, it occurred to him that there had been a connexion between that member of his family who had rewarded him evil for good and the family D'Evereux. He turned to inquire further of the stranger, but he saw that she was agitated, and he forbore.

In a few minutes Rosalie looked up from her tears, and pointed to the park gates, as they appeared through a vista.

Orland again offered himself to her support, and became the guide of her steps.-" But you have not," said he, " yet seen the castle."

"It is no matter," returned Rosalie; " my objects are falling one by one, and presently they and I shall rest together."

" I will guide you to a seat," said Orland, "and in a few minutes I will return with a carriage, and you shall be borne to Kingsdown."

Rosalie looked at her supporter with surprise, and with confusion; but every painful sensation vanished before the candour and kindness of St. Malo.-"Do not be concerned," said he, " at an accident which has introduced you to an inhabitant of the castle. My country is not famed for courtesy, I know, in France; and indeed we who know England best cannot boast much of its ur-E 2 banity.

banity. I fear we have, to the full, as much politeness as kindness, and that we have as much love for strangers as we have for one another. But these are common fears, or general charges, which, if they be true, will exist in deflance to acts of occasional friendliness and hospitality. If you will visit the tastle, we will endeavour to be attentive—for once we will forget our suspicions and recerve—we will not look upon you as a 'trespasser in this strange land."

Orland recollected that of Rosalie D'Evereux he had heard Sandwich speak in terms of high commendation; that this was Rosalie, he had no doubt; that she was amiable and distressed, he saw; and that it was as much his duty, as it was his nature, to tender consolation and support to the smiable and distressed, he felt. It was now his effort to induce the confidence of the lovely girl, and to give to her injuries, or her wants, whatever redress or relief might

be in his power. A suspicion with respect to Sandwich crossed his mind; but all thoughts of that unworthy one were unwelcome, and were speedily rejected.

A faint blush overspread the face of Rosalie, as, after a short pause, she turned to speak to her supporter; yet she knew not that she was speaking to St. Malo.—"You will excuse me," said she—"at present I wish not to go to the castle. Lord Kingsdown lives there?"

- "Yes," replied Orland, with an openness which he meant should invite reliance, "lord Kingsdown lives there, together with his daughter and her husband, St. Malo."
- "Then lord Kingsdown has another daughter?" inquired Rosalie, with great eagerness.
 - " No, he has no other daughter."
- "Then Mr. St. Malo has a sister or a cousin there, I am sure," with unguarded anxiety continued Hosalie.

- "Indeed he has neither," answered Orland.
- "Oh, I tremble—I am very weak," returned Rosalie, as a more sickly paleness fell upon her gentle features; and then she continued—"No sister! no cousin! Lord Kingsdown's daughter has a friend who lives with her—a young friend—a beautiful friend—one highly, singularly gifted?"
- "No," answered Orland, with a deep sigh at this recollection of his wife, "the daughter of lord Kingsdown lives alone."
- "She is happy?" inquired Rosalie, not knowing the loneliness to which Emily subjected herself—"she is happy in her father and her husband?"

This was a question to which it was difficult, painfully difficult, to reply; Orland would have evaded it, but the fine eyes of Rosalie were fixed on his countenance, and were urgent for an answer.

"She is not happy," sighed St. Malo

-- " she is kind and susceptible, but she is not happy."

"Susceptible! susceptible!" whispered Rosalie, as her eyes fell on the ground—"Well, I wish I might see that lady."

A thought immediately occurred to St. Malo, that an interview between the stranger and Emily might be productive of friendly consequences to his comfort; he could not but conceive that Rosalie had been wronged, deceived, or forsaken by Sandwich; her injuries, enforced by the appearance of her waning beauty, might influence the heart of Emily to a just appreciation of the wretch, of whose memory she was proud. He would observe the stranger further, and be governed in his determination by her conduct or confession.

"If she knew your wishes, she would visit you," returned St. Malo.

He was not deceived, for, with the freedom of innocence, Rosalie replied—" I came here," said she, " with a desire

of concealment, but now my design has lost its importance. This failing gives me juster views. Do we live, sir, only, to be wise at the point of death?" smiled, and then continued—" If you have long known the family of St. Malo, you have heard of a Norman family, I am one of them. D'Evereux. old servant has obeyed my wishes in guiding me to England; I would that I could obey his wishes, and go back to France. I am among strangera; I must die among them....I feel that I must. The daughter of lord Kingsdown might soften some of my anxieties."

"She shall visit you," said St. Male, with much earnestness.

Rosalie looked at him with surprise.

—"You are not....." she checked herself; and then, with a look of hesitation, she continued..." Perhaps you know...."

"Sandwich Delaval," interrupted Orland, as he took hold of the hand which had had rested upon his arm, and with a brotherly freedom aimed at once at the object of Rosalie's confusion, and the end of her anxiety—"Sandwich Delaval," said he, as, in a moment of sympathy which was above all trifling considerations, he pressed his lips upon the hand which he had seized—"I knew—no, no, I did not know him. But now I know him. He was my cousin—I made him my brother. But now I will not tell you in what relation he stands. He has wronged you, Rosalie? You come in search of him?"

- No, no indeed," cried Rosalie, as, with a deep blush, she withdrew her hand and rested against a tree—" I do not come in search of him."
- "I am too forward with my pity. But, now you know me, command me. Sandwich is not at the castle—he must never come there; but they who have been injured

injured by him are allied in misfortune, and they should not refuse their pity to each other. You are forsaken, wretched—and perhaps his wife?"

"Oh, no, no!" shrieked Rosalie.

She paused a moment, and seemed faint. There was a seat near where she stood, and Orland, regretful for the eagerness of his feelings, bore her to it.

In a little while she recovered: her tears streamed fast; and while she yet held her handkerchief before her face, she stretched out her hand towards her companion.—" I have been very rash and imprudent, sir," said she. "You know me, and it is now in vain to prevaricate. Sandwich had a right to leave me—and he left me; so I was wretched. My brother went to Paris, and I was lonely: I prevailed upon Antoine to attend me, and came to Kingsdown—for I was curious; and now I must remain here—for I am dying. This is all my story,

story, sir. A part of it—the last part of it, if you will tell my brother, he will bless you for your friendship."

"All that you wish," returned Orland, with every sensation of tenderness and pity perceptible in his countenance—"all that you wish shall be done. And do not conceive yourself to be among strangers: Emily, my unhappy Emily, shall visit you; she will teach her tears to flow with yours, and she will receive your sorrows to her own heart. You will learn to love her, and—"Orland hesitated, as he spoke—"and you may perhaps instruct her in some particulars that may minister to her future comfort."

"May Heaven grant me the power!" exclaimed Rosalie, as she slowly uplifted her face from her handkerchief, and looked at Orland, as if she guessed his meaning, but was fearful of its admission.

At this moment Rosalie perceived her e 6 old

old servent advancing, in his anxious search, towards her seat. Before she should leave her new friend, she was desirous to be informed whether or not the object of her sorrows had been at Kingsdown since his departure from France; and with the confidence of one who had wanted, and who rejoiced in having found a friend, she put her fingers on the sleeve of Orland, and inquired in a low but carnest tone, whether his relation were not in the neighbourhood of the castle?

"No," answered Orland, with sudden alarm; and then, with unconscious violence—"Do you say that he is here?"

Rosalie shrunk with fear, and with the weight of painful suspicion, as she hastily answered—" No, no—indeed I do not."

Antoine now approached his mistress, and with looks that greeted her in their fondness, he lent his arm to her support as she arose from her seat. St. Malo would

would not quit her side: he walked with her to a small cottage, at which she lodged, within the domain of Kingsdown. Rosalie perceived that his looks were altered, and she felt an agonizing fear that her question had induced the change: she suspected that Sandwich had trespassed upon affections which were even more sacred than her own.

"I will visit you," said Orland, as he widened his contracted brows and endeavoured to smile; "in the meantime, forget that we are strangers, and learn to live in contentedness among us." He beckoned to the owner of the cottage as he turned away—" Treat that lady," said he, " with all respect and kindness: she is known at the castle."

The cottager had never before seen St. Malo frown—had never before heard St. Malo command; but he knew not what was passing in the breast of his master—he knew not the pangs which accident

accident and mischief had collected in that generous bosom—how suddenly they had been excited, or how cruelly they raged.

CHAPTER III.

Were thicker than itself with brothers' blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?

SHAKESPEARE.

"I WILL no longer," said St. Malo, as he returned to the castle, "I will no longer be the poor and patient fool of the presumptuous and the wicked; my weakness shall not be converted to infamy—my love shall not be wrought into disgrace; I would be considerate—I would be merciful; all men should be so: I will not be scorned—I will not be disgraced; but I have been scorned; and because I have suffered myself to be so, I am disgraced. Look to it, you who think that I sleep, who fancy that my heart

heart is your tool—my honour, your sport. I have been patient—but I will be just! I have been wronged—I will be righted!"

The storm rises from a light gale—the tempest brews in a small cloud. The simple, unconscious question of Rosalie had aroused the sense of injury in the heart of Orland. He went back to the castle, resolved no more to submit his efforts to the humours of his wife; he would not seek her affections, and if they should be reminded of their duty, and seek him, so fully did he now feel the wrong which he had laboured to endure, that he hesitated not to acknowledge he would reject them. He would not be rash; he had been urged to the extremity of sufferance; he would ascertain whether or not Sandwich were at Kingsdown, and either he would call the law to the security of his honour, or he would have recourse to measures less public, but as prompt, for the resumption

tion of his title to consideration and respect. Hitherto he had been mindful of others; now he would have regard to himself.

It is lamentable to observe the infinite pains which the world takes to spoil and pervert the good dispositions of the heart—to see how it trespasses upon candour, till it becomes suspicion—how it presumes upon liberality, till it becomes an inverted principle, and would crave all, but bestow nothing—how it practises upon patience and generosity, till they grow out of love with their own nature, and join in the perpetual war of violence and craft.

By one of those chances, which put so unaccountably our strongest resolutions to the test, Orland had on this evening to oppose the severity of his deportment to the milder and more winning manners of his wife. The lessened attentions, the growing reserve which Emily had witnessed, she had met with petulance,

petulance, with haughtiness, with derision. On this evening, by some secret operation of the mind, she had become sensible of a desire, which for the world she would not have acknowledged, to reanimate the drooping attentions of her husband, and, by an exertion of whatever power remained, to banish his re-She had not considered how she should exercise the power which she might establish, perhaps partially, perhaps capriciously: her efforts were likely to be made in pride, but not in repentance. However, when Orland appeared with lowering brows, and with an exalted and a distant air-when he appeared not as he was used to appear, the Orland who was to be loved, but as was his right, the Orland who was to be feared—Emily's desire almost failed, and her proud heart beat to be invested with similar appearances of lofty wrong, and of lawful authority; but these belonged not to her; and still, to subject her husband.

band, in his pride, to her power at its will, was to be wished. Her bosom heaved at the sound of his voice: he spoke to her father; but when he looked towards her, she answered with a glance of gentleness and kindness. She put her fair hand upon a seat which was vacant, and was close to her own, and this she did when her eye met the eye of Orland.

Rosalie, that Emily should call at the cottage. Since the revival and the increase of his suspicions, he had determined not to mention his promise; but now he felt disposed to a last effort for the attainment of peace at Kingsdown. He suddenly left his seat, and approaching his wife, in a tone which spoke of fondness, he called her name; but on the instant, one of his many pointed injuries stung his heart, recalled his recollection, and resuscitated his pride. He bowed loftly for having excited attention

tention where there was no object; and with recovered dignity he turned away.

Scarcely could Emily restrain the gusts of tears which offered to her relief; yet she endeavoured to restrain them, and to inform her glance with heedlessness, if not with contempt, while she remained in the presence of her husband.

Till late at night, St. Malo lingered in the park, and about the Castle of Kingsdown; a wakeful misery was in his bosom; his soul was sensible of a pain which surely the innocent and the noble should never feel.

In the morning, too, long before his usual hour of rising. Orland was in the park, and about the Castle of Kingsdown. In the course of his joyless wanderings he reached the cottage; there too were pain and sorrow. The air of the evening, or the damp of the ground upon which she had lain, had communicated cold, and its dangerous consequence,

Rosalie; and now, wild and unconscious, as the powers of life brightened into momentary strength, or faded into passiveness and quiet, she sighed the names of the few whom she had known and loved, or else, in airs of plaintive and touching sweetness, she sang of her sorrows and her hopes.

Orland could not support his feelings in such a scene. The unkind and ungrateful had laboured to make his heart hard, and his spirit fierce; but in a scene like this, the tenderness of his nature predominated, and he became assured that yet his sensibility was not deadened—that yet his sympathies were not diminished.

He gave orders to the cottager to call in the physician who attended his own family, and he was turning to leave the place, when Antoine, the excellent old servant of Rosalie, requested him to remain a moment. Rosalie had through the

the night been resolute to seek out her new friend, and now, with the intuitiveness which is remarkable in some cases of delirium, she had requested that he might be shown to her bedside. Orland followed the wife of the cottager into the apartment. Rosalie was supported in her sitting by pillows, and with the wildest glances her eyes searched to all that passed before her; and to more than was seen—she fancied spirits, some good, some evil, to be attending on her, and at times she held the most frenzied discourse with them. Her uncle seemed particularly to occupy her thoughts, and to the plans which she arranged with him she strictly enjoined his observance. Her brother too was frequently called upon, and at the moment when she saw Orland, she stretched out her hand, and blessed him for her dear Jourbert!

For a moment her recollection returned, and she prayed St. Malo to pardon her, and to give her dearest blessing to her

her brother—" And for your cousin and your wife, sir," said she.

Orland trembled.

Rosalie paused, and began soon afterwards to sing. Then she said—" He will be sorry for it soon!" and then she continued to indulge her melancholy thoughts in the following simple air:—

AIR OF ROSALIE.

Fair she was as the fleecy cloud,

That floats about the sun;

Then came Death with the pall and shreud,

And then her day was done.

The dirge was heard,

From the wailing bird,

And the wearisome race it was run.

Then the wild flower grew,

But it lost its hue,

For the salt tear fell on its bloom;

And there was one heard,

With the wailing bird,

That mourned for the peace of the torub.

And the music passed o'er,
To the other shore,
Sweet sounding on the wave;

So then there was heard, To the wailing bird, No murmur from the grave.

Her voice languished into a dying softness, and she turned her eyes towards Orland, and inquired—" Is there not one who has a sweeter voice?" She was exhausted; and sighing—" Well! well!" she fell back on her pillow, and appeared to be sinking into a gentle sleep.

Orland, deeply affected, stole away.—
"Miserable must be the wretch who has wronged thee!" said he, as he left the cottage.

At morning and evening, during a week, did St. Malo anxiously inquire after the changes in the state of Rosalie. He learned that the violence of her disorder gradually abated, but that it left nature so weak and powerless, that it divested medicine of its promise, and humanity of its hope.

Towards

Towards the termination of this period, Emily, by uncertain means, received a letter, which informed her of the daily visits of her husband to the cottage, and which surmised that the maxims of his virtue were not respected in his practice, and that he was tenaciously cautious, rather than scrupulously honest. Emily's mind was now well tempered for the reception of unworthy suspicions, and any suggestions which might countenance her own error, she was willing to imbibe. Scorn again took place on her brow, and the few words which now and then she had occasion to address to her husband, were replete with irony, bitterness, and contempt.

In the meantime, Orland continued to cast about the castle the glance of growing jealousy, and rage, and fear. It was a fine morning in autumn; the wretched husband had watched the sun at its rise, and in the violence of many painful and contending emotions, he had wished that

it

it had set to him for ever. He went out into the park; there he saw the life, there he saw the cheerfulness and bliss of morning; but there was keen misery or benumbing fear at his heart, and for that which he saw he had no power of enjoyment. Whether it was the lark he heard, whether it was the hare that started before, or the pheasant that, with its beautiful and rustling plume, rushed by him, yet still he gave to each, to all, the same hurried and passionate glance—the look which was to trace wrong to his home, and to confound guilt in the abode of his honour. Thus he walked, capable of all happiness, and every generous feeling-thus amidst the sweet and innocent attractions of early day; yet so viciously susceptible, suspicion might have been the natural immate of his bosom, and scenes of darkness and of wickedness might have been his favourite and familiar sphere.

He approached a cluster of stately trees;

trees; the dew hung upon their branches, and the sun gave to this humid and quivering fringe all hues of beauty. Orland happened to cast his eyes up towards the sky, and as they now gradually fell to the earth again, they passed this brilliant appearance. It was a common appearance; but it was one which once he would have noticed and admired, and now instinctively his glance returned to it. In a moment of deep agony he struck his forehead—" All, all is lost!" he cried; " I am sensible only of fear and hate! the loveliness of nature, and the promises of Heaven, are forgotten or disregarded! I am wretched beyond all which I have ever guessed of wretchedness! I am cursed!"

He clenched his hands as he spoke, and lifted them upwards. The air of the morning breathed upon him so sweetly, so refreshingly, (let us not be reproached), so lovingly, that he could net fancy he was cursed. He became **F 2** sensible sensible of a soothing calm; his looks recovered something of their usual mildness, and with the manner and the precious sense of patience, he walked towards the abode of Rosalie.

He was surprised, at that early hour, to perceive the window of the room, in which the fair invalid was lodged, open. This room had been the parlour of the cottage; it was on the ground-floor, and it admitted a view of its interior from the small garden which spread in front of the building. Orland entered the garden-" She is dead!" he sighed, as he closed the gate, and walked on towards the door. Some of the inhabitants of the cottage he knew would have left their beds, and would inform him of their charge; but his surprise almost increased to terror, when he beheld Rosalie herself, pale indeed as death, sitting up before the window, and leaning upon the bosom of a stranger.

As he approached the door, it was opened

opened by Antoine—" The count has found us, sir," said he, with a smile; "he has been by the side of his sister through the whole night. I have to request you to enter the apartment before you leave the cottage."

Orland passed into the room, and when he saw Jourbert, he needed not to be told that he was the brother of Rosalie.

The kind girl smiled upon Orland. and presenting her hand—"You must not chide," said she, in a low whisper, which was scarcely audible, but which was all that her little strength would allow—"You must not chide. I have been obstinate to taste the air of the morning, and Jourbert could not refuse me. You must know Jourbert," continued she, taking his hand from her neck, and holding it towards St. Malo.

The gallant young Frenchman bowed; but there seemed no kindness in the look which he cast upon his sister's friend;

friend; his kindness was all for Rosalie; so entirely he loved his sister, that for the country, and the kindred of the man who had wronged her, he had no love.

"I thank you, sir," said he to Orland, "I thank you for your attention to this poor wanderer." He looked upon her, and the tear was visible, as he bent down and kissed her cheek—"This dear wanderer!" he continued. "Rosalie must teach me to think and feel as I ought; but, in the meantime, be assured of my willingness to be just."

"No, no," sighed Rosalie, "that is not enough, Jourbert." She looked at Orland and smiled—"I have," said she, "been such a fondling of this kind brother, that he fancies all the feeling of the world to be concerned for me; and he remembers—"

She gasped, and could not tell that he remembered one whose ingratitude had made him distrustful.

"You fatigue yourself, Rosalie; not another

mother word," cried Jourbert; "I shall learn to be friendly in England when you recover. But all my justice depends upon you; then live, my poor Rosalie—live for me!"

Rosalie answered him with a glance, which was so replete with dying expression, that Orland turned away, and hid his face. That look banished every hope of her life; and however the brother might indulge his fondness and his expectation, yet he, St. Malo, felt a painful conviction that both must speedily languish in the grave, or be furnished for a flight beyond. Fondness and expectation must wither with their object, or be furthered through change to other scenes.

- "Do you weep for me?" inquired Rosalie, as she perceived Orland's emotions.
- "Yes, yes," answered St. Malo, falteringly; "you are so much recovered—so much—"

F 4 "Better!"

"Better!" sighed Rosalie, as her fine eyes sought the heavens with a look of consciousness and resignation; "yes, I am so much better!"

She pointed to a glass of jelly which stood on a table in the corner of the room; and when Jourbert went to fetch it, she beckoned to Orland, and whispered—" Comfort my brother while he continues here—hush! I bless you!"

he had friends at the castle, and then kissing the pale and slender hand of Rosalie, he hurried out of the apartment. Antoine would have told him how his master, on his arrival at D'Evereux, had found their loss, and afterwards traced their flight; but Orland had neither curiosity nor leisure. Even his own anxieties were for the moment forgotten in his grief for Rosalie.

Through the day St. Malo saw little either of lord Kingsdown or of Emily. In the dusk of evening he went again

to the cottage. The gentle foreigner had been declining through the day; and now he learned it was expected that a few hours would still the heart which had fluttered with gay hope, and writhed beneath cruel disappointment. St. Malo left a note at the cottage with Antoine, and he directed that it should be delivered to Jourbert in an hour or two after the event which was expected. He then left the cottage, and as he was returning at a slow pace to the castle, he distinguished through the gloom the lofty figure of a man, in the same path which he was himself about to take.

The suspicions, which he had hushed a while, revived; and the object of his rage and fear was again remembered. There were two paths which diverged from the same point, and again united at the castle. Orland might have left the stranger to his purpose or his meditation; but no—his soul was on the alarm.

alarm, and in all he saw there was matter of painful conjecture.

With a quiet pace, and with a look so anxiously curious, so jealously piercing, that even the night, with its superadded shade of trees and intersecting shrubs, could not resist it, he continued to follow and to observe the intruder; through the park, and to the chapel, he traced him. At a short distance from the latter place there was a low door which led to the south tower; it was a remote and private entrance, which on the repair of that part of the building had been contrived by Orland for his own convenience, and for the pleasure of Emily. Of late the south tower had been a favourite place of resort with Emily, and the new entrance, if at all it had been frequented, had been frequented by herself alone. The stranger stole towards the low door, while Orland, with a rapid and cautious step, reached a large

and round which he could creep at pleasure, observing all, but still securing himself from detection. The door was heavy, for it was lined with sheet iron. The stranger thrust his foot against it, and it yielded with a dull noise.

"Once more fortunate!" exclaimed the intruder, in a low voice. Before he entered he turned, and putting his hand within his waistcoat, he took out a letter. In that moment Orland descried the features of his cousin. Scarcely could he restrain the impulse which prompted him to leap from his concealment, and to seize the ingrate; yet he quieted himself for further notice.

With a quickness which derided thought, Sandwich darted through the doorway. St. Malo, with a heart, the turbulent motion of which exhausted years of life, sprang from behind the tree, and rushed towards the tower. He stopped at the entrance—he listened.

F 6

Light

Light as was the step of Sandwich, it was heard. It ceased a moment, and then it was heard again—it was heard descending.

"Thy errands shall end here, thou wretch!" growled Orland, as a soul different from that which had hitherto possessed his temper, triumphed over his heart, and over his frame; for now his mild eye was red with fury—the transparent bloom which belonged to his cheeks had separated, and now it was transfused into strange and unseemly spots of fire, and was distributed over his face; his lips were black; his teeth gnashed with the agony of convulsion. If those who had said—" his manliness is angelic," had seen him now, they would have said-" his rage is fiendlike."

He placed himself on one side of the door, and in such a position as would enable him to spring at once upon the wretch for whom he waited. Sandwich hastily descended from the tower-he

had

had passed the door—he was proceeding to the chapel, but he had not walked many steps, when he was detained by a rough grasp from his cousin. He turned round, and faced the man whose kindness he had rewarded with misery. So dreadful a sensation shot to his heart, that on the instant it sought its relief in a hoarse, loud, and continued laugh.

Orland quitted his hold, and stood for several seconds opposed to his injurer, but powerless either to speak or act. Sandwich struck his clenched hand upon his breast, and turned away. Orland rushed past, and again stood in his path. Another moment they paused, and through the gloom glared upon each other. Once more Sandwich strove to fly, but, as he advanced his foot, Orland, with recovered strength, aimed a weighty blow at his forehead, and dashed him to the earth. In the next moment the wretched husband was in the tower—was in the apartment of his wife.

Emily

Emily had just then perceived the letter which Sandwich had thrust under the door. She had taken it up, and was in the act of reading it, when Orland burst into her presence. She was alarmed at his appearance, so wild, so furious, so murderous as it was; but she attempted not to fly, nor did she endeavour to conceal the letter which she had so mysteriously received.

Orland snatched the paper from her hand, and then grasping her round the waist, he seized the candle which blazed near, and so accompanied, descended from the tower.

The action was so sudden and inexplicable, that Emily was passive through surprise and terror. At last she tremblingly inquired—" What have I done? where are you taking me?"

"Oh, not far!" shouted St. Malo, in a voice which was so unlike his own, that his wife knew it not. "Oh, not far!" he continued, as he paused near the

the fallen form of his injurer, and held down the light. "There, there!" he cried; "there is the virtuous and the beloved! Go—go to his comfortable home—go to his heart! I have done with you!"

He turned away, while Emily stood mute with horror. But again the wretched man returned. His rage was at so great a height, that now the terms of its satisfaction were extravagant and awful. He knelt down at the side of his cousin, and rudely turned up his face to the light. At that instant Sandwich recovered from his stupefaction, and opened his eyes. He extended them with the wide unconscious stare of one who had been asleep; and now he rolled them towards Orland, and now towards Emily, with a like insensibility of what he sought as of what he saw. He groaned.

"There!" shouted Orland, as with a fierce grin he looked upon his wife; "that is to welcome you! may you now

be happy! Fie upon you! fie upon you!"

He threw the candle on the grass, and rushing between the trees, he disappeared in an instant.

"Orland! Orland!" shrieked Emily, as with tottering limbs she turned towards the tower; "Orland, take me with you! why do you leave me here?"

In agony for Sandwich, but even in this extremity mindful of her name, the unhappy wife hastened from the spot. She caught at the trees for support, and though, as she reached the tower, and was passing in, she heard her name called, yet had she resolution to continue her course. She ascended the steps, and no sooner had she entered her apartment, than her father, with a look of grief and indignation, appeared before her. He had met Orland in the gallery, and to many anxious questions had received one fearful reply—" Your daughter is false, lord Kingsdown!"

The

The old lord now appeared before his child, sinking with the weight of his painful apprehension. He walked up to the sofa on which Emily had thrown herself. One hand he held under his coat; the other was seen to tremble as it hung by his side. His sternness fell when he beheld the emotions which agitated the pale countenance and heaving bosom of his daughter; and instead of giving utterance to a loud denunciation, he could but sigh and repeat the name of Emily.

Emily, in this moment of severe sorrow, was determined on her course. Pride had brought her through pain and difficulty to the brink of ruin, and pride should still be her directing and supporting power. She raised her head, and looking upon her father with an affectionate and winning glance—" What, what," she inquired, " have mischievous tongues reported of me?"

The

The lips of the old lord quivered as he replied-" That you are wretched!"

"That is true!" sighed Emily, as she caught the tears that flowed down her cheeks with sudden copiousness—"That is true!"

"That you are most reduced and lost!"

"That is true," again answered Emily; "I am most reduced and lost. I have thought weakly, said rashly, and acted inconsistently, oftentimes; and so have they who have made me more abject. But because the artful and the wicked have made me more abject, I am reduced and lost. The sinner has his object and his victim. But my father knows me!" she exclaimed, with sudden violence; "and I care not for the rest."

The suspicions of the old lord gave way. With his fondness for Emily there mingled a respect for her superior capacity, which had power to sway his conduct.

duct. Emily too knew well how to govern his artless and generous nature. The venerable nobleman exposed his right-hand—it held a pistol.—" Either you have erred, Emily," said he, " or Orland has been abused."

"Oh, I have erred!" returned Emily, her underlip curling with an expression of contempt; "I have erred, and so has Orland, and so have you. I have been rebellious—so were the angels. All my infinite transgressions I freely acknowledge before you, my husband, and the world; and I take such shame to my own portion as every Kingsdown has inherited from his father; no more. And to-night, my dear lord, I have suffered with all patience reproof and chastisement. Go, my father, and sleep well through the night; Emily has erred, as you have known; and she has suffered, as you shall know hereafter."

"Who has abused Orland?" inquired the old nobleman.

"I know

"I know not, I care not, since I have not," returned Emily, with the force of all her strength, and with the look of all her pride.

It was enough. Lord Kingsdown put down his pistol, and gave his hand to his daughter. Misery there was, but there was no dishonour.—" To-morrow, then," cried he, " to-morrow, Emily, you will give, or will require, an explanation?"

"Neither, my father," answered Emily; "suspicion may seek me—I fear not to be found."

"You—you are not in the wrong, I am sure, Emily," said lord Kingsdown, with great vehemence.

Emily faintly looked towards the pistol.—"Leave that instrument with me," said she; "and if I dream only that I have deserved suspicion, I will anticipate your sentence upon my fault."

The old lord now threw his arms about his daughter's neck, and kissed her with the

the fondest affection.—"I ask no more!" exclaimed he; "I ask no more! do what you can for Orland's satisfaction—I desire only to see peace among you."

"Good-night, good-night!" sighed Emily, as she attended her father to the door of her apartment, and still with her arms clasping his neck, she drew down his cheek to her lips.—"I have your blessing, and that is my consolation and my strength."

Her father fondly blessed her.

. "Now, then," exclaimed Emily, "adieu! What you think me now, I am!"

Lord Kingsdown went away.

Emily closed the door, and continued—"What you may be taught to think me, I will not inquire. A little while, and then our feelings will be equalized; the one will have injured, and the other will have forgiven."

Emily was eager to believe that she had suffered wrong; she imposed upon herself this belief; and with her accustomed

tomed perverseness she resolved to hold no terms with her husband. She could now not live with him, nor could he leave Kingsdown. Who, then, was to be the sacrifice? Something great and uncommon was to be done. cared not for opinion; her heart was her arbiter, and its consciousness was her world. She could not be further reduced in the opinion of her husband; and to make the injustice which she had suffered apparent, would be to sin against that proud consciousness which was the strength and the virtue of her principle. Her father must remain at Kingsdown; Orland must remain at Kingsdown; she would leave it. Her husband might institute what measures he pleased against her: under wrong, without explanation or reference, she would withdraw from In her pride she forgot her England. weakness. Her husband should never look upon her again, and never would she submit to the trifling of inquiry, to the

the adjustment of plans, or the forms of law. Fools might prate—ignorance might be positive—presumption might pronounce. To one or other of these classes she devoted husbands, friends, and the officers of the law: her consciousness was superior to them, their duties, and their efforts. She would withdraw to some shelter, and there would she cherish her misery and her scorn.

The more sudden her departure, the more secret and secure would be her flight. Under this persuasion, she collected her jewels, and with them, and but a straitened purse, she left the castle.

It was her determination to proceed to the coast, and to engage a fisherman to convey her across the Channel to France. Her purpose was too imperative —her heart was too stubborn—her pride was too positive, to allow of calculations upon personal danger. On she passed, faithful faithful to the present impulse, and disdainful of future consequences.

The moon was up, and she was at times visible: she was encompassed by a host of black clouds, so that at intervals there was the darkness of a moon-less night. Emily feared not interruption. It was late, and she knew there would be no visitors to the castle. She was not thankful for the ray which exposed her path, neither was she grateful for the shade which obscured it. She thought only of her escape, and she pursued her way with the rapidity and the zeal of one who was determined to attain her object.

Emily, in order that she might avoid the gates of the park, went into a path which brought her in front of the cottage to which her suspicions had been directed. Her curiosity was for a moment excited, and she looked over the garden hedge towards the building. The door was open—the window too was open. She discerned a bed, which was spread with white, and near it, as in deep sorrow, she perceived a mourner. Could it be Orland? It was dangerous to inquire; but there is an interested curiosity which is unmindful of danger.

Emily gently unlatched the garden gate, and walked up the pathway to the window of the cottage. All was silence. It was evident that but one watched in the dwelling, and that that one was a mourner.

"It is not Orland!" whispered Emily, as the stranger took his hands from before his face, and sat down in a chair which stood by the bedside.

The oblique shade of his person had hitherto prevented Emily from discerning the object of his grief, and whether that object were asleep or dead. But of death she had scarcely admitted a thought; and now, with all the solemvol. III.

nity of night, and loneliness about it, death burst upon her gaze.

On the face of youth and sweetness, she saw the print of death: a chilling sensation stole to her heart, and with it a faintness against which she could not struggle. A low but audible sigh escaped her lips.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the mourner, "are there other sighs than mine."

Again he was startled—and again. He rushed to the door of the cottage, and there, fainting upon the step, he found Emily. He took her in his arms, and bore her into the apartment of his sister. He had been accustomed through the day to minister to the weak, and now he revived those attentions which death but a few hours before had superseded.

Emily had drooped under the feelings of a moment; she revived to a more lasting

ing sorrow. Rosalie lay before her dead. The gentle girl had lingered but an hour after St. Malo's inquiry, and at the pressing request of Jourbert, her remains had been left to his sorrows for the night, without change or molestation.

Jourbert would have called the wife of the cottager to Emily's assistance; but Emily guessed his intention, and beckoned him to her side. She turned her eyes upon the placid and beautiful countenance of the dead: a smile was on the lips; it was so gentle and heavenly, that while it searched the heart of the gazer with the sting of pain, it accompanied the sensation with an inexpressible feeling of calm and satisfying rest.

As Emily recovered her strength, she felt a desire to contemplate this picture of faded loveliness yet nearer; she felt a desire to indulge her human weakness, by impressing upon the cold and the unconscious the pledge of human sympathy. She arose, and went to the bedside; she looked G 2

looked at the closed eyes—the closed lips, till almost she fancied that the intelligence of life beamed upon both—that the first looked at her, the last spoke to her in love.—"Beautiful! beautiful!" she exclaimed, as she hung down her head and kissed the corse. As she lifted up her face again, her tears came to her relief, and fell plentifully upon the form of Rosalie.

Jourbert, with that feeling which seeks companionship in sorrow, approached the bed. He took hold of his sister's hand, and with a look of the truest fondness and affliction, he regarded her pale and placid features.—"Ah!" he exclaimed, observing the tears of Emily; "all who saw thee living loved thee—all but one: and now that thou art dead, all who see thee love thee, and weep for thee. Thy virtue is yet apparent through thy closed eyes; thy sweetness is yet seen on thy motionless lips. The smile of kindness—that winning, loving,

loving, gracious smile, is too dear-too peculiarly dear, to be taken from thee, . while any eye may look upon thy countenance. Yet was there one who left thee, who doubted thy right to universal love, and for thou hadst not heart to assert thy claim, thou diedst. And where is thy injurer? God knows, I wish him no worse a punishment than that of seeing thee in death. Thy smile would sting more deeply than my tongue-would make a wider wound than my vengeance. Heaven may find him in his infamy—Heaven may bend him in his scorn; but if it were the plea sure of Heaven to send him here, all modes of chastisement would sink beneath the sweetness of thy look."

Emily wept bitterly.

Jourbert, with the enthusiasm of his country, caught her hand—" Madam," exclaimed he, "she was my sister, and she was wronged by one of your country! yet she loved your country! Her

last request was, that I would forgive her injurer. All her words were prayers or blessings; yet was there one of your country to wrong her, and for him I have lost her. All my days would I have lived with her: her consolation should have been my business—her happiness should have been my joy; yet for one of your country have I lost her. Here! here!" continued he, as he took a letter from his bosom. It was that which Orland had left for him. placed it, and took out another.—"Here," he continued, "almost in her last moments did she trace her forgiveness to the wretch for whom her youth had faded—for whom her life was wasting!"

The name of Orland was upon the lips of Emily; but her eyes fell upon the superscription of the letter, and she saw the name of Sandwich Delaval. She started, and uttered an involuntary shriek; but before she could sink into a chair,

chair, Jourbert again caught her hands, and held her trembling as he spoke.

"You know that name?" he continued: "avoid the wretch to whom it belongs. I owe the paleness of that sweet countenance to him, and if you have friends, he will win their affection from you, and then, in the cruelty of caprice, he will forsake them, and leave you to witness their disappointment. He has a face to befriend villainy—he has a tongue to mislead simplicity, and to defraud goodness. He will betray your hopes, yet make you honour him-he will belie your conviction, yet make you trust in him-he will wound you to death, yet make you glory in him. Then will he stalk away to other deeds of mischief, neither repentant for what he has done, nor fearful of what he means to do. The groans of others are but necessary tributes to his selfishness, and the misery which is inflicted, is G 4 warranted

warranted by his pride. Avoid him, lady—avoid him as a pest. Let him not come into the bosom of your family—look not on him but in fear—think not of him but in hate. Oh, Rosalie, Rosalie! had we known him sooner!"

Alarmed by the voice and grief of his master, old Antoine appeared with an anxious countenance. Jourbert suffered Emily to sink down by the side of his sister. He replaced the letter which he had shown within his waistcoat, and directing, by the motion of his hand, his old servant to attend to Emily, he walked hastily into the garden of the cottage.

The wronged and the infatuated were now together. The eloquence of the first was in the sign of death, and the perversity of the last was held mute by its persuasion. The one had suffered without choice—the last had been a sufferer by choice. The one would have blessed the chances of happiness, but had seen them

them wrested from her—the other had rejected the offer of good, and now she was flying from its pursuit.

Never had Emily felt so fully, so convincingly, the value of those comforts which she had bartered and exchanged for discontent, sighings, and tears, as at this moment. Folly and wickedness by turns presented themselves before her as the idols which she had worshipped. Honour and happiness erected themselves to her sight and to her feelings, as the household gods which she had abandoned. And for what? for whom? Emily looked at Rosalie, and she thought of Sandwich; yet if Sandwich were guilty of the death of innocence, she too herself had destroyed the peace of innocence, and must be guilty. was dead-Orland was miserable; but yet - not yet, could pride admit its The wretchedness which had been wrought was a consequence which nature was accountable; it had G 5 not

not been conspired by art or malice—it was a natural consequence, and it was bewept in nature. But amidst her tears Emily became sensible of a failing satis-To whatever retreat she might direct her steps, she felt there would be but little sanctity in her sorrows. felt that her pride alone would not now be enough for satisfaction—that doubts would sometimes steal upon her as to the high merit of that one for whom she had forsaken her duties and their blessings —that sometimes in privacy and in loneliness she might inquire, what duties have I forsaken? why have I flown from blessings?

Antoine saw her tears, and he was willing to expatiate upon the virtues to which he believed them to be paid. He spoke freely of Sandwich and of St. Malo. He would not admit the last to be a relation of the former. His exclamatory narration gave to Emily more information than she desired, or could avoid:

avoid; it excited all her feelings, and in spite of her wishes, it tended more and more to impress her with the belief that she had much erred, and that her present purpose was the sum—the height of error.

In the meanwhile, Jourbert went from the garden of the cottage; all his sorrows were wakeful and restless; the recollection of his sister's injuries increased them, and into any path—towards any point he turned, which might favour their indulgence.

There was a way which led from the cottage to a tall cliff—to one of those cliffs which are less formidable barriers to the ocean than to the enemies of England. Jourbert went into this path, unknowing of its destination. Perhaps, if he attended to sounds, the noise of the sea was his invitation; for now, in the silence of midnight, it was heard in its melancholy. He walked slowly up the cliff, and was within a few paces of

its height, when he discerned a man standing before him.

The stranger was on the edge of the rock, with his face towards the sea. He was without hat, and his form was concealed by a sort of roquelaure. At this moment the moon shone with exceeding brightness, so that Jourbert perceived the stranger to stand with his hands uplifted and clenched, as if in defiance of the skies. The appearance was so sudden, and so extraordinary, that Jourbert forgot the injurer of his sister for an instant, and paused to contemplate the object that was before him.

The stranger sighed deeply, and once or twice he started so frantically, that Jourbert dreaded lest he should precipitate himself from the height. The young Frenchman retired a few paces on one side, and then stepping to the path which was on the edge of the cliff, he walked on towards the stranger. His step was heard.

The

The man turned suddenly round, and was recognized to be Sandwich. He was very pale, and in his loftiness and pride, as he now appeared with his bright eyes scowling beneath the moon, he might have been pictured for the apostate angel.

He had been meditating on the events of the night, and at the moment of his surprise, his breast was heaving with rage and indignation, and the extreme of hate. As his sight fell upon the features of Jourbert, he started, and pronounced his name with a look of wonder.

- "Devil!" returned Jourbert, as every thought of Rosalie's injunctions faded before the presence of her injurer.
- "Ay, devil!" answered Sandwich, quickly, continuing, as he smote his breast—"devil! he is here! I feel him now! If you be wise, Jourbert, you will fear him—you will fly from him. There is evil to-night; there is no spirit abroad

abroad that does not seek and wait for mischief."

"Yes, one—one, that has just escaped from all the mischief which you, the worst, the blackest fiend, had brought about her! that spirit is not far, and she is pure!" exclaimed Jourbert, as he looked upwards.

Sandwich softened, and muttered—" Our Rosafie."

"No," answered Jourbert, "not our Rosalie; she is an angel!"

"I am glad to hear it!" shouted Sandwich, with a wild laugh of scorn, or else of madness.

Jourbert roughly grasped his arm, and looking steadily in his face—"I will never," said he, "henceforth judge of man. I thought you kind, merciful, true. Rosalie thought you so; she was deceived, and she is dead. Yet to the last she prayed for you; and here," he continued, presenting her letter, "here, for all the sorrow which you brought upon her,

her, and for her death, she sends you her forgiveness."

Sandwich took the letter; he carelessly held it in the moon's ray, and looked at the address; and then, with an expression of doubt, he secured it in his pocket. Jourbert quitted his hold of him with indignation, and was turning to leave the cliff without another word; but Sandwich fancied that Jourbert had thrust him away from the path; and as his impetuous soul had been already wounded, and was in that state of irritation which could not bear a further trial, he called loudly and haughtily to the young Frenchman to stop.

Jourbert returned, with a hasty but proud stalk; and as the light fell on his visage, there was more of scorn, or of defiance, than of grief, discoverable in his glance.—" Well, sir," said he, "you have a powerful voice, and you have great boldness. You know when to triumph, and you sustain your glories with

with all the listlessness of philosophy. Good Heaven, hear me! I rejoice that Rosalie has escaped this man; and though the task of knowing him has been painful, most painful, in its acquirement, yet am I thankful that I know him!"

- "You have sought me to a good purpose!" returned Sandwich, in a tone of sarcasm. "I hope you have Rosalie and your friends stationed at a little distance, to hear how bravely you can talk, and how patiently I can answer. But take care, Jourbert! Once to-night have, I borne insult, and the man who crosses me now, does it unwisely."
- "Yes," answered Jourbert, "I will take care; I will avoid you now, and I will teach the world to avoid you with myself."
- "Less scorn, sir!" enjoined Sandwich.
- "More feeling then!" returned Jourbert.

" You

- "You have failed in your embassy," cried Sandwich, "and I can well imagine your disappointment."
- "Do you suspect me of deceit?" inquired Jourbert, with astonishment— "Do you conceive that I have sought you?"

" Why are you in England?"

The gallant and injured Jourbert would not reply. He turned away; but Sandwich seized him rudely by the arm, repeating his question. Jourbert, in the heat of resentment, with a violent effort, released himself, and struck his opponent. All the wrath and madness which had for some hours been corroding the heart of Sandwich, now broke out into flame. No feeling of human pity, no recollection of past kindness, was now known or guessed; the worst act was the most loved; the completest ill was the most desired. He had been faithful to first impulses, and now it was his impulse to spring with the avidity, the

the strength, and the purpose of the tiger, upon the defenceless and the unwary. He grasped the throat of Jourbert, and with uncommon power, and with rage which was insatiable, he shook him to and fro, as the mastiff shakes his lighter adversary. Jourbert struggled. He liberated himself; and with limbs which seemed to derive fresh vigour, he held his enemy at bay. Again Sandwich caught him by his garments; and, in the frenzy of his ire, he thrust him backwards to the edge of the cliff.

"Not here, Sandwich!—not here!—this will not decide our quarrel!" shouted Jourbert, as the instinctive deed of falling—of vacuity, occurred to him, in spite of wrong—of indignation. He was on the brink—the extreme verge; it depended upon Sandwich to save or to destroy him.

Sandwich saw the agony which was imprinted upon his countenance, for at that moment, as if there should be no excuse

excuse for his guilt, the moon shone out with surprising brilliancy, and displayed, fully displayed, the danger, and the appeal against it. Yet all was despised! The heavens, the earth, humanity, and the consequences of its wrong, were light—were nothing in the balance of his mad wrath; he held his victim an instant over the abyss.

"No, no, not here, Sandwich!" again, in a voice of utmost terror, shouted Jour-bert.

Sandwich answered not, but with a grin of horrible triumph surveyed his victim, and then, in another second, flung him from the height.

He listened—he heard the fall; and then the waves, which, at high water, came not to the foot of the cliff, were uninterrupted in their common, but not unmusical murmur.—He listened; it was as if there had been no evil. The moon was yet triumphant in her march, and beautiful in her brightness. Here and

and there a star was seen; it twinkled, but its lustre was lively. The nightair was brisk and pleasant; the night was calm and undisturbed. For a moment it appeared easy to be cruel—to be murderous-nay, there was in it a magnificence, a grandeur, which was satisfying to a high spirit; a cruel, a murderous action was natural and soothing to its excitement. This was the feeling which succeeded to that of intemperate rage. It passed; and then that consciousness which often sleeps, but which seldom forsakes the heart entirely, awoke; and then there awoke with it some sensations of fear, some of horror, and some perceptions of a vain, a despairing repentance.

The wretched and guilty man bent over the precipice. He listened, but there was no groan; yet as he listened, he fancied that he heard a step. It approached from that path by which Jourbert had reached the cliff. Sandwich

had

had before observed that this path was chiefly used by fishermen, and that it led over a brow of rocks to three or four huts, which were situate on the coast. Of the irregular hours of fishermen he was aware, and he became alarmed and fearful of discovery. There were no trees to shelter him; and the rocks were not shaped with that sudden variation which might have furnished him with some corner, some crevice for refuge. The lot of sin had already overtaken him. Where could he fly for safety?

But his terrors were soon quieted; and in their stead, a wild and tumultuous delight predominated in his heart. It was no spy, it was no intruder, that would become an enemy; it was Emily who approached him.

Disheartened, but yet determined in her plan, Emily ascended the cliff She was on her way to the huts which we have mentioned; and at this hour, in this place, she conceived herself to be the the only wanderer; when Sandwich presented himself before her, and spoke to her, she even shrieked with surprise; and when she could answer his inquiries, she answered only by uttering in a solemn tone the name of Rosalie.

Sandwich started. His conceptions, and their associations, were now but a connected chain of guilt and misery. Rosalie and Jourbert were together in his mind, and the pain of their remembrance was so excessive, that it grew to sportiveness in its expression.—" Who has taught you that name?" inquired he, with a fearful attempt at laughter. "To Rosalie add Jourbert; the one lives, but the other——"

"Is in heaven," said Emily, emphatically.

Sandwich was in a frame of mind to confound persons. He bowed his ear towards the edge of the precipice.—"In heaven!" reiterated he; "no, no; not so soon! I heard him but a minute since.

He will go there; and you and I—if there be a heaven, the good should reach it."

At this moment, in a recession of the waves, and a consequent fall of their murmur, a low and dreadful groan ascended to the attention of Sandwich and of Emily.

The former seized the arm of his companion. — "There," said he, "I told you that yet he was not in heaven!"

"You are mad, Sandwich!" shrieked Emily; "you are mad! Let me go! There are people beneath the cliff! I will call to them!"

"There is one beneath the cliff," returned Sandwich, as his eyes fixed themselves to the affrighted features of Emily, with a look of unconscious horror—"one; but he is a stranger; no one will lament him."

"Oh," cried Emily, "that I were in the castle—in the cottage—anywhere but here!"

"What

- "What cottage?" inquired Sandwich.
- "The cottage wherein poor Rosalie lies dead."
- "Is she dead?" inquired Sandwich;
 "I am glad of it!"
- "Hush! hush! you are frantic!" said Emily.
- "I was so, Emily—I was so," returned Sandwich; "but his groan has made me sensible."
- "Whose groan?" inquired Emily, with an emotion of terror.
- "Jourbert's! Jourbert's!" answered Sandwich, unmindful of any thing but the present sense of repentant and despairing guilt. "But come, Emily, come; I am fearful of this shocking place."
- "So am I," answered Emily, as her strength faltered. "I am fearful of it, and of you, Sandwich. There is some frightful mystery."

"The

"The sin is Orland's," shouted Sandwich. "He struck me down, and I revenged myself upon the first that came in my way. Jourbert! wretched Jourbert! I desire thy groan rather than thy silence!—whisper it again!"

The guilty man sat down on the grass, and bending his head over the steep, he listened intently.

Emily watched his action with motionless horror. Again she heard a low groan.—"Oh, it is too—too calamitous! too dreadful!" she exclaimed, as, recovering her strength, she ran from the cliff towards the cottage.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

"That will be found which was not sought,
'Twill rush upon my sight, my thought;
All, all, that thou wilt show to me,
Will come in an unkindly shape;
And feeling, hope, and memory,
Will seek their bliss in thy escape."

Time, the great adjuster of human affairs, trampled upon night and evil, and day broke upon Kingsdown. There were some within the castle who had told every minute of the hours of darkness; and Orland was one of these. He arose with the light; his course was now positive and direct. Neither his honour nor his feelings would allow him to temporize. He would never again behold Emily; he would separate himself from her, and receive from the law that

that liberty which it was painful to contemplate, and agonizing to possess.

At an early hour he dispatched a messenger for his legal adviser; but before he proceeded in so important a business, he deemed it right to apprise lord Kingsdown of the determination which he had been forced to adopt. He passed to the spartment of the old lord, and he found him, with a look of earnest inquiry, reading the history of his family. This was a book of which the old lord and Luton were very fond; it had derived many pages from the care and industry of the chaplain; and perhaps it owed much of its interest to his partiality. However, the venerable nobleman had been for some time reviewing its divisions, and seeking from its details an account of some member of his family who had disagreed with his wife, or some wife of the Kingsdowns who had dealt capriciously by her husband. For some time he had been thus studious, H 2 when when Orland entered his room. In family matters the old lord was professedly fond of proceeding upon precedent; but even in these matters his own quick temper generally formed its own plan of action.

At the entrance of Orland he laid down his book, and presented his hand. He had prepared himself for grave looks, for solemn speeches—indeed for business of some seriousness. But, by that fond infatuation which frequently aggravates the weight of evil, he had taught himself to expect reunion and lasting peace, as the result of rash dissension and seasonable explanation.

Orland approached him with a look of resolve and firmness; but on seeing that the quick eye of the venerable man was disposed to playfulness and irony, he lost his power of prompt and stern relation. He had regretted his brief reply of the preceding night; he had dreaded its influence. But, in truth, deeply as the old lord

lord had felt its influence, as deeply had he rejoiced in his daughter's words and conduct; and now he regarded himself as a mediator, rather than a judge; as one whose business it was to conciliate, rather than to inquire.

- "Well," said he, at last, "shall I send for Emily?"
- "No," answered St. Malo, vehemently, and with a look of great surprise.
 "I have seen your daughter for the last time, my lord."
- "It is an unhappy difference," said the father, "but you are too resolute, too stern, Orland. Emily has pride, and where two parties have pride, there can be no union without some sacrifice."
- "No, no!" exclaimed Orland; "Emily has no pride—none of that honest, legitimate pride which distinguishes between the worthy and the vile, and which leads and keeps us in honourable paths. But I have done with telling what she is; I have been late in knowing. This I know,

know, she is nothing now to me. You cannot counsel me to remember her—You must forget her, my lord."

"You wrong her vilely—most vilely! Upon my life and soud you wrong her!" exclaimed the old lord, with characteristic warmth, as he rang the bell, and desired the servant to request the presence of the chaplain. "Luton," continued he, "shall go to Emily—shall hear her explanation of the accident which has induced your suspicions. Who that has wronged, can look upon Emily? Our situations will be changed; it will be ours to look and talk with pride—it will be yours—"

"To submit," interrupted St. Malo, in a mild and pitying tone of voice. "My dear lord, I have submitted to a dangerous extent, and Emily has presumed upon my weakness. But I must cease to talk of her! I have sent for my adviser, and the law must decide between us. This is painful—fearful!

My own feelings are perhaps no inadequate representatives of yours. I have been slow to determine, but I must not now be slow to act. Yet my actions shall follow your desires. What you advise, I will do. My honour cannot be misled, if you direct it."

There was now no trace of gaiety in the countenance of the old lord. His task had falsified his anticipations; he felt a breathless anxiety. Emily's words, or Emily's presence, would relieve him -of that he felt convinced. But till Emily's words could be reported, or till Emily could appear before him, how could he sustain his life, with his impatience? He could not answer Orland's address; his ear had not caught it allhis eyes seemed to contain all faculties; they were everywhere; they sought the face and form of Orland, and now they darted in their restlessness upon the pale countenance, the quivering lips of the dismayed and afflicted chaplain.

To

To the hasty command of the old lord, Luton replied by sinking into a seat. He would not repeat his command, but with a look of the most violent indignation, he went himself in pursuit of Emily.

The measure of Orland's wrath was full. He rose to quit the apartment.—
"Inton," said he, "I shall be constant to my resolve; I will not see Emily—I will not hear from her."

Luton trembled exceedingly; his features too were so ghastly, so expressive of the extreme of affliction, that Orland could not leave him. The good chaplain made a sign to speak, but he could not articulate. He motioned with his hand to Orland to a chair which was at his side.

St. Malo understood his wishes; and though he was fearful of the sudden entrance of Emily, he sat down by the excellent clergyman, and waited the recovery of his powers.

"It is past!" said Luton, gaspingly, as his tears flowed, and so released his utterance: "It is past! Do not fear a surprise from Emily."

"What has happened?" inquired St. Malo, with anxious eagerness.

"I could not tell his lordship," returned Luton, as he looked about him, and whispered, as if that which must be known against the Kingsdowns should not even be guessed from his words—"I could not tell his lordship! But now he will know it, and it will kill him. Oh, Kingsdown! Kingsdown! thou art fallen now for ever!"

"No, not for ever!" answered St. Malo, afflicted by the old man's tears beyond the recollection of that large portion which he must bear of the calamities of Kingsdown. "Not for ever, Luton, for an unworthy one!"

"She is gone!" again whispered Luton, as again he looked cautiously round the room.

н 5 "Gone!"

her flight he regarded with no additional pain, beyond that which arose from his concern for lord Kingsdown.

The old lord returned from his search with increased agitation. In a tremulous voice he demanded of Luton the cause of his daughter's absence from the castle.

He received no answer.

"Where is she?" he cried, with growing violence. "You, who are her favourite companion, you know where she is to be found. Let her be called."

The old nobleman again applied himself to the bell; and to his inquiry he received no other answer from the servant, than a look of conscious confusion and an hesitating bow.—"You are all dumb or mad!" exclaimed he. "I ask the simplest questions, and they receive no answers, or such answers as I have not the gift to comprehend. If either of your fellows, sir, can speak, as well as hear and motion, send him hither."

The

The man half closed the door, and again returned.

"Well," cried the old lord, "wonders should speak for themselves; yet I am not possessed of your wonder."

The man was frightened, and in his fear he fixed his eyes and his hopes upon him to whom every inhabitant of Kingsdown flew in times of trouble—upon Luton. But Luton was incapable of giving advice; however, he beckoned to the man to leave the room.

Lord Kingsdown perceived his action.

—" No, sir," he cried, "I have not done with him! I do not know the meaning of these puppet-shows, nor do I inquire their meaning. Let Mrs. St. Malo be told that I desire to see her."

The man could not reply. He could not tell what all knew; but feigning obedience, he quitted his lord's presence.

"I never witnessed," exclaimed the tortured nobleman—"I never witnessed so fine a piece of mummery! Perfect actors!—

actors!—perfect actors! There was a most loquacious sort of prologue; and now this mute action forms the finest contrast! It is infinitely striking!"

Orland saw that some explanation must be made—some preparation for that full evil which was hastening. He quitted his seat, and advanced towards the old lord.—"There is," said he, slowly and cautiously—"there is reason——" He paused.

"There is reason in silence, you would say!" exclaimed lord Kingsdown; and then, with a smile which told his agony, he continued—"No doubt there is; but its quantity is not to be ascertained. Some centuries ago, the inhabitants of the sea were respected for their reasonable silence. The same cause continues—that which we cannot question, I fancy, we must believe."

"There is too much reason in our silence, my lord," said Orland mournfully.

The old lord quickly rejoined-" I would

mould then it would overflow, that I inight save its waste!"

St. Malo walked to a window, leaving the task which he had undertaken to Luton, or to time and chance.

The good clergyman was fearful, that to the evils of the day would be added that of offence between lord Kingsdown and St. Malo. To avoid this, he made a vigorous effort.—" My good lord," said he, "of all which we know you must be informed. Mrs. St. Malo has left—left the castle."

"To return, I suppose!" exclaimed the old lord.

The chaplain answered in a tone of much solemnity—"We fear not." He then left the intelligence to its effect upon the venerable nobleman, and retired to a distance from him.

For some time lord Kingsdown continued steadily to eye his informer; then he turned to look at his son. He deliberated a little while.—"It is impossible!" sible!" he at length exclaimed, with great energy. "You are deceived, or else you desire to deceive me!"

He darted a fierce look at his friends, and rushing from the apartment, he went again in search of Emily.

It was now the decided intention of St. Malo to apply for a divorce. Of the grounds of his application he had formed no scheme: he left it to the law to examine into his own conduct and the conduct of his wife, and to extract from facts that degree of culpability which attached to each; he believed that on the one side there would be found confidence misplaced, and on the other confidence abused. The sentence of the law, he trusted, would be the sentence of justice; it would be deduced through a painful process; and in its attainment, whichsoever way it might tend, he felt there would be but little satisfaction. Yet to one necessary part of the process he looked with a grief which amounted

to agony—the examination of evidence: that his honour—a principle which is so nice that it abhors vaunting; nay, is so tender—is so secure of its own sanctity, that it shrinks from the necessity of its own assertion: that his honour should be a thing of public question and common proof—a thing of terms and measurement—subject to one man's affirmation and to another's denial; that his honour should seek its establishment from the lips of his servants—should ask its protection, where it could not yield its respect—and be an object of sport and speculation to the mean, the ignorant, the foolish, and the wicked-"Good Heaven!" exclaimed he, "can reason and education have reduced me to this necessity, certain as they must have been, that they would participate the feelings under which I groan! Can faith admit of a stronger security than the anticipation of feelings so full of bitterness and stinging degradation!"

It was soon found that the name of Emily had been the theme of village gabble, and that respect had long given place to suspicion in the minds of her friends and neighbours. On the first examination, too, of the servants of the castle, it was ascertained to what a degree their curiosity had been excited by the ineautious behaviour of their mistress; they had watched a stranger who had nightly wandered about the park—they had traced him to the chapel—to obscure lodgings; they had divested him of his disguise—they had recognized the cousin of their master.

Luton was called. He heard inquiries, but he could answer nothing. It seemed that his life could not long sustain the sudden and weighty grief which had fallen on it. If he had been possessed of dangerous secrets, so entirely did his soul dwell on the perfections of his pupil, he would have retained them, in this instance, against justice and his duty:

duty: but as it was, he knew of faults and of sorrow; and when at last he was obliged to speak, he could speak of nothing but of sorrows which needed pity, and of faults which deserved forgiveness. He presumed not, he said, to reproach -Mr. St. Malo: all was right which he had done, or was doing; generosity was his nature—humanity was his habit. Yet the patience which would wait for justice, he preferred to the promptitude which would force it; and for himself, he had heard so much of innocence in the shape of guilt, and of guilt with the form of innocence, that he could not but presume upon his function, and advise the powerful to be slow to anger, to deliberate long, and to decide with meekness. He spoke not this for any one who valued the name of Kingsdown. The lady for whose sudden loss he wept, and could not but weep, had valued that name—she had not wronged it.

The

The hard heart of office was softened by the good man's words, and more by his appearance, and more yet by his tears. The hard heart of office was enlightened by the confidence of his affection.

Beyond the period of Emily's departure from the castle, there was no satisfying elucidation. Inquiry was foiled—acuteness but wandered amidst perplexity; but yet there was information to be added, which would throw a darker veil over the transactions of the past night.

While Orland was busied by his fear for lord Kingsdown, and by the painful contemplation of the ambiguous situation in which he stood, his feelings were diverted to another source of doubt and sorrow. Reports reached him of the death of Rosalie, and of the suicide of her brother. It was conjectured, that in a transport of hopeless grief, the wretched

wretched Jourbert had cast himself from a cliff.

St. Malo hastened to the cottage, and there indeed the story of death was confirmed by a dreadful object. All which was known was known by Antoine. He related the circumstance of Emily's visit to the cottage; and he so distinctly described her person, that no doubt was entertained of his correctness. had been at the cottage at midnight. But his relation excited further wonder. He spoke of his alarm at the voice of Jourbert's sorrow-of Jourbert's departure from the chamber of death in an ecstacy of agony. Thus far did his tale countenance the act of suicide. then went on to tell, that soon after the lady had left the cottage, he was alarmed by the cry of murder; and that the same lady returned, with the face and voice of horror, and bade him fly to save his master. To his inquiries he received no other answer than a direction to the foot

foot of the highest cliff. When he demanded for what purpose he should go thither, the cry of murder was resumed. He could gain no further explanation. The lady, he said, remained at the cottage, while he repaired, by the way of the beach, to the foot of the cliff. There he found Jourbert, stretched at length, and dying. His state he would not describe; it was fearful—horrible! All he would say was, that the dying man, with his last murmur, seemed to attempt the articulation of a name; but he had not so far succeeded, as that he could repeat it after him.

At these words the old man rested his eyes upon Orland, with a meaning which was feared rather than guessed.

He continued to relate, that on the death of his master, he went to the huts on the beach, and aroused their inhabitants; that when he returned to the cottage with the body of Jourbert, he found the chamber of Rosalie forsaken

by the lady. Of the time and manner of her flight he was ignorant.—" She alone," he continued, "can evidence the circumstances of the count's death. His grief was violent. His death was not accident—nor was it by his own design. He had a strength which did not sink beneath the visitations of Heaven. There has been malice in his fall! His death was told by the cry of murder! The truth is to be traced!"

Here the old man produced the letter, which, by the directions of St. Malo, he had given to the count soon after the decease of Rosalie; it contained an invitation to the castle during the period of his abode in England, together with sympathizing expressions of regret for the sad catastrophe with which the recollection of Kingsdown would be associated. Now this letter Antoine described his master as having laid up in his bosom, with another, which he had received from his sister some few minutes

nutes before her death. The other letter had not been found, either on the cliff, the sand, or about the person of Jourbert; while this the old man had picked up in a state so crushed and pressed together, that it warranted the suspicion of its having been squeezed by a rude grasp at the breast of its wearer. This suspicion derived some weight from a view of the count's body; there were finger-marks upon his breast, and his waistcoat was unbuttoned. Antoine. too, in his zeal for the truth, had detected that his master had fallen from the cliff with his face towards the land, for the print of his heels was still visible on the edge of the height.

These things were represented to the coroner; but on whom could the shadow of suspicion repose? An inoffensive stranger had found, in a peaceable neighbourhood, an enemy who murdered him in wantonness, without the spur of malice, or the plea of inte-

rest.

rest. Murder would be the natural cry at the sight of suicide, and the alarm of Mrs. St. Malo was accounted for by her surprise. It was likely that the count had destroyed his sister's letter, and had thrown away that which was of less consequence. When he had resolved on death, he had closed his eyes on the method of his adoption, and had precipitated himself backwards from the cliff.

The case too was strongly in favour of accident. The fact of two letters having been about the person of the count, was in itself of slight importance: papers are soon carried by the wind, and soon lost upon the water. It appeared that Mrs. St. Malo was alone likely to give conclusive evidence; and till she could be found, the verdict must be returned with reserve.

To this Antoine shook his aged head; he knew that any answer which he could make would be in vain. The skill of experience was his; and he felt that a VOL. III.

man who was not known would not be regarded. A stranger can seldom find his proper level; he is either above or below respect—he is either feared, suspected, flattered, or contemned; and an old, but faithful servant, in a foreign country, with no knowledge either of its language or its laws, felt that he must retain his sense of wrong, and not indulge his hopes of redress. There was one to whom Antoine looked for justice, and his interference he would implore in secret.

The old man followed St. Malo to the castle, and his request of a private interview was immediately granted. He repeated his tale in stronger terms, and with all its cooperating circumstances of time and probability; and here he did not hesitate to declare the name which, in the faintness of a last breath, Jourbert had uttered—Sandwich! He protested his conviction that Sandwich had been for some weeks in the vicinity

of the castle, and that the cries of the strange visitant to the cottage had had a relation to violence.

Orland listened. but he would not act. He had reason to suspect all evil of Sandwich; but that utmost barbarism of rafinement, which overlooks the ties of nature and of habit, for the severe triumph of justice, was beyond the reach of his virtue. No, no! Sandwich might be guilty, so irrecoverably guilty, but compared with this guilt, he would hope him to be innocent—he would think him pure—he was not called upon by necessity to hunt him out for the purpose of destruction - what had he to do with speculations upon the possible actor of crime? The fact, as it appeared, was sufficiently terrific, without a closer connexion with human depravity; and, after all, he could take to his heart the tyrant's consolation-" What is done, cannot be undone;" so only the undiscovered wretch might lay repentance to his soul, and might whiten and purify it beneath the terrible chill of Heaven's anger, with all its visitations of solitude, adversity, pain, and penance.—No! Of Sandwich, and the death of Jourbert, he had no right to think together, and he would not be farward to compel their union.

Antoine was disappointed in his appeal. He found all generous sympathy, but there was no Roman virtue. His master and Rosalie should have every honour—they should be interred in the chapel of Kingsdown—they should be followed to the grave by the powerful and honourable; and the kind should water the earth with pious tears. But there had been no murder, and the name of Sandwich was not to be uttered.

The old man left the castle informed, but not convinced; his power was small, and he was silent.

In the mean time, lord Kingsdown passed through the park, and over the neighbour-

neighbourhood of his manor, in search of Emily. When he met a favourite tenant, or a confidential servant, he would stop, and in a whisper, inquire if he had seen his daughter? He could gain no intelligence; for the reports which were circulating were withheld from him. To very few did he apply, for in every application he was sensible of a confusion, which was different to every previous feeling of his life. Luton was fearful of the effect of his disappointment, and he followed him at a distance. He moved so actively, that several times the good clergyman lost sight of him, and began to despair of his own pace.

The old nobleman was returning from his fruitless search, with no distinct perception of what had been or was his object, when his recollection was recalled by the name of his daughter. He was returning by a narrow lane to the premises of the castle, and on the other side of the hedge, which divided his path from 1 **3**

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from a field, there were two men discoursing very familiarly about the subject of his care. They conversed in a loud tone, and without restraint. Among some truth there was much falsehood. The names of St. Malo, Delaval, and Emily, were mentioned without any reservation of respect; and the most private transactions of the Kingsdown family, even to the wild conduct of Orland on the preceding night, were canvassed and belied. The hour and the object of Emily's flight were positively affirmed; and the names of those who had witnessed her departure, and recognized her companion, were mentioned. The old lord slackened his pace; he was obliged to listen to this discourse, for the speakers were going towards the castle. Luton came up in time to hear the degrees of guilt and innocence finally awarded. He dreaded that the old lord would burst upon the gossips, and be more mindful of his wrath than

of his dignity; but, to his surprise, he saw him avoid the termination of the lane, and go into a path which would secure him from discovery. The chaplain continued to follow, until he saw the unhappy father enter the gates of Kingsdown. The venerable man passed on to his library, and there he secluded himself from observation.

It was evening, and still the old lord was in loneliness.

"I have a duty," said Orland, as he rose from his chair to go in search of lord Kingsdown—"I have a duty, and, to the best of my ability, I will acquit myself of it."

He called to a servant for some refreshments; and taking the salver into his own hands, he proceeded to the library. The old nobleman was not there. He went on to the south tower, and there, in the room of which Emily had grown so fond, he found her father, habited in black, sitting upon a sofa,

with a pistol before him. His countenance was stern, and his eyes were fixed on the instrument of death. Orland was alarmed; he put down the salver, and took a seat by his side. He did not speak to him. There was in his look so severe an expression of grief, that it mocked at consolation. St. Malo waited for some word or glance upon which his attentions might presume; his first effort needed encouragement.

At length the old nobleman turned his eyes from the pistol, and looked at Orland.—" Is she dead, do you think?" he inquired.

Orland knew not how to reply, but he thought it best to speak.—" To us, my dear lord," said he, hesitatingly, "she is dead."

"To us!" reiterated lord Kingsdown
—"ay, to us."

Orland got up, and presented the salver to his father.

Lord Kingsdown thanked him. He took

took a cake and a little wine.—" There must be some preparations," said he.

Orland feared to irritate him by questioning. But again—"There must be some preparations," said he.

- "For what, my lord?" inquired St. Malo.
- "For her funeral or her trial," replied the old lord. He reached to some more wine; and then, with a quicker spirit, he turned to Orland, and took his hand. —"You know, my dear St. Malo," said he, "the evil which is on my house."
- "It is too common," answered Orland, thinking to lighten its weight by divesting it of its peculiarity.

The feelings of lord Kingsdown were not to be diverted from that single evil which held them all to its recollection.

—"Common!" said he; "it is indeed too common! It is whispered—not whispered—it is brawled through every common hedge; there is not a mouth in Kingsdown which has not rung to it.

- As it is so public, my dear Orland, it is necessary, very necessary, that there be a public ceremony for its correction."

St. Malo was silent. After a little while lord Kingsdown took up the pistol, which, but that it had been so constantly watched, Orland would willingly have conveyed away. He took it up—"This," said he, "I left with her—not by design; yet she had, proud enough, requested me to leave it. I have a memory for these things. I will tell you her very words.—'If,' said she—"He rested his forehead against his hand; his thoughts became confused.—"This pistol," said he, "has not been used; yet she is dead. You remarked that very well—'dead to us."

Again he was sensible of that clashing of idea which confounds right; and leaning upon his hand, he burst into tears. The old lord had, with his usual impetuosity of temper, yielded his perfect confidence in the innocence of Emily to a

full conviction of her guilt; and as her discredit was the sorest evil which could have happened to his pride, he had sat opposing it to wishes for her death, till now his feelings marked the approaches of insanity, and uncertain of the cause of misery, wandered from a moral to a physical catastrophe. He grasped the arm of his son.—"Oh, Orland," exclaimed he, "how sad it is to be deceived by our children! I have taken such delight in Emily! We had run out through many generations—through many honourable generations, into one clear stream, that seemed to reflect all our virtues with more than their natural. beauty. Well, this was Emily; and I took delight in her. Could we have dwindled into the grave—could we have crept on, and stopped suddenly, but honourably, and disappeared, why then our escutcheons would have hung together, old and dust-covered, but respectable in their crumbling. But I have 16 been

been told to-day—to-day—no. When was it that I was told?—When was it, Orland?"

"To-day, my lord," answered Orland, in the lowest voice, not daring to look up as he was speaking.

"Well," continued the old lord, "I am sorry that you have parted so soon. She must have fallen from the cliff. I think she may yet be found beside that stone cross. But of that cross, Orland—I desire to speak to you about it. You know there has been a strange denunciation hanging above my house for many years."

"It is nothing!—it has no relation!" exclaimed St. Malo. "Do not think of it!"

"You are right—quite right. It has no relation," returned lord Kingsdown; but only my poor child's sudden decease. She was unhappy last night, and I was stern with her. It was cutting to my own heart, and I atoned it. Her look

look and voice were of beauty and innocence; and I believed her. Did she deceive me?—Did she forget me? and yet I have had such intelligence! My dear Orland, you will not consider me. I may not again have power to bid you consult your own honour without regard to mine. I talk wildly, I am sure. My thoughts are—"

He pointed to his forehead; he could not say what his thoughts were; but Orland knew that they were every moment becoming more unintelligible.

"You are not well, my lord," said he, with great feeling. "Shall I call in advice?"

He did not answer immediately; his thoughts wandered again.—"Advise with Luton," said he. "Luton knows the custom of my family on these occasions. Let her be so placed, that there may be room for me at her side. The two last—the two last, you know, Orland, should lie together."

Luton

Luton came into the room. Kingsdown did not notice him for some time; and when he did, the truth of his wretchedness was full upon his mind.—" Well, Luton," said he, "have you heard of your pupil? She has done well by your instructions. If it be true, I will never go abroad. My neighbours have seen me in honour—they shall never see me in disgrace. Abroad! Yes," he continued, with an agonized laugh-"yes, I will go abroad! In England I cannot remain. We will go together, Luton. Orland shall have Kingsdown. In a few months he shall spare me a little of its earth; otherwise he shall have Kingsdown; while you and I will wander away from observation, though not from shame-from shame, nor from sorrów."

Luton could give no counsel; but he could weep—weep freely with his master. Emily had been equally dear to both; but Luton, though his nature could

could not bear her loss, had religion to supply him with fortitude in his decline. Lord Kingsdown had never designedly done a wrong to the future, but his thoughts and feelings had always dwelt upon the present—the passing present.—"It is in vain," said he, seeing the tears of Luton, "it is quite in vain, Luton. You must have contemplated our fall, for death has been your business. The Lutons have been long associated with us, and now we terminate together—your pupil and my child. Well, there will be space for us in the chapel."

In this way did the sorrows of the venerable nobleman wander from their object. Now they preceded disgrace, and now they followed death.

CHAPTER V.

Then was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

SHAKESPEARE

The most diligent search was made for Emily by the officers of the law. As the circumstances of Jourbert's death grew into report, her testimony came to be required; but no trace of her could be found. It was considered that so sudden a flight, and so secret a course, after the alarm which had been given, must have been impossible, and many believed that she had perished.

Inquiries were also made after her by the command and for the satisfaction of Orland. For himself, he believed her to be alive; and he hesitated not to put the worst construction upon her conduct: yet if she were dead, her faults were cancelled, and the necessity of legal proceedings was superseded. But the fact eluded discovery.

Jourbert and his sister were interred in the chapel of Kingsdown, and Antoine departed to his own country, in nowise contented with the laws of this. He felt convinced that his master had fallen by malice; and it was his determination to seek out the heir of the count, and to prevail upon him to add weight to his efforts in the cause of truth and justice.

The anxiety which lord Kingsdown endured produced a low fever, which nothing but extreme temperance kept from becoming the inveteracy of madness. For a fortnight he remained in his room, and it was apprehended that if his frame did not sink under the load of his affliction, its recovery would be marked

marked by that growing evasion and wandering of mind which would settle into insanity.

It was the desire of Luton, amidst his own sorrows, to watch near his lord, and to seize every lucid interval of thought, for the purpose of impressing upon him the conviction of the innocence of Emily, and the probability of her death. The reflections to which these impressions would lead, he knew would alone tranquillize the mind of the unhappy father, and convert frenzy into patience.

These endeavours were of happy effect; they succeeded in calming, though not in deciding, the tone of the old lord's apprehension. As the dread of shame, of family dishonour, had alone overweighed his intellect, that dread still partially prevailed upon its decline, and swayed its wanderings. But this was not the appointed time of the venerable man; so he recovered his strength, and stood

stood in the power and majesty of his frame, like a tree which had lost its glories, which could not flourish in the sun, and which would not fall before the tempest.

Orland was unremitting in his attentions to the distressed lord. He soothed him with all his care, and he was rejoiced to perceive a growing gratitude and consciousness, which, he hoped, would in time become content. _was busy in the indulgence of this hope, when he received a summons to the south tower. It was an earlier hour than that at which lord Kingsdown had of late presented himself; but to his inquiry he received the information that it was the old nobleman who waited for For some days he had been very silent and meditative; and now Orland doubted not that he should learn the scheme upon which he had reflected.

He went to the tower, and to his surprise, in the room which adjoined to that that which Emily had been accustomed to appropriate to herself, he saw the several servants of the family collected. He was told that each of them had received the commands of lord Kingsdown to wait his appearance in that room. Orland bade them retire softly from the tower, and be ready to assemble, if their lord should still require to see them. He went into the presence of the old lord.

Since the flight of his daughter, the venerable man had constantly adhered to his mourning habit; and now he was attired throughout in black. St. Malo had ordered all defensive weapons to be kept away from his sight, and the armoury to be closed; but, notwithstanding, either by force or by address, he had provided himself with the ponderous sword of his favourite ancestor, sir Edmund de Kingsdown, and had preserved it from discovery; it lay before him on a table. His features were composed to the

the expression of a solemn dignity, and there was in his general appearance an air of elevated majesty which befitted some great occasion. Luton was with him; and as he stood apart, he watched the actions and waited the words of his master, with feelings of the sincerest pity and respect.

On the entrance of St. Malo, the old lord motioned with his hand, as if he feared to interrupt the silence of an assembly. Orland seated himself, in obedience to the direction of his father. Lord Kingsdown then looked at Luton—" Is she without?" he inquired.

- "No, my dear lord, no!" unhesitatingly answered Luton. He had guessed the old lord's intention, and he was anxious to lead his fancy away from it.
- "The man is mistaken," said lord Kingsdown, addressing Orland; "he is quite mistaken. We have a great deal of design and trick to oppose; but justice," added he, putting his hand upon the

the sword of his ancestor, "oh! justice conceals herself in thin clouds; they roll away, and then justice falls on the instant; her fall is direct, and her weight ——Luton, go for the poor wretch! go!"

Luton moved towards his lord with trembling limbs.

"Is she very penitent? does she weep much?" inquired the too-anxious father, imagining that Luton's agitation proceeded from the grief of the culprit. "I have wept much, and you know the cause of my miseries. Poor wretch! she weeps, does she? Well, let me see her. I have thought upon my duty, till now I have strength to do it."

"What duty?" inquired Luton.

Lord Kingsdown looked sternly upon him.—" Have you no decency?" he inquired; "in such a moment, how can you question me? bring her here."

- "She is in heaven; I doubt not she is in heaven," answered Luton.
 - "Why then are we here?" asked his lord;

lord; "Mr. St. Malo and myself have prepared all for this occasion, and you say she is dead. Let me see her—let me see her as she sleeps; I cannot but know her, though she left me—though she wronged me. She must be changed—she must be pale and worn. There is some alteration here. We have not feasted—we have not revelled, Orland; we have not been the happiest on our estate."

"No, no, indeed, my dear lord," said Orland, as his eyes filled with tears, and he advanced to the venerable man.

"Have patience yet a little while," continued the old lord; "there has been vengeance already—I have killed that miserable man; it is a sword which never fails; I will expose it to the poor penitent wretch that remains, and she will die at the sight. Then, Orland, then there will be an end of us and our misfortunes, and you will be happy from our graves."

"She

- "She is dead, my lord, no doubt," answered Orland, in his anxiety to obtain the sword; "she is dead; so that this weapon is useless, altogether useless."
- "No," said the old lord, "it may be borne before me to the chapel in the proper season."
- "It shall," exclaimed Luton; "I will, in the meanwhile, preserve it."

Lord Kingsdown handed the relic to his chaplain, and inquired if the people were without.—" I will," continued he, "explain to them by what right I judge in these cases, and how incumbent it is upon fathers to be just towards their children."

"They are convinced, my lord," answered Luton, "of your right, and of your honour."

The people were at once dismissed from recollection.

"Ay, there it is!" exclaimed the old lord; "my honour—my honour—my honour!

honour! that it should have suffered! there is my pain! Luton, Orland, there is my agony!"

- "You think too much of it, my lord," said Luton, with all his energy; "it is pure—it has suffered no wound."
- "But it is stinging—stinging!" answered lord Kingsdown, with an expression of much pain.
- "You do an injury to the memory of the dead," exclaimed Luton—" to the memory of one who loved what you love—of one who in death is to be honoured."

Lord Kingsdown listened very anxiously, and paused a moment; then—
"Lead me to her grave," said he; "let
me see it, and I shall be satisfied."

Luton looked at Orland for countenance to an innocent artifice—an artifice which might relieve the heart and quiet the fears of the venerable nobleman.—"Yes, yes," immediately and eagerly exclaimed Orland.

VOL. III. K Attended

Attended by the chaplain and St. Malo, lord Kingsdown proceeded to the chapel. The earth which covered the forms of Jourbert and Rosalie had been swept into one mound, and it was yet fresh, so that it presented the appearance of a new-made grave. To this mound Luton led his lord.

The venerable man looked at it for some time intently, and without speaking; at length—" And Emily lies with her fathers?" said he. "You are sure of that, Luton?"

Luton did not answer.

"Well," continued lord Kingsdown, "you think so, and I will believe that it is so; I will kneel down at her side, and forgive her. In time I will lie down at her side, and rest with her."

The old lord knelt by the grave, and the quiet soothing drops of his sorrow fell on the mould.

Luton and St. Malo, much affected, stood

stood near, and watched him while he wept.

He seemed to take comfort in this scene of calm and silence; and when he had risen up from the ground, and turned towards his friends, the serenity which his feelings had acquired was perceptible in his features.

" I am glad," said he, " that you have brought her here. The world wronged her, you say, Luton? Well, we should not encourage falsehood: the truth will be known, and we will wait for its testimony; and till that time I will now and then come here alone. You shall have no cause of complaint. The poor wretch was unhappy, and she died; and as she was an only one, I cannot but lament her loss. I should have gone first; but she thought otherwise - Heaven thought otherwise! The pain is mine. Luton, you shall make the patience mine; but you must forgive me in my sorrow."

No interruption was offered to the course of his thoughts and observations; they denoted a growing tranquillity and satisfaction, which warranted the fullest hope of his recovery.

From this time the venerable man repaired every morning and evening to the chapel. He spoke more frequently of Emily, and sometimes he wandered into doubts as to her fate; but his most general impression seemed to be a consciousness of her misfortunes and her innocence. Continual quiet was necessary to him, for upon this depended that perfect establishment of his mental strength, which was indispensable to a knowledge of the truth.

But quiet was not yet secure at Kingsdown. That melancholy comfort which had taken place of transitory pleasure, was likely to be dispossessed as suddenly as its predecessor, and by intruders as positive, as rude, as irresistible.

Age is said to be the winter of life.

This

This is physically true; but as it regards the business of life, and the feelings consequent upon it, the promise of spring, and the blight of winter, often come together, and in our early years. The promise of St. Malo's fortunes had passed away; and he had taught himself to expect that calm and quiet descension into the vale of life, which would neither be diverted by false hopes, nor precipitated by sudden cares; but even this moderated and humble trust was destined to be wrested from him by disappointment.

He was at breakfast, and in one of the papers of the day he perceived a paragraph, which he feared might have a relation to his own interests. It was stated that a Mr. W—— had escaped from the kingdom; and that, either by a course of extravagant living, or by dishonest transfers of sums into foreign funds, he had defrauded many families of property to a large amount. Beneath the mystery was torn away, and the

name of Worselove was given by the authority of common and unreserved report.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Orland, first recollecting the unembarrassed, easy, nay, engaging manners of his agent—his free and liberal tongue — his dispassionate candour—his disinterestedness:—" Impossible! it must be false—Worselove is not dishonest. There was no chicanery—there was no meanness in him. His respectability too—his high respectability! impossible—quite impossible!"

He read the paragraph again. It was so plain, so undisguised! Another paper confirmed the account, and added to it information of his having sailed for America, and of the amount of his debts.

"Well!" exclaimed Orland, "I am more sorry for the injury which he has done to my nature, than for that which he has accomplished against my purse. I am fortunate in having made the purchase of Kingsdown."

St. Malo conceived that he should be a loser of a balance of seven or eight thousand pounds, and this, in the present state of his West India property, would be a serious inconvenience to him; but he fancied that the demands of Trickwell had, in obedience to his directions to Worselove, been long cancelled, and that the free, unencumbered, and valuable estate of Kingsdown was in reality his own.

Secure in this belief, he proceeded to the residence of Sarsden, for the first time, to require a view of the cancelled bonds, and deeds of mortgage. To his surprise and alarm, he found that Sarsden had the night before set off to London. And now he recollected, that to his several inquiries respecting the discharge of Trickwell's demands, he had received no definitive answer. He had been told of the dilatoriness of that important man—of his willingness to have his claims answered—of the settlement

of the affair, and the preparation of the necessary documents.

St. Malo returned to the castle, with an intention of proceeding immediately to London; but the certainty of evil met him in the shape of Mr. Trickwell.

During the scrivener's absence from Kingsdown Castle, his wealth and his importance had grown together; and though his absence had been but for a few months, yet his wealth and his importance had swoln to so vast an excess, and so equally, that now they were alike difficult to be told.

In the flush of triumph he had driven to the castle in his own carriage, and now he presented himself before St. Malo with the aggravated insolence of assumed civility. He would lose no opportunity of indemnifying himself for the disappointment and mortification which he had suffered at Kingsdown, so his first address was of condolence—" I declare to you, sir," said he, spreading his

his hand upon his breast, "that I am sorry for your misfortunes."

St. Malo knew but little of the scrivener, and therefore he did not thank him for his gratuitous sympathy.—"You wish to speak with me on business, I am told, sir," returned he, deliberately.

"I do, Mr. St. Malo," answered Trickwell, affecting to look through the window, "I do: but I have interesting recollections of Kingsdown; you must allow me a moment. Ah! great alterations! amazing improvements! and to what purpose?" He advanced to St. Malo, and with a whisper of the kindest confidence—"I knew something of your unfortunate lady," said he: "you will excuse the anxiety of an old friend of the family. Have you yet heard any thing of her?"

He had thrust his hands into his pockets—had contracted his brows, and obliquely lifted up his chin with an expression of inquisitive expectation.

St. Malo, leaving him in that position, retreated backwards a few paces. He could have smiled at his confidence, as well as at his attitude, though, at the same time, he was sensible of a degree of painful confusion—" Pray, Mr. Trickwell," said he, " on what account am I favoured?"

Now this was by chance piercing through the disguise of affectation, and arriving at the source of actual feeling.

- "The old account, sir—the old account," interrupted Trickwell, with a familiar and a remarkably-significant nod.
- "Oh! and what is that?" inquired Orland, slowly.
- "You are prompt, sir," returned Trickwell, as he began to rattle among some papers which were in his pocket. "I have not all the documents about me—I am not entirely prepared; but, if I may hazard a guess at the gross sum, it is about ninety thousand pounds."

Orland,

Orland, with a look of astonishment, entered into an explanation. He mentioned his commands to Worselove, and his belief, of a year's date, of the settlement of the debt.

Trickwell most tenaciously insisted upon his demand. Worselove, he said, had frequently talked to him of the liquidation of his claims, and he, in the fond indulgence of a disposition which had often led to great losses, had agreed to suspend the execution of the law, and to wait until the present period. It was true that he had had some confidence in the ability of Mr. St. Malo; but his delay was to be traced to his lenity of heart—to a desire of accommodation to all parties—" And now, sir," he continued, "Mr. Worselove is to me as a dead man."

"And to me, sir," interrupted Orland, "as a most consummate villain."

 turned Trickwell, very calmly: " he certainly has not dealt honourably."

"Honourably!" reiterated Orland.

"How can you couple the word with the recollection of such a man? By his villainy, or your remissness, am I a loser to a large amount: but there shall be a close investigation; the business has a strange aspect."

Trickwell bounced to a distance—he returned; his cheeks were fiery, and his limbs were active; he conceived his principles to be impeached, and, what was even more abominable, his importance to be undervalued. Men of the kind of Mr. Trickwell are most exorbitant in their exactions of respect.

"Mr. St. Malo! Mr. St. Malo!" exclaimed the scrivener, "do not be forgetful: I am too well known to have a doubt urged against me. Of your agent I knew nothing, but that he was your agent. My claims have no connexion with

with him; and if my lenity has tended to your embarrassment—"

- "Your lenity, sir!" cried Orland, impatiently; "I asked it not—I desired it not: I wished to have your claims discharged, and never more to hear of you. I wanted Kingsdown free from encumbrance, and not your lenity—I wanted your receipt, and not your forbearance—your bonds, lawfully cancelled, and not your generosity, with its aggravated demands, on the score of gratitude."
- "I am astonished!" exclaimed Trickwell, as he thrust out his protuberating front to an awful extent.
- "I wish you had been mindful, sir, and reasonable, and just," continued St. Malo, his placid temper incited, and at last ruffled by a succession of wrong. "I wish you had made yourself acquainted with the actual wishes of those with whom you had to do, instead of speculating upon them. I wish you had acted,

acted, instead of presuming upon my intentions; I wish you had surrendered Kingsdown for that which was your due, instead of rejecting your due for the right of Kingsdown. You must have heard from Sarsden; he must have required from you all which I wished; and now, when by your delay, or his neglect, or some combination, I find myself injured beyond reparation, I am to be satisfied with the profession of your good intention—of your lenity—of your compassion—of your amiable feelings."

"Combination, sir!" reiterated Trickwell, as with a motion, which was too hasty for the rules of graceful dignity, he walked towards Orland.

"Go, go away!" exclaimed Orland, as he waved his hand impatiently, and continued to pace backwards and forwards at one end of the room. "Go! I have but just now learned the flight of Worselove. My steward, I suppose, had some intimation

intimation of his design; he is now in London. When I know the particulars of the affair, you shall be treated with."

At this moment he heard the trampling of his horses at the principal entrance to the castle, and by a secret and instantaneous effort of mind, he contrasted the importance of his station with the indignity of his reception—with the insulting "Go! go away!" with which he had just then been greeted: his powers of speech became linked to the denial of such a possibility.—"This is," said he, "the most extraordinary—the most unlooked-for—the most unheard-of—the most unthought-of—"

"No more, sir—no more!" exclaimed St. Malo, sternly; "the occurrence is itself the most unheard-of—the most unthought-of. I have been deceived, sir, in one way or another: the sources of deception shall be searched, and when I shall

I shall have ascertained their depth and nature, I will talk to you. In the meantime I will not hesitate to tell you that I believe your demands to be unjust, and that I hold myself to be as clear of all pecuniary obligations to you, as I would be of your lenity and compassion."

"True, sir—true," answered Trickwell, who knew the niceties of business, and who was now determined to throw off every appearance of respect, and to seize at once upon Kingsdown—"True, sir, you are free from all bonded obligations, but your father is not."

"Lord Kingsdown's engagements are mine," returned St. Malo, haughtily.

"That is unfortunate for your boast," said Trickwell, with a smile, "for his lordship is in debt to me for more than the value of his estate."

"I do not tell you merely that I doubt it," replied Orland; "but I say, positively, I disbelieve it."

" I shall

- "I shall return to-morrow with evidence that cannot be denied. His lord-ship must answer it."
- "I shall be curious to see what evidence you can offer," answered Orland; therefore the sooner you can bring it, the better."
- "It shall be brought, sir—it shall be brought," cried the scrivener, with a look and tone of bloated exultation; "and suffer me to tell you, sir," he continued, as he put his hand upon the door, "that beyond the period of its presentment, there must be no delay in the execution of what it will demand."
- " None—none!" exclaimed Orland:

 "you will be found alike destitute of
 pity as of honesty, I am sure."

Trickwell mounted his chariot and drove away, with a resolution most powerfully indignant and revengeful, while Orland remained alone to consider of the new difficulties by which he was encompassed, and to meditate upon another

other instance of abused confidence.— "This too," said he, "have I gained by my moderation. Why was I left alone in my boyhood to form false notions of my duty—to think of my connexion with others-to fancy my own interests to be combined with those of my brethren! To one I give my heart; with another I trust my estate: the one is tortured, and the other lost, and my patience is but an apology for past wrong, and a licence for future misery. The confiding but invite presumption to become wickedness, and the passive but ally wickedness to presumption. I will root out confidence from my heart, and in its stead I will cultivate suspicion. tience shall have no place in my looks or words: I will unlearn all which I have studied to acquire of good and ill, and their relative significations shall be modified according to the worldly experience which I have gained."

In the morning, almost dead with anxiety

anxiety and fatigue, Sarsden appeared before Orland, with information which verified his worst fears. The villainy of Worselove had been most deliberate in its proceedings. The old steward, with the legal adviser of his master, had visited his office; his clerks had been suddenly discharged, and the ashes of books and papers were the only vestiges which he had left of his employment. He had gradually withdrawn the sums with which he had been entrusted from the hands of his banker, and with the last balance he had taken his flight so secretly and securely, that several days before his departure was rumoured, he had lost sight of the shores of England.

For the certainty of loss, this was sufficient; but Orland, with a severity which he afterwards regretted, demanded of the drooping old man an explanation of that delay in the execution of his commands to which his ruin was to be attributed.

Sarsden

Sarsden tremblingly produced the correspondence which had passed between Worselove, Trickwell, and himself. Promptitude and candour were evident on the part of the steward, and now, designing delay and plotting knavery were apparent among the others. For some months before the flight of Worselove, his representations had tended to the immediate close of the Kingsdown business; and so artfully had he described his exertions in behalf of his employer, that they appeared to have been brought to a successful and a final issue on the very day of his departure.

"The scheme seems to have been well contrived," said St. Malo, thoughtfully, as he gave the papers into the hands of the steward, "and it exonerates you, Sarsden; yet I should have been informed of the probable consequences of this delay."

The good old man could not, but in his own defence, remind his master of his

his frequent appeals to him, and of the occasions, first of joy, and then of sorrow, and oftentimes of habitual indisposition to attend to such concerns, by which his representations had been met, or for which they had been neglected. Not yet had accident or injury so spoiled the excellent nature of St. Malo, as that it refused the reproof which was its due.

"It is indeed so," said Orland. "The wealth which is not overlooked will waste: the opportunities which are lost, if they present themselves again, will show their losses. When I felt pain, I should have provided for pleasure—when I possessed pleasure, I should have acted for its perpetuity. A want of regard to the next moment has falsified the enjoyment, or enhanced the misery of the preceding. I fancied myself rich—I neglected to be my own auditor, and now how lost I am!"

Orland found that the demands of Trickwell were, what he had stated them

them to be, more than the estate of Kingsdown could pay; that these demands were unjust, that they had been preserved by chicanery, and allowed to accumulate by design, he felt a moral certainty; but how they were to be averted or opposed, he knew not. For himself. Worselove and the elements had stripped him of his wealth. By his connexion with Kingsdown, he had become poor and miserable. All that he could propose to do was, to borrow a small sum upon the expectancy of an harvest in the West Indies, and till his estate should renovate, to retire with his frenzied father to a cottage. Yet a partial change in his temper had been wrought by his experience. He was not now ready to yield all. Kingsdown must eventually be sold to Trickwell; yet did Orland desire to delay the gratification of the scrivener's voracious appetite. Lord Kingsdown was certainly recovering, slowly recovering, but he

he was not in that state of mind which could entitle him to a judgment in his affairs. It was painful to Orland to have the situation of the old lord made a subject of inquiry and examination, yet he was determined to the utmost to dispute the authority of Trickwell, and to this end he took an exception against his claims, and all proceedings upon them, on the plea of lord Kingsdown's insanity. Thus, for a while, the estate was put under the protection of the court of Chancery, and thus was the scrivener once more left to stalk through the groves of Kingsdown, and to boast of his right of possession.

To Sarsden was the task delegated of providing a new residence for his old lord. He was left to his own discretion, for St. Malo had fallen into a severity of melancholy which shunned question. A cottage was prepared which admitted not of a view of the towers, but which was within an easy drive of the chapel

of Kingsdown. The old servants of the castle offered with their own savings to take lodgings in the neighbourhood of their lord's dwelling, and still to attend on him through the day; but St. Malo could not accept their service on such conditions, and he had no power to make other terms. He asked not now why he felt not keenly the cruelty of circumstances. He complied with the exactions of necessity promptly and steadily, and he was more sensible of the feeling which he had lost, than of the pain which he suffered. One by one he saw the departure of the aged servants of Kingsdown, and every day he witnessed the diminution of his own privileges and importance. But yet he felt no agony. The rights which he had lost, the comforts which were passing away from him, had been to him the rights and comforts of nature. But yet he owned no sorrow. He lent himself entirely to the support of that father whose only

only child had forsaken him. If he seemed anxious, it was not for himself.

Lord Kingsdown had for some days appeared thoughtful and observant. He was returning from his visit to the chapel, when he turned suddenly towards the park, and expressed a wish to walk in it. Orland readily assented, and continued in silence to accompany him.

- "St. Malo," said the old lord, "they neglect me!"
- "Yes, my lord," answered St. Malo, our sun has set, and we have lost our worshippers."
- "I have thought so," replied lord Kingsdown; "the castle has lost all cheerfulness, all comfort, and the people that were used to be about me, who belonged to me, like these old trees, are gone—they have left me. There are no young branches rising from them; so that at the last I shall be left—I shall be the last, and alone!"

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joiced in the willing disposition of his lord, and henceforth, when his feelings would permit, he expatiated on the domestic comforts of small dwellings, and on the pleasure of quietness. From this time lord Kingsdown continued to speak of his departure from the castle, and he seemed now to have a satisfaction in bidding adieu to objects to which he had been reverentially attached.

In England, the suspicion of poverty is generally enough to counteract every feeling of respect. Orland had, in the short period of his misfortunes, sufficient opportunity to estimate the value of wealth upon opinion. He had been inclined to believe, that of the numbers who had courted his attentions, few would remain to yield him a gratuitous homage. These passed away, and he felt neither pain nor surprised. But there were some whose judgment and habits had obtained his respect; and though these could not, in justice to their

own

own feelings, betake themselves to the throng, yet there appeared in them so relaxed a kindness, so growing a coldness, so sudden a substitution of ceremonious civility, for cordiality and candour, that he felt a mortification which he would not betray. It is likely that in his decline he noticed particularities of behaviour, which once would have passed unobserved; but with every allowance for that tenacious feeling of selfrespect which accompanies misfortune, yet were the sordid considerations of the worthy so discoverable in their change of conduct, that Orland was justified in his earnest desire to be removed from the sphere of their constrained attentions. His love of his kind waned under the test of his experience, but he had too much wisdom and virtue to suffer misanthropy to steal upon his affections.

"I will demand little and hope much of my brethren," said he; "I have felt L3 something

something of their vice, but I will call to mind all which I know, and I will meditate upon all which I desire, of their virtue."

In order to avoid the observation and the clamorous regrets of those of the neighbours of Kingsdown who had lived under the munificence, and who would suffer by the misfortunes and absence of their lord. Orland did not permit the period of his departure to be known at the castle. He, with the assistance of Luton, prepared for the coming of that hour, and at its arrival he had the satisfaction of seeing the old lord in that state of feeling which promised to lendstrength for the occasion. The cottage which had been prepared was at the distance of twenty miles from Kingsdown. Of late, Luton had associated himself with Sarsden in the adaptation of this residence to the state of his friends, and he had seemed so anxious

to work a surprise by his exertions, that Orland, guessing his desire, had made to him but few inquiries upon the subject.

It was night when, for the first time, a hired chaise drove up to the Castle of Kingsdown for the reception of its lord. Twice did Orland attempt to tell the venerable man that the time of departure was come; and as often did his heart fail, and his words die into silence. The servants, all but two, had been removed; and these, an old woman and a man, were now attending without the door of the library with lights. The old lord was sitting in a large cushioned chair, with his eyes fixed upon the floor of the spartment. He seemed to be in deep thought. His chaplain stood near, uplifting now and then both hands, with a motion which expressed his wonder at the arrival of such an hour.

Orland rested on the back of his father's chair, and he looked down upon L 4 the features of the venerable man, as if he waited for some encouragement upon which to venture his communication.

This silence and indetermination might have continued through the night, but that the old servant, surprised at the delay, and perhaps impatient at the motionless stupor which prevailed among the party, opened the door of the library, and once more declared all to be in readiness.

- "What is the matter?" asked the old lord, as the servant withdrew. "Is it the season?"
 - "It is, my lord!" answered Luton.
- "Well," continued lord Kingsdown, with a composure which surprised his friends, "well then, let us go!"

He got up from his seat, and seeing Orland prepared to accompany him, he put out his hand.—" I have been a load of grief to you," said he—" a weight of misery; but we leave Kingsdown and its visitations.

visitations, and you shall rise, Orland, as I shall fall. The sun has been thrifty, that he may be liberal."

He looked about the room.—" My child, my castle, my pride—all gone! all lost! why then should I hesitate? My frame, my mind—all weaned! and yet I have feeling for these old familiars! my pictures, my books—nay, the common furniture of the room, are objects which have power to hold me here. Luton, too—old Luton loses his affections by being removed, and becomes dismembered of his better part. Old Luton, thou dealer in sacrifices, what shall we gain by this?"

The lips of the old lord quivered, as, for a diversion of his intense feelings, he attempted to trifle. Luton answered by looking upwards.

"Then let us go!" cried lord Kingsdown: "that is all we want—the better Kingsdowns, with their surer quiet—there!"

He leaned upon Orland and his chaplain, and preceded by his old servants, he walked slowly along the gallery, which led by a flight of steps to the grand hall of the castle. Suddenly he stopped, and ordered the servants to advance the lights a little higher. The picture of the foreigner was on one side, and he fixed his eyes upon it with earnest attention.

Luton, with momentary weakness, shuddered as he beheld it. By chance the rays of the candles were so directed, that the form of the imposing stranger was seen to great advantage. Its loftiness, its solemn majesty, compelled an awe; but on the fine features of the face there was a cast of scorn, which inclined the heart to disown the interest which it felt.

The lips of the old lord were seen to move, and he was heard to murmur.

—"The adder did wind about its base; and then, too, when its turret-top was gilded

gilded by the sun of fortune. It turned to the heavens with smiles, and it saw despair. It brought to its friends woe!"

The venerable man hastily seized the hand of St. Malo, and descended from the gallery. He was with his greatest speed passing through the hall, when again he paused. There was no gay radiance. There were no retainers, no friends with the look of cheering, or the voice of respect and consolation. The feeble and flickering light which was borne before, but struggled ineffectually with the nearest gloom; it threw not a gleam upon the extent of darkness which lay behind. It was like one faint hope amidst much certain misery. The old lord felt that it was so.—" Darkness! darkness! darkness!" he exclaimed; "long collecting, and now concentrated! I am the feeble taper which must be extinguished, and then darkness, darkness and silence, will settle here."

He swept his finger across his eyelids,

lids, and then, bowing kindly to his aged servants, he suffered himself to be assisted to the chaise, which in a few minutes conveyed him from the abode of his ancestors, and the home of his veneration.

CHAPTER VI.

Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm Shall, in the happy trial, prove most glory; And evil on itself shall back recoil, And mix no more with goodness.

MILTON.

It was late when the family of Kingsdown arrived at their new residence. The old lord was silent, and Orland, seeing on whose manor he was now to reside, was contented; but in the morning the latter arose early, for he was interested to examine the situation of his abode. His happiness was not to be determined by the particular extent or form of his apartments. Those which he possessed he saw were neither spacious nor confined—neither mean nor sumptuous. He passed on.—" The house is no prison," said he; "or, if it be,

be, it is a pleasant one. It will suit the wreck of my fortune. I feel an hilarity—I shall presently be contented."

In his progress he found some cause of surprise. The favourite servants of lord Kingsdown he found busy in their respective occupations—busy, and with smiling countenances.—" If Luton has done this," said he, "for the satisfaction of his lord, I must submit; but I fear that the establishment is yet too large."

He passed on. At a short distance from the small lawn in which the house was situate, he perceived the fine mansion and park of the Fevershams, and he thought of Laura. He knew that if Laura were yet living, she was now possessed of this estate; but she had been so silent under the misfortunes of lord Kingsdown, that almost he forbade the expectation of her existence. The mansion appeared to be, as it had long been, uninhabited.—" She is dead," sighed Orland, "and this is the wealth of a stranger.

stranger. Yet he knew that all which Luton did was done with a design of solace to his lord, and he had made choice of the manor of Feversham.

Orland returned to the house. Luton was absent, nor did he present himself at the breakfast-hour.—"The good man is engaged in some plot against us, my lord," said St. Malo.

"To raise the dead, think you?" returned lord Kingsdown, after a pause.

The venerable lord appeared to be calm, and to have his recollection. Orland was surprised.

"I suppose that as the reason fails, the fancy predominates, Orland," continued lord Kingsdown, "for the mind seldom sinks into inamity. If Luton were here, he would tell me to be satisfied with the good which has been offered, nor to question its solidity. There have been busy beings about me in the night, and I have more recollection,

lection, and better recollection, and thoughts of more comfort than sorrow."

"Receive from my lips words which would be wisdom from the lips of Luton," said Orland, with a smile: "I will bid you take the good which has been offered. Accept it, without a question of its solidity. I feel, indeed, a joyousness for which I cannot account, but it is nevertheless welcome."

Scarcely had he spoken, when Laura, leaning upon the chaplain, wasseen walking slowly up the lawn towards the house. She moved, and looked like an invalid, but like one who was convalescent, who was rejoicing in the promise of recovery. She was a friend too—a mild and an amiable friend, and she was coming forward in a time of tribulation and change, to prove her kindness and her constancy.

The heart of Orland leaped and bounded high at this assurance, and ld lord forgot his sorrows; and

as he sprang from his chair, with a tone of renovated gladness, cried out—" Here is a comforter!"

It was indeed Laura. St. Malo rushed out to meet her, and in a few moments he transferred her to the arms of lord Kingsdown. The venerable man was silent under the delight of this surprise, while the gentle heart of Laura, wondering that its sympathies were esteemed so precious, betook itself to the testimony of tears. She saw that there was some change in the appearance of her friend; and as her recollection grew of the change which had taken place in his situation—of the troubles with which he had been visited, her joyous feelings subsided, and her tears fell faster. Luton feared the effect of her agitation upon the mind of the old lord, and he endeavoured therefore to direct his attention from her. But the venerable nobleman, with a feeling of nature, seized and kissed the hand of Laura, exclaimingclaiming—" I cannot look away from her, Luton! Oh, you know not how much I have needed such a daughter!"

The tearful glance of Laura, as it rested upon the countenance of the old lord, was of a nature to heal the wound which had been done to his affections.—
"You shall not want the attentions of a daughter," it told. "He who was my friend in the time of prosperity, shall be my father in the hour of his adversity. My home shall be his shelter, my heart shall be his resting-place, and the cares of his age, it shall be my duty to watch and to relieve."

When the gentle girl could speak—
"I have been plotting against you," said
she, "and my recovery has kept pace
with the success of my schemes."

"I have had my suspicions," observed Orland: "Luton has been so active, that I have little doubt of his alliance."

"There is yet much to do," said Laura gravely.

" Very

"Very much!" responded the good chaplain, with solemnity.

Laura looked at St. Malo. She seemed to have something to communicate; but either its importance, or the timidity of her nature, occasioned her to withhold it. From the alacrity with which she at times listened to lord Kingsdown, Orland observed that she declined to thought and anxiety. She frequently turned towards Luton, as if he only understood her desires, or could aid her in the attainment of them; and when she rose to depart, she laid some injunctions upon the good man, to which he dejectedly replied.

Lord Kingsdown grew every day to be more and more attached to the presence of his gentle neighbour, and Orland perceived, that at last the venerable man would go to her home, and would receive in her the fondness and the delight which had been torn from Kingsdown and his daughter. During a week the same occasional anxiety was visible in Laura's countenance—the same desire to communicate something which was important and to be feared. Luton, too, frequently ventured upon a subject, with the details of which he had not courage to proceed. Something there was to be unfolded—something which the informed dreaded, and which they seemed willing to refer to accident or time.

Accident triumphed over the difficulty, and with its rapid and unconscious power, attained an end which had foiled design, and frightened deliberation. The old lord had been a week in his new habitation, and he had acquired a calm and comfortable state of feeling. He happened to be alone at the hour when Laura generally presented herself. He could not see her in the walk which led to the house, anxiously as he looked for her. In his impatience to have her at his side, he went out, with the hope

that he should find her in his way. passed from the lawn into Feversham park, and he continued his pace to the He entered, and made his way to the apartments in which he had seen Laura, but they were vacant. In one of these he saw an ensign of late possession—a book with its pages marked. He fancied that he heard the voice of Luton. He passed through an opposite door. At the furthest end of the room to which it led, he discerned an opening to another apartment, and, as he paused, he distinctly heard the voice of Luton engaged in explanation. "I shall find them!" whispered the old nobleman with much satisfaction, as he walked gently through the room. He had advanced about half way to the opposite opening, when, for a moment, he lost all power of proceeding. The tones to which he listened were like dying music; the face upon which he gazed was like the beauty of death; and these belonged

longed to his child-to her whose recollection was combined with sorrow and the grave. The venerable nobleman stood in the centre of the apartment, chilled and awe-stricken. For a little while he felt confused. That wild clashing of ideas, of which he had been sensible in the progress of his misfortunes, for a moment returned, and threatened the overthrow of his recovered reason; but the soft voice of Emily came upon him like a pause from pain, or a guide from misery, and tranquillized the excess of his feelings. He beheld her in the meek garb of one who had expiated error, and who was prepared by purity, both within and without, for a translation from earth to heaven. He heard her, with a voice which was like the distant echo of a musical chord, assenting humbly to an exposition of some important and consoling truth. Luton, who had been her tutor, was now her spiritual guide. The good man was at her

her chair, and Laura was seen to be watching her with looks of mild and pious attention.

A moment was enough for sight and hearing-for the rush and exchange of many feelings-for the experience of fear and hope, and agony and great joy-a moment was enough to the heart of the venerable man for the conviction of his child's innocence. She must have remembered her name, for she was with Luton and with Laura. In an ecstasy of ungovernable, uncalculating fondness, the old lord sped to the opening, and presented himself before his child. It is the nature of surprise either to diminish or augment the powers of nature. Emily had not for many weeks moved from her chair without assistance; but at the sight of her father, with a faint shriek, she sprang from her seat, and tottered forwards till she found a rest upon his bosom.

The surprise was scarcely less power-ful

ful upon Laura and the chaplain; but their astonishment soon gave way to terror, and they looked for the effect of this occurrence in the insanity of lord Kingsdown and the death of Emily. Yet it may be hoped that the work of severe affliction has other limits than death or madness; and that, though there are times when every event is misfortune, there are also periods when every accident becomes a promise of good.

The old lord clasped his daughter to his heart, and again, as if she could not be close enough for his affections. No view of her face could be attained by Laura, and she was not heard to sigh. Her arms were firmly rivetted about her father's neck, nor could Luton unbind their pressure.

Laura was afraid to leave the chaplain.

Luton perceived her anxiety.—" We must wait," said he; "I dread the effect,

fect, but we must wait!" The good man uplifted his hands in prayer.

At length, as if in the ardour of her embrace she had exhausted life, Emily quitted her hold.

Laura hastened to support her from the arms of her father to a couch, but yet the venerable man would not part with her. His faded blossom lay upon its parent soil with a drooping loveliness, and yet he would not suffer it to be plucked away.

"She will die, my lord! she will die!" cried Laura.

A faint smile passed over the lips of Emily, as, still without quitting her position, she murmured—"No, no!" to the fears of her friend.

- "Thank Heaven, she lives!" whispered Laura, as with lessened fear she waited the issue of this sudden restoration of the dead to the living.
- "My Emily! my own Emily!" exclaimed the old lord, as he returned to vol. III. M recollection;

recollection; "my Emily saved from the grave for her father's blessing!"

Emily unclosed her eyes, and strove at the same time to answer, but her trans answered for her.

"Dead!" continued the old lord; "they said that you were dead, and I went mad, Emily—almost mad! Luton aided the deception that was practised upon me, and I—I hoped that you were dead, Emily. But I will forget those things, now that you live. You live, I am sure, to have my blessing."

"For that—for that, and Orland's forgiveness—no more," answered Emily, in the faintest voice.

Her father carried her to a couch, and sitting down by her side, he continued to rest her head upon his bosom, and to regard her with looks of the kindest and most anxious solicitude; but as he had leisure to view his only one, he had opportunity to mark the devastation which grief and sickness had effected

fected upon beauty and delicacy. Life and animation were gone, or, if they appeared, they appeared in so worn and faded a lustre, that hope, as well as expectation, was directed to the period of their extinction—no variation of complexion, no tinge of the pink upon the pale leaf of the lily, no contrast but that of the dark brows and lashes, deadening the continuous white of the face and neck and hands, every vein of which. was visible, through the slender and relaxed joints of which the light found an admission, that was not obstructed by the flow or tint of the generous and active blood.

Lord Kingsdown looked at her as thus beautiful, but decayed—thus drooping, but resigned, she lay before him.

Emily fancied the course of his thoughts and feelings. She raised her head from his bosom, and saw that he was weeping.— "Do not weep," she m? cried,

cried, "and yet these tears are a blessing which I have scarcely hoped—do not weep, and yet these tears are a consolation in my necessity. Bid Orland forgive me! Tell him that I have buried my pride and my perversity, and that now I know him. In a day or two I will see him without fear; and then he shall remember me without pain."—She saw the grief of her father.

"No, no!" she continued; "this must not be! our sorrow must be dried up! There was cause for it when I rejoiced, but pain has been our healing."

"But you must live, Emily!" exclaimed the old lord, "or why have I found you?"

"That you may find me again where our union shall be eternal," returned Emily with rapture; "and till then I will live in your recollection. Think of that, my father! You may remember me!"

Laura

Laura forbade discourse; and, indeed, that silent habit in which till now Emily had for some weeks persisted, it was necessary she should resume. Without being again admonished, she did resume it. She sank back against her father's breast, and yielded herself to his caresses.

- "I cannot leave her," said the old lord, with all the energy of his fondness.
- "You shall leave neither of us," returned Laura. "We will henceforth be your own."
- "Both—both! you are both mine! I can spare neither of you!"

Apartments were prepared for the venerable man in Feversham Hall, and Luton was dispatched to make Orland acquainted with the cause of his removal. All which was known of Emily since the period of her flight, the good chaplain was commissioned to tell, and it was doubted not that this information would

would be safficient to silence the fears, and to conciliate the favour of St. Malo.

Emily had travelled under the protection of one of her father's tenants to Bath, and sinking with fatigue and sorrow, had claimed the shelter of Laura's kindness. She had continued so rapidly to decline, and yet so earnestly to implore the silence of her friend as to the place of her refuge, that for a while she had been indulged. Nature had at last triumphed over her resolution, and her wishes had reached to the presence of her father, Orland, and Luton. The last had been referred to, and, in conjunction with him, such a change of residence had been effected, as had led to the meeting of lord Kingsdown and his daugirter.

These particulars Luton imparted to St. Mafo.

"Let me see her," exclaimed Orland,
"that I may assure her how truly and
entirely

entirely she has my forgiveness! Her wanderings and her thoughts must have been a greater misery than any with which, in the moment of wrath, I would have visited her. Let the past be forgotten here, as we hope it will be in heaven—quite, quite forgotten! Emily repents, you say? Then as she would bid, so let it be! The past dies—the farture lives in its better promise?"

The words of St. Malo were told to Emily, and on the morrow, though no increase of strength for the support of such a scene was perceptible, yet, in compliance with her desire, he was introduced, and from his own lips she received his forgiveness and his blessing.

From this time the contentment which seemed to pervade the mind of Emily, and which accompanied her decline, suffered but few apparent interruptions. She was generally silent and placid, but occasionally a perturbation of feeling was discoverable in her silence.

M 4 A sudden

A sudden glow of crimson would rush over her features; she would become tremulous, and large drops of perspiration would follow each other, in their evidence of secret pain. Laura doubted not that the subject upon which Emily thought was, in its effects, her disease; that she had gained, by some accident, a fearful but correct knowledge of her own folly, and of the wrong which it had brought upon her father and her husband; that some casualty had led her to the contemplation of sin, and to a dread of its consequences; that a wound had been inflicted upon her conscience, so deep, and so incurable, that its agony was only to be assuaged by the hand of death.

When at times Emily revived to an acknowledgment of the presence of her friends, it was either to prepare them for that change which she desired, or to request of Luton an explanation of some point of that study with which he was best

best acquainted. His explanations were generally such as tended to her perfect satisfaction. She would yield a meek assent, and relapse into thought and silence; no trace remained of the Emily'of past times; pride of mind and of accomplishments—gaiety and self-confidence the power of wit—the supercilious and scornful disposition—these had separated themselves from the little virtue by which they had been tolerated, and had abandoned their companion to its own fruitfulness. The revellers had vanished, and the lord of the feast had found in the effects of their wantonness waste and woe. Virtue had grown up in the forsaken heart, under the nurture of experience, and now it was becoming rich in the promise of hope and faith.

The great care of Emily was for here She knew his weakness—that it was a fault; she knew that through his life his feelings had been influenced, not by that enlarged and just conception

which contemplates what is due to the whole human race; but by that narrow, rigorous, and unsocial pride, which is limited to one family, and which, on the failure of its objects, sinks into the dust, and fastens its regard upon tombs and tablets. This she knew; but many years had given his weakness a root, which refused to be eradicated. care was for him. She would now and then speak to him of his fathers, of the termination of his race, of the vicissitudes which they had experienced, and, above all, of their freedom from particular blemish, or inveterate stain. It was a subject upon which the old lord would readily dilate; it was one which, by degrees, made him familiar with death, and contented with being the last of his name. He began to feel a melancholy satisfaction in anticipating the time when he should see secured the purity of his shield, and should lie down under it in peace and honour. Resignation stole

stole upon his mind; he saw the daily decline of his daughter with a complying calmness; and he spoke freely of that time when she should be removed from danger, and he should witness her felicity.

"This, this," would Emily say, when she beheld her father, St. Malo, Luton, and Laura, around her, "this is the truest happiness! Were I to live longer, this could not be! Ah me! if it could, it might not be; for the soil which is fruitful of weeds rarely changes its quality. Pride! why I remember when that which was the most wrong appeared to me to be the strongest right; and if I were to live longer, I might relapse into perversity, and my crop of folly might be more abundant. No, no! I cannot but think that in justice to me you will be consoled by my loss. A few sparkling skies, a few threatening clouds, and then—and then! Oh, it is a truth, which, from the beginning, one has told

to the other; its interest will never cease—its delight can never be told!"

A few weeks had thus passed on. Emily was attended by Orland and Laura. Lord Kingsdown had listened to the persuasions of the invalid, and with Luton had strolled into the park.

"Laura," said the invalid, as she looked at her friend, "Laura revived from sickness, that she might perform all kind offices to the faulty. You must not droop again, Laura! You have blessed the guilty—you must now live for the good!"

Laura threw her arm about the neck of her friend, but did not answer.

Emily continued—" I have two desires—two strong desires at heart; let them be answered; and then, how soon, it matters not!"

- "What are they, Emily?" inquired Laura.
- "One depends on you!" returned the invalid; "one you can satisfy! It will fill

fill the grave with happiness—it will cause happiness to spring from the grave!"

"Ob, speak it! speak it!" exclaimed Laura.

"There is not so much worth here, but that it should not be protected; there is not so much worth here, but that it should not be rewarded! Obligations balanced, and duty enforced," continued Emily, as she took hold of Laura's hand, and put it, in despite of its shrinking, into that of St. Malo.—" This is my desire, and it is direct and positive in its virtue and its necessity. You must not shrink! you shall not deny me! What are trifling forms, in comparison with a duty which reason acknowledges, and the heart sanctions? This should have been at first! - I have always been sure of it! but it is better now! You had once lost happinessyou have now found it; and I enjoin; and Heaven commands you, to accept and

and to secure it. In pity to me, Laura! in mercy to me, say you will be happy!"

Laura endeavoured to check her friend by kissing her cheeks and lips; but Emily would not suffer her suit to pass without an answer.

Meanwhile Orland, in confusion, waited the effect of her entreaties, his heart acknowledging to itself the decision which it desired.

- "What is it," continued Emily, "but to conquer a silly, an unmeaning prejudice, and to be just? I have known you, Laura—known you—"
 - " No, no!" shrieked Laura, in affright.
- "Have I not?" inquired Emily; "witness my present contentment! and that I know Orland now, witness my penitence! One other blessing to your friend, Laura, and she will require no more!"

Again Emily placed her friend's hand in that of her husband. Laura was now passive, and Orland, with a look of manly candour and grateful feeling, pressed his lips upon the pledge. At this moment Luton entered the apartment.

"In good time, Luton!" exclaimed Emily; "give your blessing here, and I shall be happy!"

Luton was glad to be a witness to such an agreement.

"Now then," continued the invalid,
"I bequeath my father to you. He
loved me, and I tormented and left
him!" She wept, as with a faltering
voice she added—"He loves you, but
you will cherish, and never forsake
him!"

In the evening it was seen that Emily was much weaker. She became more silent, and to Laura's request to be informed of the desire which she had not yet explained, she simply answered—"There must be justice done; but you shall not be involved, neither you nor Orland."

She

She then requested that some of the ministers of the law might attend at her bedside on the following day, to take her deposition, in relation to the murder of Jourbert D'Evereux.

While these things were passing on the estate of Feversham, the false and wretched Sandwich was wasting time, and wealth, and reason, in the vain pursuit of enjoyment. He sought a relief from the consciousness of guilt in deeper guilt. From being the murderer of the heir, he became the inheritor of the property; and though he had often shrunk to receive a gift to his necessities, he now, with an unblushing face, and with unshaken nerves, demanded, in the tone of innocence, a bequest to which he had made his way through crime. He possessed himself of the English property of Jourbert and Rosalie, by virtue of the late count's testament; and from study and privacy, with the extravagance

travagance of a madman, he emerged to all the splendour and the pleasures of the town.

At the first his appearance was distrusted, and his habits were questioned; but his name and his wealth silenced suspicion, banished caution, mated pride on its own terms of worthless arrogance, and won the important by their own arts of lofty show and pompous profession.

In a little time he made friends among those who ranked high in estimation. There was nothing objectionable or heterogeneous in his mixture of philosophy and passion; there was nothing dangerous in his vain self-justifying principles; there was nothing deceitful in his love—nothing baneful in his scorn. His name and wealth gave his vices the currency of virtue, and obtained for him the smile of the courteous, and the countenance of the wise. But the treacherous heart within, like a fretful and wayward child, quarrelled with its own licence.

licence. Every boundary was to be overstepped, in the search of that peace which strays not beyond the natural limits of the affections; every wild was to be traced. Fruits were found, but they were not the fruits of happiness. The sinking spirit was elevated to the heights of extravagant pleasure—of immoderate rapture. At this moment it was in doubt, in despondency, in horror; at the next it was swelling with the boast of pride, and shining in the excess of gladness. Sandwich plunged into the extreme of licentiousness; he veiled his eyes, and steeped his heart in drunkenness; but before the first, there still streamed to his vision forms which he could not lose, and would not own; and on the last, there still rested against the heat of blood and ardour of resistance, the sensible grasp of a cold, a benumbing, a deathly hand.

It was almost midnight, when Sandwich, as he walked by the windows of his house in Park-lane, discerned the hurrying. hurrying to and fro of persons with lights. He ascended the steps of the door, and leaning over the iron railing, he perceived Antoine, the aged servant of Rosalie, with other men, who appeared to be police-officers, in the parlour. They passed on into another apartment. It was the first desire of Sandwich to escape; but he mistook the impulse of a despairing and reckless spirit for the pride of courage.

"Why should I fly?" he inquired, with more than the hardihood of innocence. "Why should I shun the surmises of this driveller? they may provoke my wrath, but not my fear!"

He did not, however, alarm the people who were in the house to his own hazard. He looked hastily, but cautiously, around. There was no one near. The cry of the watchman sounded at a distance. He stepped upon the iron railing, and softly lifting up the sash, he descended into the parlour.

Antoine

Antoine and the officers had proceeded through the second parlour, and they were now standing over a trunk, which they had found in a remote corner of the hall. They had left the door ajar, so that Sandwich saw, to his surprise and dismay, that they were busied in examining the disguise which he had worn at Kingsdown. Nor was this the only discovery which the opportunity afforded; for in another instant he beheld Antoine draw forth from a pocket of the disguise the letter which Jourbert had delivered from Rosalie.

"Confusion! treachery! ruin!" exclaimed Sandwich, mentally, while every nerve quivered with impatience and indignation at the thought of his own forgetfulness. He stopped yet to hear the faithful servant of the murdered declare the completion of the evidence—he stopped yet to hear of Emily's deposition—of her deposition and her death.

"It is enough!" he shouted, with a voice

voice that echoed through the house, as with desperate violence he pushed the door to its fastening, and escaped as he had entered.

He had given the alarm; but either his cry had excited fear rather than vigilance, or he was befriended by some protecting spirit of evil; for he sought no obscure ways, nor did he quicken his pace, and yet without interruption he passed under the dim and melancholy radiance of the lamps till he reached the Thames. He wondered not at the surprising quiet of the streets in a city of so great a magnitude, and of so vast a It was no pleasure to him population. to reflect upon friendly laws and virtuous habits. Lawlessness and riot had been in nature: in these he would have found his sphere and brethren. thirst for evil might have satiated itself -his dread of good might have been silenced.

He reached the Thames. It flowed soft-

ly-quietly beneath him. He was on the centre of the bridge; he turned round; the Abbey, the Hall—the one lofty, stately—the other wide and dark—both venerable — things of years — associated with the illustrious, the dead! Could he pass them and not see? could he see them and not think? And what was he? his pride had been great! and where was his name? His aspirations had been high—and where was his sanctuary? If he sought quiet, the Thames would close upon him, and he would not be remembered. Would this satisfy his pride? The Abbey lifted its ancient head to the recollection of the glorious past, and with a relation to the more glorious future. But he had disdained such a relation; and how had such disdain satisfied his soul? What he had disdained he could not avoid; what now he hoped he could not compass.

He left the bridge, and, impelled by an impulse which he attempted not to control,

control, he wandered towards Kent. Through the night, and during the next day, he continued to travel, accepting such casual aids as presented to his relief; and on the following evening he rested from his journey in the chapel of Kingsdown. He saw an unclosed grave, and from the appearance of preparation, he conceived that he should speedily be a witness of the ceremony of interment. He sat down upon a tomb; but not long were his meditations undisturbed. He walked away, that he might avoid observation.—" Their hours of rest," said he, as he saw the villagers through the gloom of twilight, " their hours of rest shall be my time of wakefulness. And when shall my time of rest arrive?"

Twilight grew into darkness; and as the hour of twelve was chiming by the chapel clock, lord Kingsdown and St. Malo were, by the light of torches, seen to follow the remains of Emily to the grave. Both the mourners appeared to

have

have exhausted the tributes of their sensibility, and to have their thoughts beyond the matter of passing ceremony, or tombs, or earth; resignation was visible on their countenances—a sorrow which had passed its period, and settled into calm and pious content. Agitation was where there was most need of fortitude, in the look and quivering voice of Luton; he had been requested to delegate the duties of his office to another; but the love of established custom had prevailed over his fears of weakness; and as the Lutons had long been the ministers of the Kingsdowns, the last minister of that name would not abandon his office but with his life. The good man made several efforts for a look of dignity and a tone of firmness: but nature had ever reigned in his heart in all her virtuous sympathies, and now she was too powerful to be resisted. Several times did he rest the book, in which he could not read, upon a tomb, and often it

was thought that he must relinquish his task; but at last the earth was thrown upon the earth, the task was finished, and the venerable chaplain, like her over whom he had read, rested from his labours.

Again and again did lord Kingsdown turn back from the door of the coach, to have a last look of the last habitation of his faulty but loved child; and when he could delay no longer, or look no more, his composure forsook him, and with a rapid step he ascended the carriage, that he might shroud his griefs with Luton.

It was at this moment that a cry, the most piercing, loud, and bitter—a cry, as of one who had so long denied expression to his agony—of one who had so long stifled his sorrow, that now its voice was but the sign of death—it was now that this terrible and awful cry rang from the grave, through the chapel, and to the ear and heart of St. Malo.

VOL. III.

N

" Oh,

"Oh, dreadful! dreadful!" exclaimed he; "I fear I know from whom! let me not see him! let me not see him!"

He mounted into the carriage, and was driven away in good time, to avoid the sight of him whose look, as his voice, was now of the deepest agony, the wildest despair.

The Kingsdown family went back to a home, in which the mists of grief had no power to darken the cheering promise of future happiness, in which the mind was consoled amidst its perturbation, by the certain prospect of a gentle and steady calm; but there was one who had betrayed his duty towards that family—who had left to himself no home—who, as he wrapped himself in the shade, and stood beneath the damps of night, acknowledged to his soul that he had no hope of an earthly or an heavenly morning.

With a secret desire to avoid more fearful reflections, Sandwich returned to the

the grave of Emily, and endeavoured to fix his thoughts upon her loss; but it was not now in his power to exchange the heavier for the lighter griefs. Emily had, by repentance and death, removed herself from that sphere to which his thoughts and feelings were now confined. He had ventured to the extreme of guilt, and guilt was in every view, for guilt was upon his soul; the weight would not be lessened—the weight would not be overturned; he was condemned to restlessness; the load of his. deformity must be borne; and though adders were in his path, and thorns were upon his couch, yet must his feet and sides be subjected to the pain of their infliction; for wheresoever he might go, their stings would mock his activity their points would hinder his repose. He could not pause at the grave of Emily, and contemplate her sleep. Jourbert-Jourbert was his companion, and a thousand frightful and embodied fancies N 2

fancies were his tormentors. There was no peace in his silence, there was no calm to his thoughts, and his meditations did not dissipate time; every minute was dull and heavy, and suffered a long watchfulness before it passed away.

—"When—when will it be morning?" said he.

The morning came. The wretched one had suffered, but not repented. The curious flocked to the chapel, to see him of whom they had heard so much, and at whom so many suspicions pointed. Sandwich attempted not to escape. He sheltered his agonies in his bosom, and collecting his pride, he regarded those who gazed upon him with a lofty and steady scorn. His gazers were now his enemies; and though they had not authority to seize upon him, they determined that they would not lose sight of his course.

It was yet early when Sandwich, followed at a distance by a crowd of villagers, lagers, left the chapel, and walked to the foot of that cliff which he had so much reason to remember. There were persons collected on its summit. Sandwich, without pausing, continued slowly to ascend.

He gained the top, and saw before him Antoine and the officers of justice. They were surveying the spot beneath which Jourbert had lain, and Antoine was pointing out the particulars of his suspicions. Sandwich walked leisurely on, till he was within a few paces of them, and then he bade them desist from their inquiries. At first they could not offer him violence, but with surprise they stood staring upon each other.

- "You seek for me!" said Sandwich.
- "Why yes, sir," returned one of the officers, as he began to recover the use of his tongue, and to rattle a weighty chain at the same instant; "why yes,

N 3 sir,

sir, we have been seeking for you; but as you are so good——"

"Silence!" commanded Sandwich, in a voice which was immediately obeyed.

The officers retired; while Antoine, who had been accustomed to see the culprit as the respected and beloved of his master, stood trembling and bowing at a distance.

- "If you can, put away your foolery and its appendages!" continued Sandwich, as he pointed to the chain.
- "I dare say, sir, you desire—" said the officer, as he recollected himself, and again advanced to the performance of his duty.

Sandwich pushed him away with his hand.—" I desire," said he, contemptuously, " to have nothing to do with you!"

The man acknowledged the reasonableness of such a desire; but Sandwich would not listen to his candour. He called

called Antoine, and spoke to him as he pointed to the abyss.—"Antoine," said he, "it will be a satisfaction to you to be informed that you have not wronged me. You found your master beneath this cliff?"

"I did, sir!" answered Antoine, falteringly.

"It was I who threw him down!" continued Sandwich; " and now he sleeps! Do not shrink from me, Antoine! you have known me long, and that you may not think me cruel, I will tell you, that when I loved and pitied Jourbert I killed him! He was angry, Antoine, and he met me in the hour of anger! What other creatures of nature in the hour of rage do, we did! We fought; and it was but to slake my fury that I dashed a body to the earth, and gave a soul to heaven!"

"Murder enough!" exclaimed the officer, as he retreated a few paces from Sandwich, and once more chinked his fetters;

fetters; "but," added he, depending upon the confession already made, "we do not ask you to criminate yourself; the law will be enough for all such eventful purposes."

"For such things as these!" cried Sandwich, as he pointed to the officers with extreme scorn, "for such things as these have I been long out of love with the world! They have made this place despicable! None but fools or tyrants can keep terms with them! Come here!"

The boldest of them came forward at his command.

"For what purpose are these?" he inquired, as he put his finger upon the chain; "are they not to bind the unwilling? Can you not discriminate between the man who offers himself a voluntary prisoner, and the man who commits an offence, and who would fly from the consequences? If you cannot, why do you hold this situation?"

The man seemed to have some correct notions

notions about the terror of example, and he began to murmur something about the desert of crime. But these were discriminations which Sandwich would not admit.

—"Go!" he cried, "and secure your fellows! The one wretch fetters, and the other is fettered; there is no other difference! But I have done with you.

Antoine!" he continued, as he called aloud, and went backwards to the edge of the cliff, "Antoine! forgive me your master's death, and remember, that to do him justice, I——"

A natural terror seemed to cloud his eyes, and to spread his face with dew. He appeared to shrink, but he was on the extreme brink of the rock, and those who would have held him were power-less through fear and horror. With the thought was the execution—in one instant he was alive, and towering in his pride and guilt—in another instant he lay dead upon the sea-shore.

CONCLUSION.

"And now, as if from previous toil,

A pause of sweetest ease is here—
A luscious calm a sigh might spoil,

Or the light gushing of a tear."

From the view of guilt and folly, their designs, their progress, and their end, we willingly turn to the contemplation of prudence and virtue—to see prudence happy in its peculiar reward, and virtue, in all its store of exquisite sympathies, smiling and flourishing under the favouring countenance of that Heaven to which it is destined. We have done with unhappiness; every heart must be so selfish as to bound to such an acknowledgment: we have done with unhappiness; every heart must be eager to make count of such a period in its experience; and though

though the reality of feeling may not frequently warrant such a boast, yet, even in fiction, we may be pleased with its occasions, and be glad to exclaim—" We have done with unhappiness!"

Lord Kingsdown would know no home which was not gladdened by the presence of Laura. Misfortune had effected a change in his disposition and habits—had transferred his love from that roof under which he had known little but care and sorrow, to that shelter in which he had been met by consolation, and soothed to content. His ancient, possessions were memorials of grief; his fondness of them had been built upon prejudices which experience had undermined. He was glad now to lose sight, to lose thought of them, and to visit his newer and happier home with his best affections. The happiness which he felt in the abode of Laura was so different to any thing of earthly enjoyment which he had ever before known,

or even conceived—it was so placid, so general, so constant, that his aged heart opened freely to its reception, and acknowledged its fulness with the throb of gratitude. The love which he had felt for Emily had never been without terror: it had been opposed by neglect, and chilled by disappointment: it had, however, been sustained by a credit beyond hope; and now, divested of its anxiety, it was aided in its recollections by the object of a livelier, an unfearing love. Laura would talk to him of his daughter-would dilate upon the favourable parts of her character—would lead him to subjects which were the most grateful-would nurse up his little vanities into secondary virtues, and turn even these to the account of happiness: in truth, her care never forsook himnever wearied in its attentions-never languished in its kindness. The period of his age was that of his rest; and to her who was the pillow and the prop of his

his comforts, he would frequently turn, with eyes that glittered, with a voice that faltered with delight, exclaiming—"My best child! my excellent daughter!"

Luton was scarcely less happy. was more constant to the memory of his pupil, but he was too faithful to the duties of his office and character, to complain of dispensations to which all are subject. There was one peculiarity in his conduct after the death of his favourite: he was zealous to have every memorial of the mysterious foreigner destroyed; and as strange reports had spread abroad of the fulfilment of the Kingsdown prophecy, it was with him a point of conscience to show, by a minute and laborious inquiry into the events of years, how oftentimes imposition has been crafty, and the credulous have been deceived; how certain are changes to happen in the circumstances of families; and how possible it is, in the nature of things, for the speculator upon

upon human vicissitude to be favoured by chance *. It was his aim to secure the wisdom of Providence from the mischievous assumptions which derived encouragement from late events; but as many would yet credit the superior intelligence of the foreigner, Luton was anxious to remove from their sight every trace which remained of him. To this end he speedily superintended the demolition of the stone cross, declaring that such a sign was a most unfit memorial of a pagan soothsayer. This done, he turned to the only remaining member of the Kingsdown family, and grew happy in his security and content.

There was but one interruption to the felicity of Orland, and this was rather a matter of pleasant trifling between himself and Laura, than any source of radical uneasiness; he affected

to

^{*} See the opinions of lord Kingsdown and Luton, Vol. I.

reproached him for his parsimony or his pride, and resolutely declared that she would force him to be obliged. But not long did this ground of generous dispute exist between them; for, a little time before the day of their union, St. Malo was surprised by the receipt of the bonds and deeds of mortgage which pended against the estate of Kingsdown. He looked at them, and saw that they were cancelled. A note informed him of the death of Worselove by shipwreck, and of an accident that had befallen Trickwell.

It may here be observed, that these men had practised against the fortunes of St. Malo in concert; that Trickwell had attained a superiority over Worselove, and made him his subordinate agent; that, from the first, Trickwell had been the holder of the funded property of St. Malo, in consequence of obligations existing between himself and

and his agent, which the latter could not acquit; that Trickwell, finding his friend to be deeply embarrassed, had bribed him to depart from England, and to leave the uncancelled claims upon the estate of Kingsdown to the discretion of his will. The rest is known: but, in justice to Trickwell, we must declare, that when he learned the judgment which had fallen upon his coadjutor in evil, though he was pleased in the removal of so dangerous a witness to his designs, yet he felt a selfish terror, which yielded some promise to virtue. But this was not enough; he was to be further frightened.-" Pshaw!" he exclaimed, " the man might have gone to the bottom though he had been ever so pure."

It is strange to say, but it is a truth, that Trickwell, on the very day of this exclamation, felt how ruinously weighty is the fall of guilt: his horse fell under him. It was thought that the scrivener

was dead; but he revived, to the pain of contused and shattered limbs. In the course of surgical operations, and during a tedious confinement, he was urged to the fear of death, and to reflections on the chance of punishment. He had heard so much of the worth of St. Malo, that he was strangely incited to be just towards him. The period of repentance passed, and, like his superior, the prince of darkness, in the waggish and well-known distich which relates to him, as Trickwell recovered, he forgot his pious resolution. But yet the scrivener had not done with suffering and with virtue. His bodily wounds again broke open, and conscience again spread His life was despaired of. the alarm. In a paroxysm of desperate honesty he cancelled the Kingsdown bonds, and directed them to be sent to St. Malo. It seemed that the scrivener was indeed the sport of fate; for, after every admission which the scrupulous principles of Orland

Orland could desire, he revived, to wonder at and to repent his rash integrity. He endeavoured to regard this act of justice—this singular act of justice, as an act of munificence, or an act of charity; and during the remaining years of his life, he frequently declared it to be his opinion, that a truly liberal and noble disposition would be contented to do its good offices in secret.

But yet the good fortune of St. Malo had not reached its noon. His estate in the West Indies recovered its value: and thus the disinterested generosity of his nature, strengthened and improved by experience, was liberated from restraint. Wealth he had, and he used it like a wise steward, in the behalf of a strict but excellent master. Yet wealth was but a part of the means of happiness: it was to Laura that he turned for an explanation of his blessings; and he found it in her gentle, consistent, unassuming character. He saw her amidst ; }

amidst his children, with the feeling of a mother, and the wisdom of a guide, rearing them up to the honourable inheritance of their name and country. He saw her with powers too purely bright to dazzle—with feelings too steadily virtuous to deceive; and in the security of his comforts, he did not forget his gratitude to Heaven and to her.

It was his constant endeavour to visit the heart of the venerable lord with some surprise, which he knew would animate its pleasures and extend its hopes. The estate of Kingsdown was yet nominally possessed by the old lord. St. Malo wished him to regard it as his own; but this he knew he would not do. A way was, however, discovered, in which both his principles and his prejudices were gratified—he presented to him his second son. The old lord adopted him for his own.

" It is an engrafture, Orland," would he

he say at times; "but the young tree shall flourish."

THE END.

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